



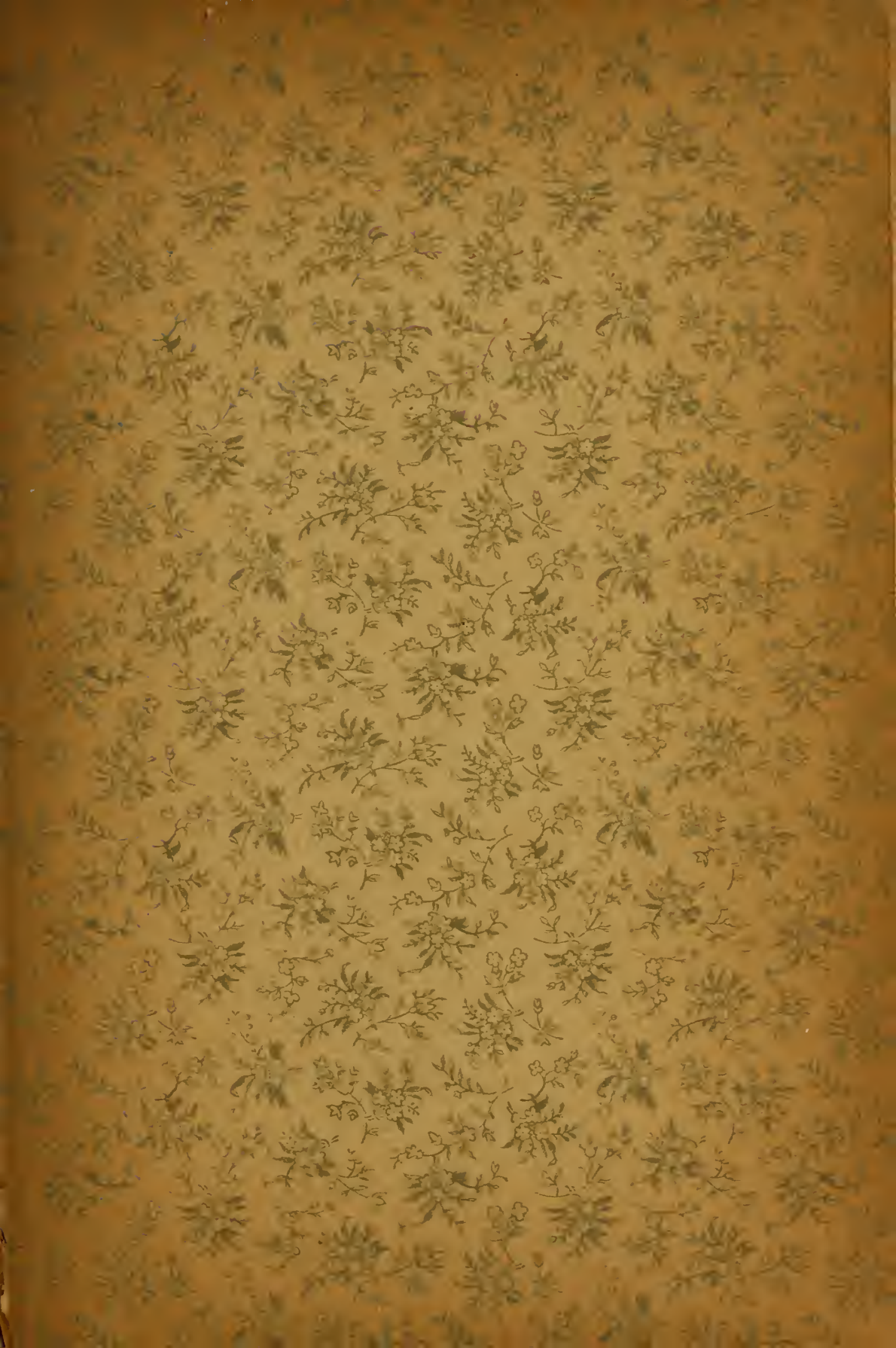


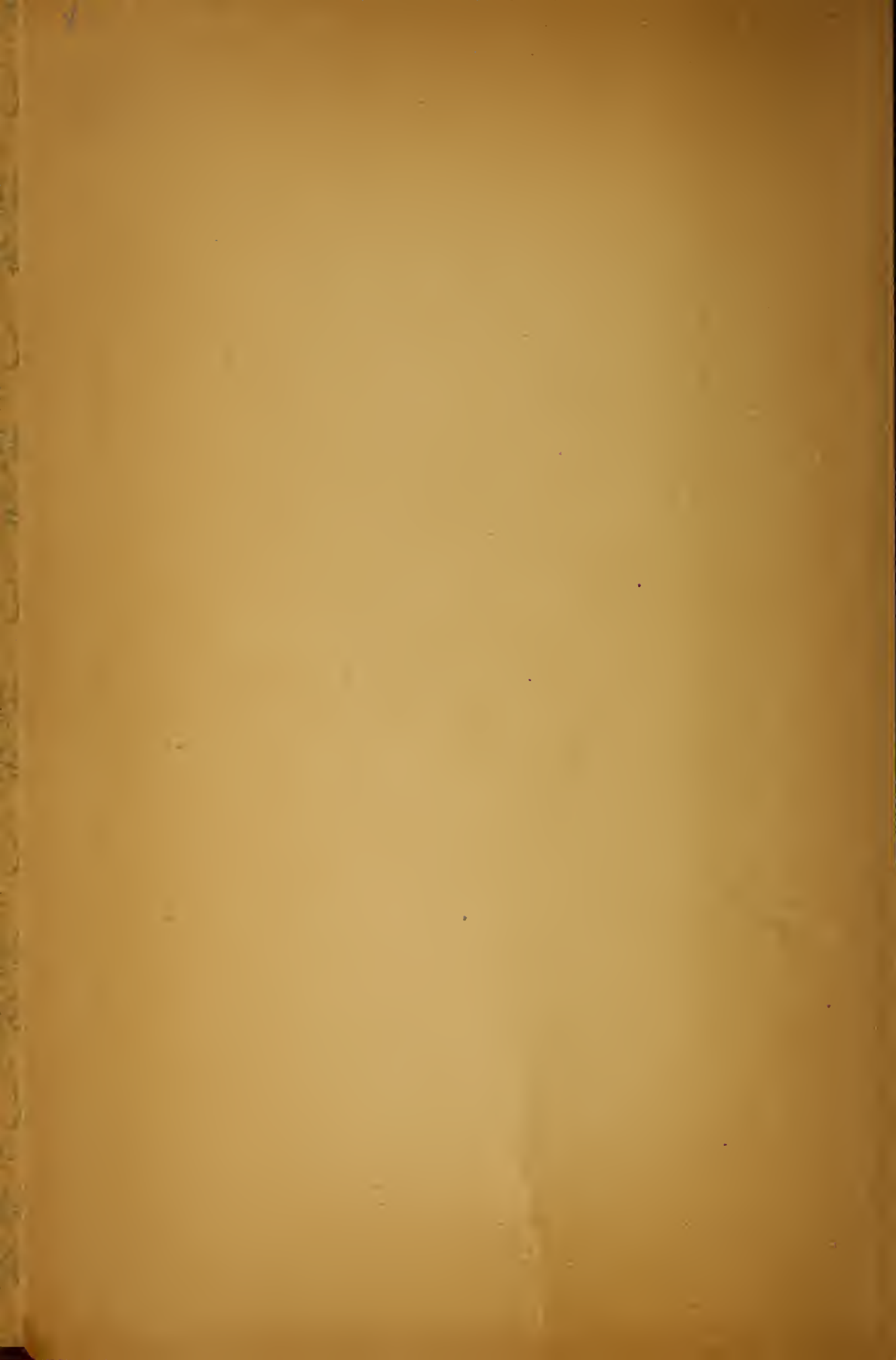
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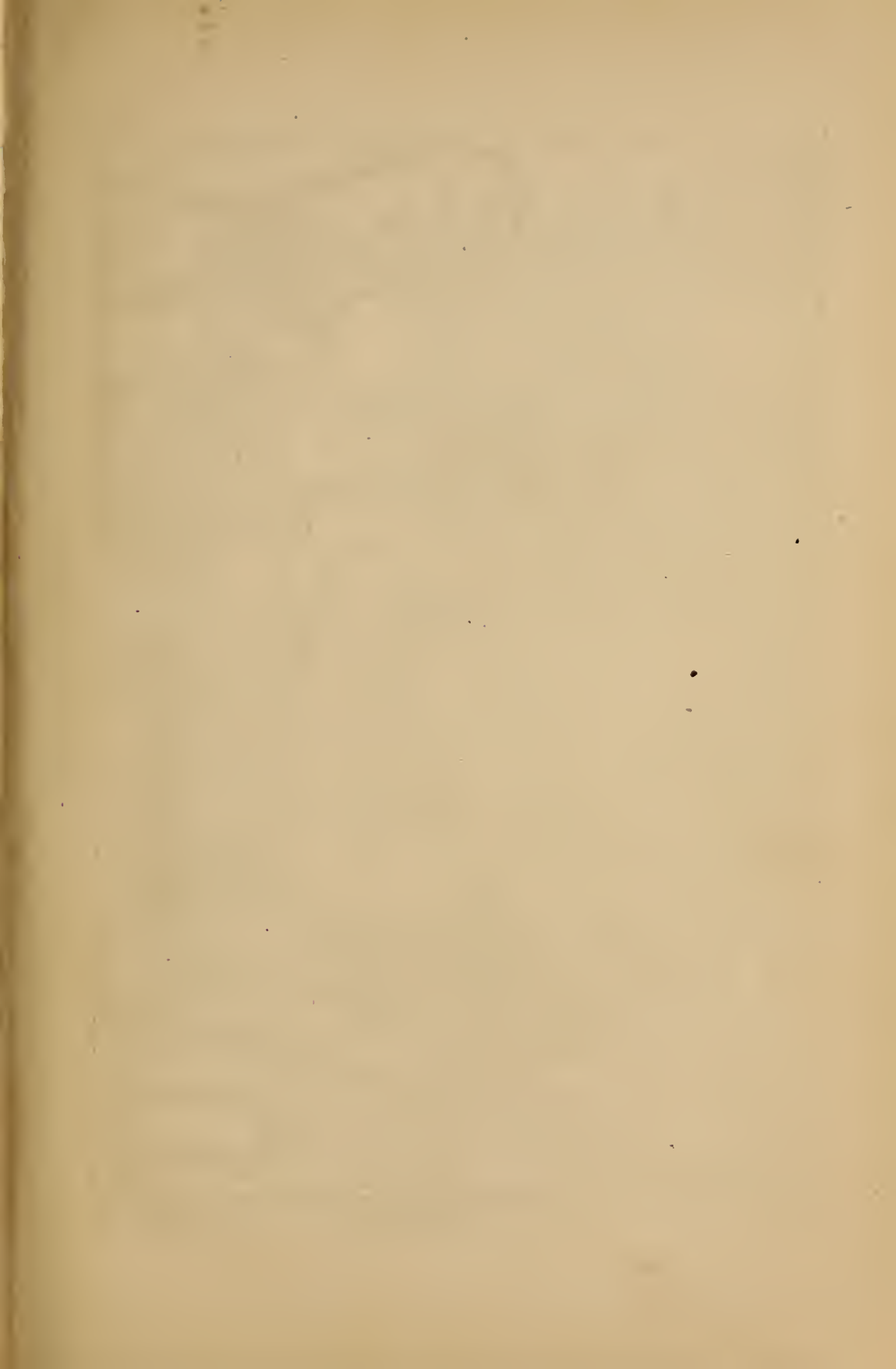








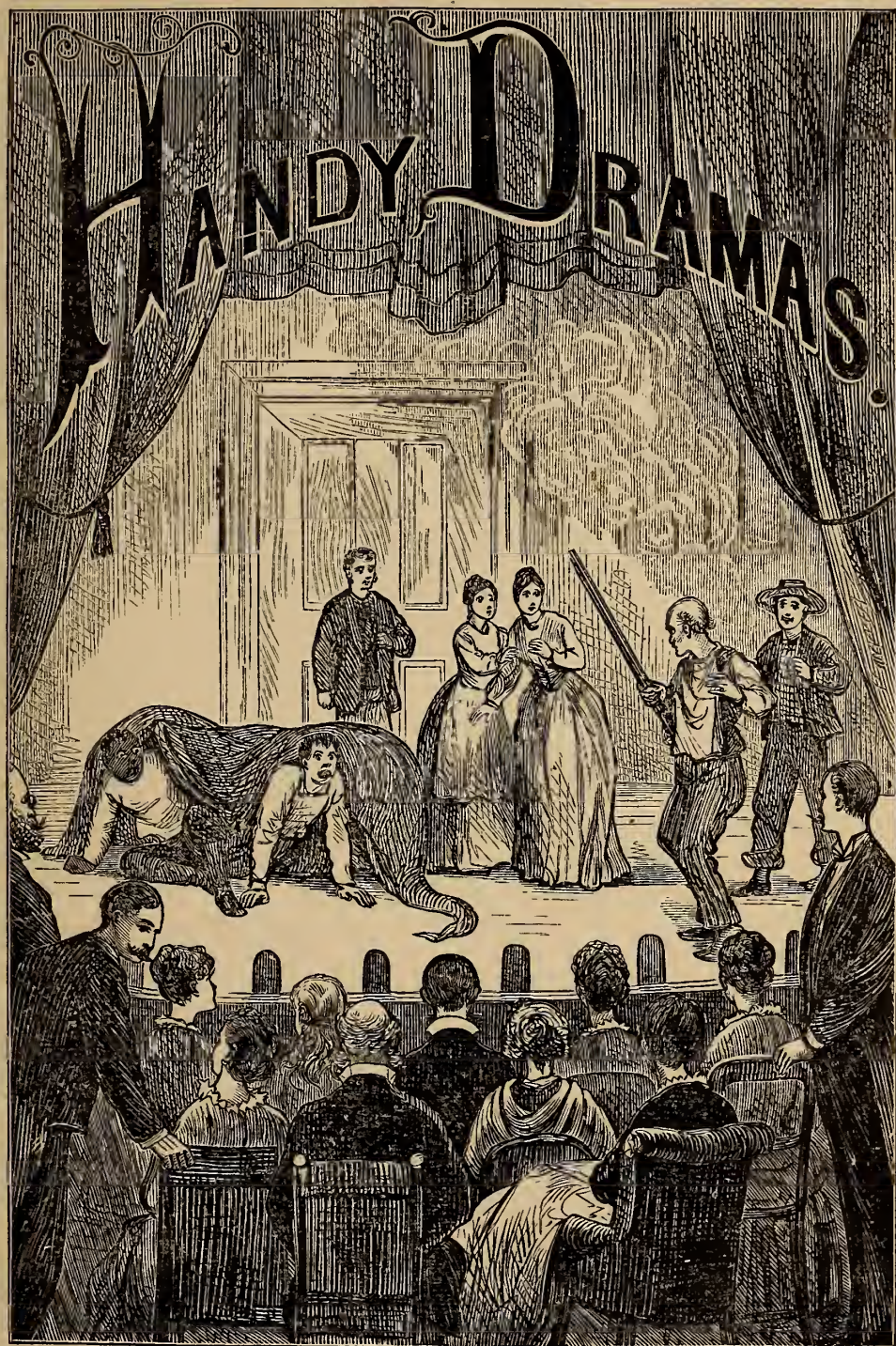






ABOVE THE CLOUDS.







# HANDY DRAMAS

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FOR

# AMATEUR ACTORS

NEW PIECES FOR HOME,  
SCHOOL AND PUBLIC  
ENTERTAINMENT

BY  
**GEORGE M. BAKER**

AUTHOR OF "AMATEUR DRAMAS," "THE MIMIC STAGE," "THE  
SOCIAL STAGE," "THE DRAWING ROOM STAGE,"  
"THE EXHIBITION DRAMA," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON:  
LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS  
NEW YORK:  
CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM



PNG 120  
.A5 B25  
1904

# HANDY DRAMAS

## FOR AMATEUR ACTORS

NEW PIECES

FOR

Home, School and Public Entertainment

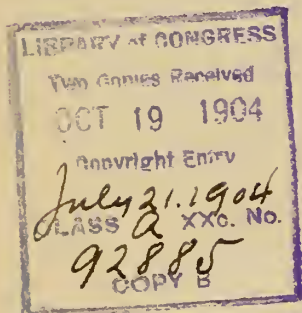
BY

GEORGE M. BAKER



Illustrated

34



CONTAINING

THE FLOWER OF THE FAMILY	PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE
A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE	ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO
ABOVE THE CLOUDS	THE LITTLE BROWN JUG
SHALL OUR MOTHERS VOTE	SEEING THE ELEPHANT

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All the Plays in this book are sold separately. Price 15 cents.



## PREFACE.

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THIS volume, like the previous issues of the "Amateur Drama Series," owes its appearance to the success of its predecessors, and the always brisk demand for new pieces adapted to the capabilities of non-professional actors, a rapidly increasing class, whose efforts are as often put forth with commendable spirit in the cause of Charity, as for the amusement and entertainment of themselves, their neighbors and friends. Of the "Handy Dramas" herein published, "Above the Clouds," "The Flower of the Family," "A Mysterious Disappearance," "Paddle your own Canoe," and "Shall Our Mothers Vote?" are now first published. The remaining three were published separately, and are now republished that they may have a place in the uniform series. In the preparation of this class of pieces the author is necessarily restricted in his outlay of scenery, the item "regardless of expense," so often used on the play-bills, being unknown in the amateur code, where economy of scenery, properties, costumes,

and even stage room, is often a serious consideration. Still, with all these drawbacks, the previous ventures in this line have oftentimes had a remarkable success. The author, therefore, is well satisfied with his "receptions" among amateurs, and trusts that on this occasion they will have no reason to find fault with their old acquaintance as he offers his sixth volume for their inspection.

G. M. B.

NO. 207 WEST SPRINGFIELD ST., BOSTON.



# THE FLOWER OF THE FAMILY.

*A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.*

---

## CHARACTERS.

ABNER HOWLAND, a Merchant.

OSCAR LORING, his Ward.

TOM HOWLAND, his Nephew.

POLICY NEWCOMB, an Insurance Agent.

SPICER SPOFFORD, Clerk in an Insurance Office.

MRS. GORDON HOWLAND, a Widow.

ALICE HOWLAND, her Daughter.

LINA HOWLAND, Abner's adopted Daughter.

---

## COSTUMES.

Modern and appropriate Summer Dresses.

ABNER. Light pants; white vest; shoes; white stockings; Panama hat; long, white hair; dark coat, thin.

OSCAR. First dress: Dark pants, tucked into long boots; blue flannel shirt, sleeves rolled up; red handkerchief tied about his head. Second dress: Light suit, with straw hat, blue ribbon.

POLICY NEWCOMB. Light pants; white vest, very long thin gray coat; broad-brimmed straw hat; bald wig, with red curly hair, and "dabs" of side-whiskers.

SPICER SPOFFORD. Very fashionable suit; light curly wig; light mustache; eye-glass and cane.

MRS. GORDON HOWLAND. Black bombazine dress; white widow's cap; neat gray hair.

ALICE. } Act 1: Pretty muslin morning dresses. Acts 2 and 3:

LINA. } Afternoon dresses, to suit taste.

This play is modelled after the now fashionable "Society" plays, where taste in setting the stage, and in the selection of apparel for both male and female characters, is indispensably necessary to success. No extravagant characters — with the exception of "Spofford," something of the "Dundreary" style, and Newcomb, of the "Col. Sellers" type — are introduced; the author's design being to present an every-day story, with a home setting, in which people we meet are the actors.

207 SPRINGFIELD STREET,  
BOSTON, July 25, 1876.

## THE FLOWER OF THE FAMILY.

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ACT I.—SCENE: *Handsome apartment in ABNER HOWLAND's house. Doors opening to garden, c. in flat. Window L. in flat, with lace curtain. Easy-chair at window. Mantel with clock; vases and ornaments R. Under mantel, work-basket, with chair beside it. Door L. L. C. opposite door, table with damask cover, writing materials on it. MRS. HOWLAND in chair L. of table, sewing. ABNER HOWLAND seated R. of table, with newspaper.*

*Abner.* Now I'm not going into a passion. I don't blame you, sister, but I say, emphatically and decidedly, this absurd flirtation must be stopped.

*Mrs. H.* But, Abner —

*Abner.* Don't *but* against my decision. I can't, shan't, and won't allow it. This fop, this dandy, this Spicer Spofford, — bah! the name's enough to sicken one, — has gained access to my house on the pretence that he was a dear friend of your husband, my brother. Pretence, mind you, for Gordon was a plain, blunt man, thirty years older than this whipper-snapper. Do you suppose Gordon could have formed a friendship with this walking clothes-horse, who is no credit to anybody but his tailor?

*Mrs. H.* Don't be unjust, Abner; you know nothing against the man, and he can make himself very agreeable.

*Abner.* So it seems; for without as much as "by your leave" to me, her adopted father, he makes love to Lina. It's absurd, ridiculous! He's a fortune-hunter.

*Mrs. H.* Ah, there you are wrong, for by your desire Lina passes for my daughter.

*Abner.* True; when I went abroad, ten years ago, I left this child of an old friend — a child whom I had adopted — to be brought up by you, to call you "mother" and me "uncle," for then I had made up my mind she should marry my ward, Oscar Loring, on his return. Gordon was a poor man then, and I feared, were it known that she was to be the heiress of a rich old bachelor, some fortune-hunter would snatch her before my return.

*Mrs. H.* I suspected this was your intention.

*Abner.* I've no doubt of it. Trust a woman for smelling a match. Well, I came back a year ago to find that Gordon had embarked in speculation, gained a small fortune, but, continuing his risks, had lost all, and died a poor man.

*Mrs. H.* Gordon was a good, kind husband and father, and a Christian.

*Abner.* No doubt of it. A good Christian, but a poor speculator.

*Mrs. H.* He never meant to leave me penniless. Often in the midst of his speculations he said to me, "Fear not, wife; should I fail, you are well provided for."



*Abner.* Humph! the old house at Mayburn, with nothing to live upon; poor provision that. Gordon was always too generous; he didn't look out for himself. Not like me — I'm all for self.

*Mrs. H.* You, Abner? the most kind and generous —

*Abner.* No such thing. There's my ward, he will be a rich man. I expect him every day. With Lina for his wife, I shall have made comfortable provision for her future. No more expense on her account. But now, in steps this fellow, who must have found some clue to her expectations, and is trying to win her for my money. I tell you, sister, I don't like it.

*Mrs. H.* Then why not tell him so, Abner?

*Abner.* And raise a flame where now there's but a spark. No, no, I've too old a head for that. But you ought to know some way to stop it. Women who are so handy at making matches must surely have some reserved power with which to break them when occasion requires.

*Mrs. H.* Ah, but Lina evidently favors Mr. Spofford's attentions. 'Twould never do for me to interfere. Were it my own daughter, Alice —

*Abner.* Then I should have nothing to say. Alice is all well enough; too much given to romping, racing, riding, and fishing —

*Mrs. H.* And equally well skilled in washing, sewing, and cooking.

*Abner.* O, yes; Alice is a good girl, and will make some poor fellow a capital wife; but to pick out my Lina, the flower of the family, — one in a thousand, —

graceful, beautiful, accomplished,—fit mate for a prince, it's — it's — wicked.

*Mrs. H.* But if she loves him.

*Abner.* I won't let her; 'twould break Oscar's heart.

*Mrs. H.* They have never met.

*Abner.* But my letters to him have been filled with praises of her. He must be half in love with her from my description, and the sight of her will complete the conquest. But if he comes and finds this dandy — O, it's absurd, ridiculous!

*Mrs. H.* I wish I could help you; but 'twould be unkind for me to interfere. I am but a dependent here.

*Abner.* Now, stop that; stop it, I say. You a dependent! You are my unlucky brother's widow. You shared his poverty, and you have a right to share my prosperity; for had I died before him, all I have would have been his. Dependent — you! Why, you have brightened my dull old bachelor quarters with a woman's cheering influence, and made me a dependent upon you for comfort, peace, and happiness. I am the gainer, not you; and you know I am all for self; so don't talk of dependence. Tell me some way to get rid of this intruder. Can't you manage to give him a hint that his company is no longer agreeable?

*Mrs. H.* I suppose I could.

*Abner.* And you will, Mary, when I confess to you that this match has become something more than a desire, — that on it depends my fortune.

*Mrs. H.* Your fortune, Abner?

*Abner.* Yes. I am terribly embarrassed. My real estate is heavily encumbered, and ill luck everywhere is following my investments. One of our steamers blew up at the wharf: no dividends there. A train smashed on our railroad: heavy damages, and no dividends for a long time. The White Squall is a month overdue. Three months ago I borrowed fifty thousand dollars of my shipbuilders, Silas Warner & Co., pledging the cargo of the White Squall for its repayment. She's overdue. Something's the matter with her insurance; and the Warners are frightened — threaten to attach this place. And the fat's sizzling in the fire generally.

*Mrs. H.* And I have heard nothing of this.

*Abner.* Well, you see, I've been expecting Oscar every day. He is of age. I hold large sums belonging to him, which I would not touch without his consent, though ruin threatened me. Were he at home, he would help me until the White Squall arrived. But now, how can I ask his help should the girl I have promised him be won by another?

*Mrs. H.* Abner, you should have told me of this. There is my old house at Mayburn, just as I left it when Gordon died; sell it, with all it contains. You can surely raise money by its sale.

*Abner.* No, no; if my house goes with the rest, you must have a home, Mary. No, no; not that.

*Mrs. H.* And yet, Abner, you are all for self. If this is selfishness, how near it is akin to nobility.

*Abner.* O, tut! tut! tut! Help me to get rid of this man.

*Mrs. H.* His next visit shall be his last. I will promise you that.

*Abner.* Good; you promise. I feel better, for I know you will not fail me.

*Lina (outside c.).* You are just as hateful as you can be, Tom Howland.

*Abner.* There's Lina, and quarrelling with Tom, as usual. Do you know, Mary, I had fears, when Tom came here, that he would fall in love with Lina; but they quarrel every day, and evidently detest each other.

*Mrs. H.* I cannot imagine what has come over Tom, he was always so gentle in the old place.

*Abner.* O, it's all right. Let them fight, if it keeps them from falling in love. I'm just selfish enough to enjoy it.

*(Enter LINA, c., holding her apron filled with flowers. She comes down L.)*

*Lina.* I've had glorious luck, mother, foraging in Tom's flower-beds. Aren't they sweet? *(Takes a handful, and showers them on Mrs. H.'s head into her lap.)* And isn't he just raving. He chased me with a rake; but the rake's progress, unlike Hogarth's, was rather slow, and I escaped. Here, uncle, a rosebud for your coat *(comes back of table to R. of ABNER).* Let me fasten it *(places rose in coat).* There now, you are adorned for conquest. Prepare, O city maidens, to be captivated. Who will be this old man's darling. Prepare to be caught.

*Abner.* My darling is already caught *(slips his arm about her waist).*



*Lina.* Do you think so? Haste makes *waist* (*slips away.*) free, uncle. Ha, ha! I'll not let you spoil my posies. I want them for my vases (*goes to mantel, and arranges flowers.*)

*Abner* (to Mrs. H.). Now, isn't she just splendid. Ah, Mary, if your girl only had her winning sweetness, her beauty, her grace, what a pair they would make.

*Mrs. H.* O, she's sweet, Abner. But then, like you, I'm a bit selfish, and my Alice just suits me.

*Abner.* Lina, you're a wild thing; you want a husband to tame you.

*Lina.* Do I? Whose husband do I want?

*Abner.* Whose husband? Well, say mine.

*Lina.* I'll say what you like, uncle, but I'll have my own.

*Abner.* Oscar Loring is my choice.

*Lina.* You may have him; but I can't imagine what a man is to do with a husband.

*Abner.* Marry him to the girl he loves best.

*Lina.* Hadn't he better marry the girl he loves best himself.

*Abner.* Not when she is his daughter.

*Lina.* Ha, ha, ha! Uncle, I'm caught at last. But Oscar Loring I have never seen. You are a merchant. You don't expect to sell goods without a sample.

*Abner.* You shall see the goods, and I know you'll like the pattern.

*Lina.* I shouldn't like a pattern husband (*stands back*). There, look at my flowers; aren't they lovely? If I could only have secured a few geraniums before



Tom surprised me; he's so stingy. I watched my chance, and when his back was turned, went through the beds as Sherman marched to the sea (*sings*).

Hurrah! hurrah! for Tom has left them free;  
Hurrah! hurrah! the choicest now for me;  
Marching over flower-beds with none to hinder me,  
Gayly assailing Botania.

(*Enter TOM c. with a rake; stops in doorway.*)

*Tom.* Bo-tania! Look here, Lina, if I catch you among my flower-beds again, I'll tan you without any Bo.

*Lina.* Who cares for you, grubber. I wouldn't make such a fuss about a few flowers.

*Tom.* Few! Hear that. My prize geraniums! You would have torn them from their mother earth, ruthlessly despoiled my beds of their beauties.

*Lina.* Who is to see these beauties, if they lie abed forever?

*Tom.* O, you're a nuisance.

*Lina.* You're another.

*Mrs. H.* Children!

*Abner.* Don't interfere. Let them spat. I like it.

*Tom.* I tell you, Miss Lina, private rights must be respected. Here I slave in the garden day after day, for what?

*Lina.* Exercise, I suppose. You don't accomplish much.

*Tom.* That's false. My flowers are the admiration of the whole neighborhood; they overtop everything.

*Lina.* Yes, that patch of sunflowers is a towering monument of your skill.

*Tom.* Look at my dahlias.

*Lina.* I try, Thomas; but your cabbages put their heads together to prevent my seeing them.

*Tom.* You are trifling with my horticultural aspirations.

*Lina.* Where do they grow? They must be rare plants to have such stupendous titles.

*Tom.* O, I won't talk with you (*stands his rake against side of door next window, and goes to window*).

*Lina (sings).* "Nobody axed you, sir, she said."

*Tom.* I detest you.

*Lina.* Do you? Then we shall never be separated on account of incompatibility of temper.

*Tom.* I wish somebody would carry you off and marry you.

*Lina.* I mean to be married first, and carried off afterwards.

*Tom.* You're a goose!

*Lina.* You're a donkey!

*Tom (grimacing).* Ya! Ya! Ya!

*Lina (grimacing).* Bray, donkey, bray!

(*TOM flings himself into chair at window. LINA seats herself by work-basket, and busies herself with worsted. ABNER looks at his watch.*)

*Abner.* Ten o'clock. I must be getting up to town. Can I bring you anything, Lina?

*Tom.* Yes, uncle, bring out a muzzle.

*Lina.* Do they muzzle donkeys, uncle? By all means, let Tom have the proper harness.

*Tom.* I spoke for you, Miss Impudence.

*Lina.* Indeed! Don't rob yourself on my account (*lifting her dress*). There's muslin enough here for me.

*Alice* (*outside c.*). All aboard. All aboard. Boat's at the landing; bait's in the boat; skipper's looking for a crew (*appears in doorway with bag swung at her side, fishing-pole in hand*). And I'm the skipper, thank you. O, here you are. It's a glorious day for sport. Who'll go? Come, Tom, forsake your favorite earth

“For the deep, blue, boundless sea.”

*Tom.* No, I thank you. Fishing's cruel sport; I don't like it.

*Lina.* You'll never be accused of cruelty, Tom.

*Tom.* Do you mean to say I can't fish?

*Lina.* Indeed you can.

“With perseverance worthy of a better cause,”  
all day, and never a nibble.

*Tom.* O, I've hooked something in my day.

*Lina.* It must have been in your schooldays, when you hooked Jack.

*Alice.* Don't tease him, Lina. Come, Tom; I'll let you take off my fish.

*Tom.* No, I thank you; I've other fish to fry.

*Alice.* Then I won't interfere with your cooking. Come, Nunky, you try the rod with me.

*Abner.* I should be delighted, but I must go to town.

*Alice.* Lina?

*Lina.* Don't ask me; you know I am not a lover of *manly* sports.

*Alice* (*with a mock courtesy*). Ahem! The flower

of the family has spoken. By the way, shouldn't flirtation be classed as a manly sport? Ha, ha! Lina, you're no lover of manly sports, O, no. *You* are an accomplished young lady, skilled in drawing, painting, music, and all those *art*-ful ways which make charming girls; while I — I love to race across the green; to drive the black horses at their topmost speed; to pull a boat; and, when nobody's looking, to climb a tree. I want exercise, freedom, a brisk breeze upon my cheek, blue waves dancing about me. O, that's just glorious!

*Abner.* Yes, yes, that's all well enough, Alice; but you're too boisterous. A woman's place is inside the house; she should be gentle, devoted to household affairs, soft of step, sweet-voiced. These are the qualities that beautify woman, and what every man hopes to find in a wife.

*Alice* )  
*Tom* } (*together*). Hear, hear, hear!  
*Lina* )

*Alice.* O, Nunky, when do you expect to find yours? I know you've a poor opinion of little wild me. But don't be discouraged; one of these days I may turn about and be an honor to you. I hope I may, for you have always been a kind —

*Abner.* There, there, stop that.

*Alice.* I'm off. Wish I could drum up a recruit. By the way, I had a dream last night.

*Lina.* A dream?

*Tom.* That's nothing. I had the nightmare.

*Lina.* How natural. "Birds of a feather," Tom.

*Tom.* You be hanged !

*Mrs. H.* Children !

*Abner.* Don't interfere, Mary.

*Alice.* Yes. I dreamed I was in my boat on the lake, and a pickerel — such a beauty ! — took my hook. He weighed fifteen pounds.

*Tom.* What a whopper !

*Alice.* *He* was. Tom, don't interrupt. I drew him into the boat ; and what do you think he did ?

*Tom.* Died, of course.

*Lina.* No ; died of exposure.

*Alice.* He raised himself erect, and, with a tear in his eye, a tremor in his voice —

*Tom.* And a hook in his gills.

*Alice.* — Asked me to marry him.

*Lina.* Poor fellow. Knew he was to be cooked, and wanted a mess-mate. Did you accept him ?

*Alice.* No, Lina. I served him as you do your admirers (*points to bag*). I sacked him.

*Lina.* What a lucky escape from becoming a mermaid.

*Alice.* Now I'm going to catch him in earnest ; and if I succeed, and he asks me to marry him, I'll send him to you for your official sanction.

*Abner.* If he comes to me, I'll eat him.

*Alice.* Ha, ha, ha ! And serve him right. Good-bye to you, and good luck to me ! (*goes up to door c.* — *POLICY NEWCOMB enters ; pole strikes his eye ; he ejaculates " Oh ! " claps his hand to his eye ; hits the rake and sends it down upon TOM's head ; then comes R. C. holding his hand to his eye. TOM jumps up,*



*rubbing his head.* ALICE *stands in door, looking at* POLICY *an instant*). I really beg your pardon, sir, but you should keep your eyes open. [*Exit.*

POLICY. Don't apologize, it's all right. What is the loss of an eye or two to the happy possessor of a ten thousand dollar accident policy, who draws a weekly stipend of fifty dollars for the time he is disabled. That eye ought to be good for six weeks ( *rubs it*). No, confound it, it's all right.

ABNER. Does your eye pain you?

POLICY. No. I wish it did. I've had the worst kind of luck with that policy in a railroad smash-up twice; not a hair of my head injured. Blown up in a steamboat explosion, and landed safe in a rival boat. Run away with by a furious horse: he went over a precipice; I went safely into a tree. An unfortunate investment; it's on its last day, and I've not a scar to show.

LINA (*aside*). Crying because he's not hurt. The man's a fool.

ABNER. And you came here to tell us of your misfortunes?

POLICY. Eh. I beg your pardon (*gives letter*). Read that, if you please. (*Aside*) Nice snug quarters; luxury and comfort. POLICY, my boy, you're in luck this time.

ABNER (*after reading letter*). Ah, I understand. Mr. Newcomb, I believe.

POLICY (*bombastically*). POLICY Newcomb, agent for the "Live-for-Ever Life," the "Never-say-die Endowment," and the "Blow-up and Bust-up Accident" insur-

ance companies; three of the noblest institutions in the country, sir; with marble buildings in every large city, sir; high-salaried officials, sir, who ride in their carriages, sir; liveried coachmen, and servants at their beck and call, sir. Institutions which draw in millions of the savings of all classes, sir, and pay out nobly, sir (*aside*), when they can't help it.

*Abner.* From this letter, I understand we are to have the pleasure of your society for a few days.

*Policy.* Exactly. Sheriff Thorne —

*Abner (interrupting).* I understand. Let all business matters be settled in private. Mrs. Howland, Mr. Newcomb will stop with us.

*Mrs. H.* I'm sure any friend of yours —

*Abner.* Will be heartily welcome, of course. Will you find a room for Mr. Newcomb? He may wish to change —

*Policy.* Nothing at present. My superfluous linen will follow me (*aside*) wherever I go. Still a little soap and water might be of service —

*Mrs. H.* O, certainly. (*Rises. ABNER steps up to her.*)

*Abner.* Mary, what I feared has come. This man is a keeper. Keep it from the girls.

*Mrs. H.* I will be careful (*crosses to R.*). Mr. Newcomb, will you follow me? [*Exit R.*]

*Policy.* With pleasure. (*Aside*) I've seen that lady's face before (*going*).

*Abner.* Mr. Newcomb, make yourself at home here. I will see you again. Just now, I must go to town.

*Policy (returning).* To town? How? may I ask.

*Abner.* Behind a pair of fast trotters (*goes up stage*).

*Policy.* Fast trotters (*runs after him and brings him down*). Mr. Howland, one word (*emphatically*). Are you insured?

*Abner.* Insured?

*Policy* (*tragically*). Pause, reflect, ponder. Fast trotters are sleek-coated demons. There is frenzy in their eyes, madness in their hearts, delusion in their heels. In their company your life is but a hair's-breadth, a horsehair's-breadth from destruction. Pause ere it is too late. Let me write you for ten thousand in the Bust-up and Blow-up Accident Company. The outlay is small; the profit, should you be mangled or crippled, large; should you perish by accident, immense.

*Abner.* Mr. Newcomb, I've no time —

*Policy.* Think of those infuriated steeds in a moment of frenzy forsaking the peaceful, macadamized road, dashing with you at headlong speed to the brink of a frightful precipice. What supreme delight would animate your breast, as you hung over that frightful abyss, from which nothing could save you, to know you had in your pocket that priceless policy for ten thousand dollars.

*Abner.* Ha, ha, ha! Not to-day, thank you Mr. Newcomb. I know my horses better than I know your company. I'll take my own risk. Good-bye, Lina. I'll be back to tea.

*Lina.* Good-bye, uncle; a pleasant ride!

*Abner.* Good morning, Mr. Newcomb. Mrs. Howland is waiting for you, and she'll *insure* you — ha, ha, ha! — good accommodation. [Exit c.

*Policy.* He don't bite. Laugh away ; but a jocular vein won't save the jugular (*going R. sees LINA*). What a pretty girl (*stops and looks at her work*). Ah, fancy work. Do you like that, miss ?

*Lina.* O, yes ; don't you ?

*Policy.* Me ? I think *croquet* is one of the most fascinating employments of the fair sex.

*Lina.* Indeed ! What excellent taste ! Henceforth my *work* will be a *pastime* (*laughs*).

*Policy* (*aside*). She's making game of me. (*Aloud*) But don't you think it's a little bit wearing on the eyes ?

*Lina.* It must be, especially after contact with such a hard substance as a fishing-pole.

*Policy* (*aside*). Hem ! sharp's the word there. (*Aloud*) Good morning (*walks off R. 1st E. very stiff*). TOM *watches him off, then runs down to LINA, kneels, and puts his arm about her waist*).

*Tom.* Darling, we are alone once more.

*Lina.* Yes, Tom, "the cruel war is over" again.

*Tom.* Yes, sweetheart, we can now dismiss the frown from our brows, the venom from our tongues, and be again a happy pair of lovers.

*Lina.* O Tom, you can't imagine how hard it is for me to speak so sharply to you, whom I love so dearly.

*Tom.* Yes, I can. "A fellow feeling," you know. Forgive me for all the hard words I have spoken.

*Lina.* As I hope to be forgiven.

*Tom.* It's our only course, Lina. War before others ; love and peace in secret. If Uncle Abner knew I dared to love you —



*Lina.* He would lock me up, send you away, and, O, dear! I tremble at the thought; but, fortunately, Mr. Spofford, *my* Spicer, is the suspected party, and not Tom Howland.

*Tom.* Spofford! Lina, I hate that man. To see him with his infernal eye-glass ogling you; to hear his silly speeches; to watch his confident assurance that he has captivated you. Lina, I try to be patient; but I know some day I shall pound that chap.

*Lina.* And ruin your prospects. No, Tom, be patient still. The other will soon appear, and then I'll change my tactics.

*Tom.* Indeed; and be as deeply interested in him as you now seem to be with Spofford. That's consoling.

*Lina.* Well, where's the harm? If I can fascinate him, will not my powers of attraction be enhanced? Shall I not be a richer prize for you to win?

*Tom.* And I shall win you? Assure me of that, and I care not how many suitors flicker about the flame that burns for me alone.

*Lina.* That's very pretty, Tom. Be comforted; my hand is yours when you shall dare to claim it.

*Tom (seizing her hand).* 'Tis the dearest little hand in the wide, wide world (*kisses it frantically*). POLICY enters R. 1 E. *wiping his hands with his handkerchief*).

*Policy.* Ahem! (*LINA screams and bends over her work. TOM jumps up and goes to table with his back to LINA. POLICY looks from one to the other, then steps to C.; looks at each again slowly, then*)

*Policy.* If I had only known — but I didn't. You



see I am a new-comer; not used to the ways of the house; but it's all right. I'm blind (*pointedly to LINA*), color-blind. I shall take occasion to congratulate Mr. Howland —

*Tom* (*turning to NEWCOMB*). Not for the world. Open your lips to speak of what you have here seen, and we are ruined.

*Policy*. You don't say so!

*Tom*. I cannot explain the circumstances under which we are placed; but, as you say, it's all right. And I am ready to buy your silence, if it is necessary.

*Policy* (*indignantly*). Buy? Buy me? Young man, are you insured?

*Tom*. No.

*Policy*. No? Young man, look at that fair, blushing face bending in happy confusion over her work-basket. She loves you; you love her; you love and live together. You would draw her from her secluded and happy home to share your fortunes. You would do this, rash youth, knowing the uncertainty of life, with a full knowledge that in your daily walks a brick from some towering chimney might fall upon your head to crush you; two bricks, perhaps, with but a single thought — to mash you. Be wise; secure her future before you attempt to secure her. Let me write you for ten thousand in the Never-say-Die, and then you may laugh at fate, and, beneath a pile of bricks, triumphantly smile to know the loved one rejoices in the possession of that policy.

*Tom*. Yes; I see what you want. If I take a policy, your mouth is sealed.

*Policy.* We never go back on our policy-holders.

*Tom.* Well. (*Aside*) Confound this fellow! (*Aloud*) I'll reflect upon it.

*Policy.* There's no time like the present (*takes circular from his pocket*). Here, look at our statement, — surplus enormous.

*Tom (aside).* O, bother (*takes paper, and goes up to window*). POLICY follows, and talks in pantomime).

*Lina (laughs).* Poor Tom! his troubles have commenced. If he hadn't been quite so handy with his kisses, this miserable man would never have had it in his power to make us tremble in his presence.

*Tom (pointing to window).* O, yes; those are mine; raised them myself. I'm something of a gardener. Stroll out, and look over the beds. I'll join you presently.

*Policy.* Thank you, I will (*comes down with Tom, and takes his hat from table*). I'm a conner sure in garden sass. I'll look up your mammoth cabbages. I don't care much for roses, but among the green 'uns (*at door*) I'm at home (*Exit. Tom watches him off*).

*Tom.* Lina!

*Lina.* Tom!

(*Re-enter POLICY, c.*)

*Policy.* By the way, you'll want an accident policy to go with —

*Tom (angrily).* Mr. Newcomb, I want nothing but to be rid of your inf— delightful society for ten minutes.

*Policy.* Don't get mad. It is your interest I have at heart. You are a gardener, in hourly danger of

having your foot split open with a hoe, or your head scraped with a rake; or — or — of being stung by some poisonous reptile — a toad, or a bull-frog. What a salve would it be to your wounded anatomy, should you —

*Tom.* Another word, and no policy for me. I'd sooner take the consequences.

*Policy (aside).* That policy wouldn't suit this policy. (*Aloud*) O, very well. I leave the matter to your calm consideration; but remember, there are vital interests at stake. [*Exit c.*]

*Tom.* There's a martyr at the stake, that's sure. O, Lina, what's to be done?

*Lina.* Don't ask me; you've brought this upon yourself.

*Tom.* Brought this upon myself? Well, I like that!

*Lina.* And I don't like it. You've compromised me, sold yourself to that hateful insurance thing, and ruined our prospects.

*Tom.* Well, you had a hand in it — a very pretty one, too. Don't be angry, Lina; I'll find some way to insure our safety.

*Lina.* Indeed! Haven't you had enough of insurance yet?

*Tom.* Don't be cruel (*bending over her tenderly, with clasped hands*). Nothing shall part us.

*Alice (outside c.).* Come right in; never mind the water.

*Tom.* The dence! (*runs to table; picks up a book; sits in chair l. of table, and reads.* *Enter c. ALICE.*

*She comes down to table. OSCAR appears in doorway; stops there.)*

*Alice (as she enters).* Nobody will mind your appearance. A shipwrecked mariner finds sympathy all the world over.

*Oscar.* You are very kind; but people are not fond of having shipwrecked mariners deluge their carpets with briny tears. I think I'll stop outside.

*Alice.* Come in; I insist. Nobody will eat you.

*Tom (aside).* I should say not; a less tempting morsel I never saw.

*Oscar.* O, very well, if you insist (*comes down*). And now I am here, will you be good enough to tell me where I am, and to whom I am indebted for hospitality.

*Alice.* This is the residence of Mr. Abner Howland.

*Oscar (starting).* Abner Howland!

*Alice.* That lovely young lady yonder is Miss Lina Howland.

*Oscar (bows to LINA).* (*Aside*) My guardian's choice. Well, well! he told but half the truth.

*Alice.* That studious young gentleman there is Mr. Tom Howland.

*Oscar (bows and shakes hands with TOM).* Glad to meet you, sir. Br-r-r (*shivers*).

*Tom (aside).* A chilling reception.

*Oscar (to ALICE).* And you?

*Alice (laughs).* O, I'm — I'm — nobody.

*Oscar.* Indeed! Then I am indebted to Nobody for my life, for which I am truly grateful (*bows to ALICE.* *She acknowledges*). Miss Howland, and you,



Mr. Howland, will, I trust, pardon this damp intrusion, when I inform you that (*sneezes*) I've caught a cold. Where was I? O, having arrived last night at the cosy little hotel at Mayburn, and catching — (*sneezes*)

*Tom (aside).* Hope it is not catching here.

*Oscar.* — Catching a glimpse of the lake this morning, I was seized with — (*sneezes*) — a desire to have a pull — (*sneezes*)

*Tom (aside).* That's a pull back.

*Oscar.* — On its placid waters. I equipped myself in this rather unfashionable suit, obtained a boat, and for a time — (*sneezes*)

*Tom (aside).* That's for the fifth time.

*Oscar.* — Enjoyed myself hugely, until seeing this young lady, Miss Nobody — (*sneezes*)

*Tom (aside).* Must have had a delightful duet.

*Oscar.* — Fishing, I made a quick turn to see what she was catching.

*Alice.* Caught a crab, and capsized the boat, that's all.

*Oscar.* No, that's not all; for you at once rowed to my assistance. Just in time, too, for these heavy boots were fast dragging me to the bottom (*sneezes*).

*Tom (aside).* I'm glad he's touched bottom.

*Lina.* O, Ally, has your dream come true?

*Alice.* Lina, don't you dare speak of that.

*Oscar.* A dream! That's good. What was it? Dreams are so delightful — (*shivers*)

*Tom (aside).* He shivers with delight.

*Oscar.* — When young ladies tell them.

*Lina.* O, this was the queerest —



*Alice.* Lina Howland ! if you tell —

*Lina.* I will. You must know, Mr. — By the way, you have not introduced yourself !

*Oscar.* No ? (*Aside*) I don't mean to, either. (*Aloud*) O, certainly, I must introduce myself (*claps hand to his breast*). I've left my cards at the hotel (*shivers*) ; and then I'm so flustered by being in the water so long (*shivers*) ; and this costume is not exactly fitted for a ceremonious call ; so, if you please, for the present I will be — Mr. Nobody (*sneezes*).

*Tom (aside).* Nobody ! He must be the great Julius Sneezer ! But, my dear fellow, you must be very damp and miserable, soaked with water ; fortunately, I can furnish you with a change of raiment. I won't answer for the fit.

*Oscar.* Anything will answer, thank you (*sneezes violently*).

*Tom.* You couldn't have a worse fit than that.

*Oscar.* But I'm anxious to hear about the dream.

*Alice.* That story will keep. Attend to your comfort, I beg.

*Tom (comes R.).* Do, old fellow, make yourself comfortable and presentable ; for you certainly are not making a favorable impression, either upon the ladies or the carpet. Come.

*Oscar (comes to R., turns and bows).* Excuse me, ladies. (*Aside*) I have fallen unawares into my guardian's cosy nest. Unknown, I will learn more of my promised bride, and Miss Nobody. (*Follows Tom off* ; R. 1st E.)

*Lina.* So you have fished to some purpose to-day.

*Alice.* Have I? I've always been told that there is as good fish in the sea as ever was caught; but let's wait until mine is properly dressed.

*Lina.* His address is that of a gentleman.

*Alice.* He is a gentleman. You should have heard his talk in the boat. Such expressions of gratitude! such a glow! such a — really, it almost upset me.

*Lina.* No wonder; your boat is so small.

*Alice.* Then, his eyes! Did you ever see finer?

*Lina.* Ha, ha, ha! the dream is certainly coming true.

*Alice.* Nonsense, Lina! Do you suppose he will give a second glance at such an insignificant romp as I?

*Lina.* No doubt of it! and with as much expression in those eyes — did you ever see finer, Ally? — as endangered your safety in the boat. Ha, ha, ha!

*Alice.* I won't give him the chance. I'll keep out of his way until he leaves the house.

*Lina.* Do, Ally. That will make him crazy to return. That's strategy, Ally.

*Alice.* Lina, you are provoking.

*Lina.* It is the smitten heart that feels the smart. (SPOFFORD appears in door c. with eye-glass to his eye.) The wounded bird that flutters.

*Spofford* (comes down c.). Yah, yah, yah! \* that's me!

*Alice* }  
*Lina* } Mr. Spofford!

*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah! Spofford's the wounded bird that flutters wound the candle.

\* Meaning "Yes, yes, yes!"

*Alice.* Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis the moth that flutters round the candle.

*Spofford.* Ith it? Yah, yah! I didn't know what kind of a bird it was. But I'd just as lives be a moth-bird as any other.

*Lina.* And where's the candle, Spicer dear? (*takes his R. arm and looks up into his face.*)

*Spofford (aside).* Spicer dear! She weally loves me. (*Aloud, looking down at her tenderly*) And can you weally ask, Lina dear?

*Lina.* Ha, ha, ha! So I'm a candle!

*Spofford.* No, no, no! Not a weal candle, you know; but something bwilliant!

*Alice.* Gas-light, for instance.

*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah! But the candle's — wax candle, you know — not a bad idea, because you're so finely moulded.

*Alice (aside).* And have a stick to support you.

*Lina.* Mr. Spofford, that was really a fine compliment.

*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah! I thought you'd like it — the candle — made it out of my own head.

*Lina.* O, Spicer dear, how lonesome we should be without your daily visits!

*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah! Fisher says to me this morning — Fisher, you know, is the landlord at the hotel over at Mayburn. Rough fellow, Fisher; but he amuses me, Fisher does. Eats with his knife, you know — Yah, yah, yah! Fisher says, "What will the young ladies do without you over at Squire Howland's? They can't play croquet on the lawn when you are gone." Then I said a good thing — a deuthid bright thing.

*Lina.* You?

*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah! I said they'll be more for-lawn than ever! Yah, yah, yah! Wasn't that good?

*Lina* (*wonderingly*). More for Lawn?

*Alice* (*slowly*). More — for — lawn?

*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah! Don't you thee? You won't go to the lawn; but you'll be more for going to the lawn; that is, you'll wish that you could go for more lawn; and you'd be lawn for — Death take it, I've got mixed somehow; but that forlorn idea was good; made it out of my own head.

*Alice* (*sighs*). High-ho!

*Spofford.* What's the matter with Mith Alice?

*Lina.* Low spirits, I guess.

*Spofford.* What the death makes folks say *high-ho*, when they're in low spirits?

*Lina.* You haven't said a word to her.

*Spofford.* O, she's jealous. (*Aside*) She's in love with me too, poor thing! (*Aloud*) Mith Alice, can you tell me why my left arm is stronger than my right?

*Alice.* Your left arm stronger than your right?

*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah!

*Alice.* No; I'm sure I cannot.

*Spofford.* Because, you see, while there's more on my right arm it's Lina, and my left has something to spare.

*Alice* (*locking her arm in his, L.*). I see, something to spare me. Now that was very good.

*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah! I thought you'd like that; made it out of my own head.

*Alice* (*aside*). There's nothing to spare there (*they promenade to left*).



*Spofford.* Now, what shall we do this morning; play croquet or ride? (*Turn to R. and promenade back.*)

*Lina.* Croquet, of course.

*Alice.* Ride, by all means.

*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah! Croquet and ride.

*Lina.* No; croquet will be sufficient. I don't care to ride.

*Alice.* And I don't care to play croquet.

*Spofford* (*stopping in c.*). Yah, yah, yah!

*Lina.* I insist upon croquet.

*Alice.* The mallets are locked up in my room, and will not come out this morning.

*Lina.* I will not ride, and you cannot go without me.

*Alice.* O yes, *we* can. Can't we, Mr. Spofford?

*Spofford.* Well, now, weally —

*Lina* (*goes R.*). I understand you prefer Ally's company to mine!

*Alice* (*goes L.*). Two is company, and three is none. I understand!

*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah! But, the deuce! Take two from one, and nothing remains. What am I?

*Alice.* A cipher, of course.

*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah! I *sigh-for* company! Now that's a sudden thing, but it's good — that cipher — made out of my own head (*looks at each*). Poor things! I've fascinated both; but I can't marry but one. Why wasn't I born a Mormon? (*Enter MRS. HOWLAND, R. 1 E.*) Ah, good morning, Mrs. Howland.

*Mrs. H.* Good morning, Mr. Spofford. I am glad you called. I wish to speak with you alone.



*Spofford*. Yah, yah, yah! Certainly. (*Aside*) Alone! What the deuce is the matter now? (*Enter Tom, R. 1 E.*)

*Tom*. I've induced our unknown friend to crawl into bed, after rattling down my meerschaums and other ornaments with his confounded shivering and sneezing; and I'm going over to Mayburn to get him a dry suit.

*Mrs. H.* Take the girls with you, Tom; they'll enjoy the ride.

*Alice*. Not I, mother. I'll take the opportunity of your entertaining Mr. Spofford — alone, to divest myself of my fishing-skirt. Don't be alarmed. I'll not disturb your delightful tête-à-tête. [*Exit door L.*]

*Lina*. And I'll go with Tom, mother. I don't think I shall enjoy the ride in his society; but to oblige you —

*Tom*. O, humbug! You're dying to go; you know you are; but I won't have you. You'll scare the horse.

*Lina*. What a pity that would be! You're such a poor driver. Now I will go, just to spite you. There's a short cut to the stable across the dahlia bed (*going*).

*Tom*. If you dare cross that, you'll catch it.

*Lina*. Stop me if you can, booby (*runs off c.*).

*Tom* (*running after her*). Stop, I say! Plague! torment! nuisance! [*Exit c.*]

*Mrs. H.* (*seating herself L. of table*). Mr. Spofford, please take a seat.

*Spofford* (*seating himself R. of table*). Yah, yah, yah!

*Mrs. H.* As a friend of my late husband, you were kind enough to search me out, and tender your sympathy.

*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah! Mr. Howland, your late departed, was a nice man, he was. Used to lend me small sums, and didn't dun me. I always liked Mr. Howland. 'Twas mighty inconvenient, his dying.

*Mrs. H.* Your sympathy was very kind; and were I in my own house —

*Spofford.* Now, don't apologize. It makes no difference to me. I'm just as glad to see you here as if it was your own house.

*Mrs. H.* Yes; but still there is a difference —

*Spofford.* Not the least. I can call anywhere. I have a way of making myself at home at all times and in all places.

*Mrs. H.* Still, I am compelled by circumstances to thank you for your kindness, and ask you to cease your visits here.

*Spofford.* Circumstances! Yah, yah, yah! Neighbors talk about it! But who cares? Mere gossip. Not to be thought of.

*Mrs. H. (rising).* Mr. Spofford, I am very sorry you will not understand my meaning; it compels me to speak plainly. Your society is no longer agreeable to me, or the master of this house (*crosses to R.*). I shall give orders that you are not to be admitted to the house or the grounds. Good morning.

[*Exit R. 1 E.*

*Spofford (still seated).* Yah, yah, yah! Kicked out! that's the English of it! Now, now, now! what

the deuce is the matter with her? Somebody's been meddling. Heard something. And I'm to be cut off in the flower of my youth! Yah, yah, yah! Guess not, Mrs. Howland. Spofford hasn't set his head to work for this conclusion — just as both of those girls are so captivated that they would follow me to the end of the earth. Yah, yah, yah! I've got it. An elopement! Deuced good idea. A ride over to the parson's what's his name at Mayburn to-night; a word in the parson's ear — a marriage! And then they won't give orders to keep me out of the house, or the grounds. They'd have no gounds on which to do it then. That's good — no gounds; made out of my own head, too. Yes, Miss Lina is the one; she's pretty, and silly; just suits me. The other — I'm afraid of her. I'll try it (*takes paper and pen, and writes*).

(*Enter C. NEWCOMB; he stops and looks at SPOFFORD, whose back is half turned to him.*)

*Newcomb.* Hallo! a new arrival? Chance for a speculation here. Strike while the iron's hot (*comes down L.; sits in chair and slaps the table with his hand*). Stranger, are you insured?

(*SPOFFORD looks up with a start; NEWCOMB starts; falls back in his chair. SPOFFORD does the same.*)

*Newcomb.* Spicer Spofford.

*Spofford.* Policy Newcomb.

*Newcomb.* What is your little game here, Spofford?

*Spofford.* Yah, yah! What's yours? You lead, and I'll follow suit.

*Newcomb.* There's no mystery about my presence here. The old gentleman, Mr. Abner Howland —

(ALICE steps in from door L., which should be well up stage, so that the parties at table have their backs to her; she sees them, and is about to retire, but stops) — is in difficulty. He owes a large sum to certain parties. He is unable to pay; so I am here.

*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah! A keeper!

*Alice.* A keeper in uncle's house! [*Exit door L.*

*Newcomb.* Yes, a keeper. Now for your play.

*Spofford.* Yas! Play? You've hit it, Policy. I'm on a pleasure trip.

*Newcomb.* You've tripped already. Won't do. Try again, Spicer. The Bowcliffe Insurance Company give their clerks no pleasure trips. Try again.

*Spofford.* Well, then, call it a diplomatic mission.

*Newcomb.* A diplomatic mission from the office? They'd as soon trust a baby.

*Spofford.* Ah, you don't know everything, Policy. I've found out something; a grand, universal discovery — all out of my own head, too.

*Newcomb.* Well, if you've found you've got a head, that is something no one has ever yet discovered.

*Spofford.* Yah, yah! Something royal — a fortune! This is a secret, Newcomb.

*Newcomb.* Of course.

*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah! Well, you see, about three months ago, I was looking over the policy-book, and I came across a paid-up policy for twenty-five thousand dollars, taken out, ten years ago, by one Gordon Howland.

*Newcomb.* Gordon Howland? Yes. I wrote his myself; and 'twas a good day's work for me.



*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah! Well, he's dead and gone, poor man; and the policy has never been paid.

*Newcomb.* Not paid! How is that?

*Spofford.* No claim has ever been made. Don't you see, he did it to surprise his family when he should die. Hid the policy. Couldn't tell when he was struck down; and there is the money unclaimed.

*Newcomb.* It was written in favor of his wife; and she —

*Spofford.* Is now in this house.

*Newcomb.* O, ho! I see! I thought I'd seen that face before. Good! And you, Spicer, like a good friend, have come down here to communicate the joyful news.

*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah! I guess not, Policy. That's not my little game. O, I'm a deep one, Newcomb. I don't look it, but I am.

*Newcomb.* You don't look deep, Spofford, that's a fact.

*Spofford.* But I am. She's got two daughters — one too many — but they're both in love with me. Do you see? I'll marry one; you shall marry the other.

*Newcomb.* Well, that's kind of you, Spicer, to remember me in this; especially as you can't marry both. Why, Spicer, what a head you have!

*Spofford.* O, I'm sharp! I've worked my cards well; only just now — I'm kicked out!

*Newcomb.* Kicked out?

*Spofford.* Yes; forbidden the house by Mrs. Howland. Perhaps she's an idea that all is not right. But I'm going to play my trump card now.



*Newcomb.* Let's see the little joker.

*Spofford.* I've just written a line to Miss Lina. She's the favorite (*looks at paper*). "Meet me at the arbor to-night, at seven. I am forbidden to see you. They shall not part us. I'll bring a vehicle; the parson at Mayburn will expect us," &c., &c. She'll come. A little persuasion, and an elopement. See, Newcomb?

*Newcomb.* Short notice. Do you imagine she will consent?

*Spofford.* Don't I tell you she's in love with me? She'll come (*rises*). I'll tuck the note into her basket (*comes to R. and places note*). She'll be sure to see it. It's a deuced deep scheme; made out of my own head, too. Good-bye (*going*).

*Newcomb* (*runs after him and brings him down*). Stop! You are about to undertake a deed fraught with danger. You will drive over to Mayburn. The road is rocky, precipitous, dangerous. You may be pursued; perhaps overturned; shot at; killed! Let me write you an accidental policy.

*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah! You do it well, Newcomb — deuced well; but a good cook makes pies and eats bread. Now that's good; sudden, but good. Made it out of my own head. [*Exit c.*]

*Policy.* Bread made out of his own head! Why shouldn't he — dough-head? What a fool! Marry the girl if you like; but I'll go to the fountain-head (*at door*). I'll try for the old lady. [*Exit c.*]

(*Enter ALICE, door L. She runs up to c. door and looks after them.*)

*Alice.* Ruin threatens my uncle ; and my dear father has somewhere hidden the power to save him. It must be found. Be mine the task. Heads may scheme, but hearts, through faith and love, oft work and win (*stands at door with right hand raised*).

[*Curtain.*]

ACT II. — *Scene same as ACT I.* MRS. H. *seated in easy-chair L. of table, winding yarn from a skein which NEWCOMB holds on his hands. He is seated R. of table, very stiff, with a marked look of admiration on his face. ALICE seated R., reading a book.*

Mrs. H. I'm so sorry to trouble you, Mr. Newcomb. This must be an irksome task to you.

Policy. Not a bit of it, Mrs. Howland. I — I like it; 'tis a pleasure to sit and see one's self wound into the fingers of lovely woman. There's a positive feeling of attachment in it.

Mrs. H. Ah, you look at it in a business light; attachments, I believe, are in your line.

Policy (*aside*). That's a hit at the keeper. (*Aloud*) No; quite a romantic episode. To feel that with every twirl of your fingers I am being drawn into your domestic rounds, being drawn nearer and nearer to — (*bends towards MRS. H.*).

Mrs. H. Sit straight, Mr. Newcomb; you'll tangle the skein.

Policy (*straightening up quickly*). Thank you. (*Aside*) Hang the skein! (*Aloud*) How can I help unbending in your society? I have seen so little of female society, that I desire to grasp (*bends forward again with hands stretched towards MRS. H.*).

Mrs. H. Keep your hands apart, Mr. Newcomb; do, please!

*Policy* (*straightening up and stretching his hands apart*). Thank you. I must be very awkward.

*Mrs. H.* That is to be expected at a new employment. I think you told me, Mr. Newcomb, you are unmarried.

*Policy.* At present. Yes; a poor, forlorn bachelor. O, Mrs. Howland, I trust you may be spared the miseries that are the portion of such as I. No one to love; no one to sew on a button, or care a button.

*Mrs. H.* Be careful, Mr. Newcomb; my yarn.

*Policy* (*straightening up*). Thank you. (*Aside*) She's not interested in my yarn. (*Aloud*) Yes, Mrs. Howland. I am an unwritten policy, waiting for some one to take the risk; but a policy, Mrs. Howland, destined to enrich the taker with large dividends of affections during life, and a rich endowment when time shall break the brittle thread (*gesticulates*).

*Mrs. H.* You'll break my yarn. Do be careful, Mr. Newcomb.

*Policy* (*straightening up*). Thank you. (*Aside*) Confound the yarn!

*Mrs. H.* So rich a prize, Mr. Newcomb, will not long remain unsought.

*Policy* (*Aside*). Ah, ha! There's speculation in those eyes. (*Aloud*) Do you think so? — really, truly think so? Make me happy by repeating that prophecy.

*Mrs. H.* Your time will come, depend upon it.

*Policy.* "Fly time, and bring the joyful day." I have singled out the object of my adoration. As yet she knows not the deep love she has inspired; but she



holds the threads of my destiny in her two lovely hands — in her lovely two — O, pshaw! I feel I am rapidly being drawn nearer and nearer to —

*Mrs. H.* (*winding the last of the skein*). The end at last, Mr. Newcomb.

*Alice* (*laughs*). Ha, ha, ha!

*Policy*. Eh! What amuses you, Miss Alice?

*Alice*. Only my book, sir.

*Policy*. And your book is —

*Alice*. "The Fortune Hunter." Have you read it?

*Policy*. No. Blood-and-thunder adventures in the mines do not interest me. I wonder they should you.

*Alice*. You are mistaken. The fortune-hunter that interests me is no daring desperado; but a smooth, calculating rascal, who is endeavoring to secure a good woman's hand, that with it he may snatch her little fortune, and enjoy it.

*Policy* (*confused*). Ah — yes — indeed! Quite another character. Well, does he succeed?

*Alice*. I think not. He deserves to be defeated; but domestic dramas are such masquerades, we must wait patiently, until, like you and mother just now, we have reached the end.

*Policy*. O, yes, yes; exactly. (*Aside*) I don't like this. Can she suspect? (*Aloud*) Shall I hold another skein, Mrs. Howland?

*Mrs. H.* That's all, thank you. I am going to the garden (*goes up stage*).

*Policy*. May I go with you? I'm very, very fond of roaming among the lilies and daffo down dillies.



*Mrs. H.* I shall be very glad of your company, and will take pains to show you the sweetest and prettiest. [Exit c.]

*Policy.* Thank you. (*Aside*) And the richest is yourself. Newcomb, my boy, you're in favor here. Policies are looking up. [Exit c.]

*Alice* (*rises, and passes to chair L. of table*). Poor mother! She little dreams that she is the object of adoration, sought by uncle's keeper! I dare not tell her my discovery, lest I awaken hopes that may not be realized. I must begin my search at once. That policy, of such priceless value now, must be hidden somewhere in the old house. I have no clue to its hiding-place. I must find an excuse to visit our old home alone; and once within its walls, I will not give up the search until it's mine.

(*Enter OSCAR, R. 1 E.*)

*Oscar.* May I come in?

*Alice.* If you are the unskilful oarsman who was put to bed, like a naughty boy, as a punishment, and if you are ready to say you will never, never do so again, you may.

*Oscar.* I am ready to say anything that will give me an opportunity to speak with you.

*Alice* (*aside*). What a handsome fellow!

*Oscar.* I believe I am a little more presentable; and, thanks to our friend Tom's accommodation, fully recovered from the effects of my bath.

*Alice.* I am very glad to hear it. What a queer adventure!

*Oscar.* Very. It cannot be called romantic; for by

all the rules of modern fiction, it's the heroic young man who, at the peril of his life, saves the beautiful maiden from a watery grave. We have transgressed those rules, for a beautiful maiden has saved —

*Alice.* The heroic young man who couldn't manage his boat. Ha, ha, ha!

*Oscar.* Laugh at me if you will; but I shall always bless the awkward turn that made us friends.

*Alice.* Friends! Do you think so? I fancy that when you have left this place, you will laugh in turn at the unwomanly hoiden who caused the accident.

*Oscar.* If you think so, then I shall never leave this place.

*Alice.* Indeed! So, having caught my fish, I must preserve it. Ha, ha, ha!

*Oscar.* Preserve the recollection of how you caught it. I am content. I shall remember it as one of those chance occurrences which are turning-points in life.

*Alice.* So serious as that?

*Oscar.* You do not know me. For years I have been a wanderer in the old world, with wealth at my command; every wish gratified. I have enjoyed all the delights of travel. I have met many beautiful women; but I came back to my native land, heart whole. But now —

*Alice.* Excuse me; but this language from a stranger to a stranger —

*Oscar.* You will pardon. It may be presuming, but 'tis honest and earnest. Now, though we have never met until this day, I've found my fate. There is but one desire in my heart — to become nearer and dearer to you.

*Alice.* Sir — Mr. — you forget —

*Oscar.* It is that one word, forget, which has made me speak. But that you had said I should forget you, my voice would have been silent.

*Alice.* You have no right to speak thus to me.

*Oscar.* I have the right of every honest man to tell a woman of his love —

*Alice.* No more of this, I beg. My uncle and guardian will be pleased to see you, should you call during your stay at Mayburn.

*Oscar.* And you?

*Alice.* Will be glad to meet any friend my uncle shall present.

*Oscar.* And he will present me in form, and then we shall become —

*Alice* (*giving her hand*). Friends, if you desire it.

*Oscar.* Yes, dear friends. And that I may hasten the time, the good time coming, I will now take my leave. For the debt of gratitude I still owe you, let me slip this ring upon your finger, to remind you it will never be forgotten (*slips a ring upon her finger*). Ah! some one has been before me! A fair exchange —

*Alice.* — Would in this case be a robbery. I can never part with that.

*Oscar.* Ah! a favored suitor!

*Alice.* Yes, my father. You see it bears a motto.

*Oscar* (*taking her hand, and examining the ring*). A curious one. "Search the Scriptures." A wise precept.

*Alice.* My father, in apparent health, was stricken down suddenly, a year ago. He was brought home

and laid upon his bed, from which he never rose again. He was a kind and noble father, and we all loved him dearly. He could not speak or move. I noticed that his eyes moved towards that ring on his finger which I had never seen before. Believing that I understood his wish, I took it from his finger and placed it upon mine. The satisfied look that beamed upon me I shall never forget. I thought I understood his meaning, and morning and evening since he died I have followed its precept: I could not part with it. To me it seems a happy talisman.

*Oscar.* I would not take it from you. Let mine repose near it. It has no motto. I will give it one. "Search the giver." When you may come to know him better, you will find among the tokens of human frailty he must possess one redeeming virtue — a deep respect and a growing love for one to whom this new proof of goodness lends an added charm. Good-bye. We shall, we must meet again (*kisses her hand, and goes towards door.* *Enter MRS. H. and NEWCOMB.*)

*Mrs. H.* You are going to leave us?

*Oscar.* Yes, Mrs. Howland, with many thanks for the kind treatment I have received.

*Mrs. H.* I hope you suffer no inconvenience from your accident.

*Policy, R.* Accident?

*Mrs. H., c.* This gentleman was capsized upon the lake this morning.

*Policy.* Ah, ha! Another fearful warning!

"Life, 'tis a strife, 'tis a bubble, 'tis a dream,  
And man he is a little boat a-floating down the stream."



But the little boat will get upset, and the angry waves lash the frail craft, and drag —

*Oscar, L.* Excuse me, sir, but your boat is pitching rather heavily on a calm lake.

*Policy.* Are you insured?

*Oscar.* I'm in doubt; consult my agent.

*Policy.* Be warned; be wise. You are a waterman, a skimmer of the seas. You trust your skull to the mercy of a pair of sculls — mere spoons. Water is a deadly fluid when taken into the system in too copious draughts. You must see the folly of trusting yourself on the angry deep without a life-preserver.

*Oscar (looking at ALICE).* I was fortunate enough to find one in the hour of adversity.

*Policy.* The only real preservers are the Burst-ups and Blow-ups. I'm their accredited agent. Let me write you for ten thousand —

*Oscar (laughs).* Not to-day, thank you. I'll take my chances with the preserver I have already secured, and like so well that I am anxious to give it another trial. Good afternoon (*bows, and exits c.*).

*Policy.* He don't bite; after such an escape, too. O, he must listen to reason. Here, Mr. — what's your name? — one word — [*Exit c.*]

*Mrs. H.* I declare! Mr. Newcomb is the most persevering man I ever met. It's a wonder he hasn't attempted to induce me to take a policy.

*Alice (laughing).* He will, mother, take my word for it; and such a policy!

*Mrs. H.* What do you mean, child? I haven't a cent to invest in such a venture.



*Alice.* He only requires your assent to write you, as he terms it, for life.

*Mrs. H.* Let me catch him trying it, that's all. I always did detest insurance.

*Alice.* Don't say that, mother; it may yet prove a blessing to us.

*Mrs. H.* That was the only subject your father and I disagreed upon.

*Alice.* Indeed! (*Aside*) That accounts for the hiding.

*Mrs. H.* It's tempting Providence — that it is; and I'm glad your father took my advice, and let it alone. I had my way in that.

*Alice.* Indeed! (*Aside*) If I cannot disprove that, I shall be no true daughter of a noble father. (*Exit L. as LINA enters c. hurriedly.*)

*Lina* (*throwing off shawl and hat on chair by window*). So — so — Mr. Spofford has been forbidden the house, and by you, mother! It's a shame to treat a gentleman in this manner!

*Mrs. H.* Lina!

*Lina, R.* I *will* speak. What right have you to do this?

*Mrs. H., R.* I acted on your father's wishes, Lina.

*Lina.* Indeed! Am I to be treated like a child? I like Mr. Spofford, and I will not allow my admirers to be driven away in this manner. When I am tired, I know how to rid myself of them.

*Mrs. H.* Mr. Spofford came here as *my* friend, Lina. You will certainly allow me the privilege you claim, of ridding myself when I am tired?

*Lina.* O, pshaw! You know very well that was but an excuse.

*Mrs. H.* Then I acted rightly. No gentleman would seek to gain admission here by a subterfuge. I am sorry you are not satisfied, Lina (*crosses to R.*), but your father's wishes must take precedence with me. I hope you will think better of my action. [*Exit R. 1 E.*]

*Lina (stands looking after her).* Mother, mother! don't go! — I've driven her off! Just like me. But she has spoiled all my pleasure. He won't come here again. (*Enter TOM C., runs down and puts his arm about her waist.*)

*Tom.* Here you are again, darling.

*Lina (slipping away from him to R.).* You here again, booby?

*Tom.* Hallo! What's the matter? We are alone.

*Lina.* How can two be alone?

*Tom (running to her and clasping her in his arms).* Only when they are one — one in heart — in soul.

*Lina (pushing him away).* Twaddle, Mr. Howland — borrowed from the pages of the last new novel.

*Tom (c. staring at her).* Twaddle! Borrowed! Mister Howland! Somebody must be listening (*creeps on tiptoe up to door C.*). Nobody there! (*In same manner to door L.*) Nobody there! Ah! (*runs and lifts the cloth on table; looks under*). Nobody there! What can be the matter — Miss — Miss Howland?

*Lina.* Well, Mr. Howland?

*Tom (angrily).* Will you just tell me the meaning of this confounded — (*LINA looks at him sternly*) ah — I mean, darling — explain — explain —

*Lina.* Attend to your geraniums — your mammoth cabbages — your prize poppies — and let me alone.

*Tom (looking round).* Confound it, somebody's ear must be at a keyhole! (*Aloud*) I shall do nothing of the sort. My attention at this moment is bent on attending a fairer flower — the flower — (*holding out his hand*). Come, pet —

*Lina (slapping his hand).* Go, pest!

*Tom.* We are unwatched; it's all right. You are alone with me who loves you. (*Gets angry.*) Confound it, Lina, this has gone far enough. I demand an explanation: why are you so cold — so distant? (*She turns upon him suddenly; he runs behind table.*) I see it all. You are not a pet, but in a pet, because Spicer Spofford has gone. You grieve at his absence: I don't. I rejoice that he has at last been made to see his place — outside the door.

*Lina.* You rejoice! — you! — at this insult to a gentleman in every way your superior?

*Tom.* Lina!

*Lina.* Silence, sir. I will not listen to you. I doubt not you are the cause of his dismissal — you, with your absurd jealousy!

*Tom.* Well, I like that. I jealous? That's good! I'm a martyr. Give me another shot!

*Lina.* I give you what he has received — a dismissal.

*Tom.* You don't mean that, Lina?

*Lina.* I do. From this moment, all is at an end between us. Henceforth we are strangers.

*Tom.* Yes, I understand — before company. (*Aside*)

She can't mean it. (*Enter ALICE, L.*) O, no, I see. (*Aloud*) Very well; henceforth we are strangers. That suits me. I shan't be the first to ask an introduction.

*Alice.* Quarrelling again. You children should be locked up in separate apartments.

*Lina.* O, no. Tom and I have come to an understanding at last; we shall never quarrel again — shall we, *darling*?

*Tom (aside).* Confound it, I don't understand this skirmishing. Never mind; I'll keep up the excitement. (*Aloud*) No, baggage, we shall never, never, never be friends. You, the flower of the family? Bah! you're a quarrelsome, disagreeable, disappointed old maid, and I'll never speak to you again — never!

[*Exit c.*

*Lina.* Ally, do you know Mr. Spofford has been forbidden the house?

*Alice.* Yes, dear.

*Lina.* Yes, dear? And can you calmly brook tyranny? Such interference with our rights and liberties —

*Alice.* Liberty to flirt and mitten! Is that what you mean, Lina? For my part, I am glad he has been retired. He is very amusing for a while; but one soon tires of a man like him, whose wit is all out of his own head. You understand? Yah, yah, yah! (*laughs*).

*Lina.* I think he's splendid; and I, for one, shall not drop his acquaintance in this summary manner.

*Alice.* Not when your father wishes it?



*Lina.* My father's wishes can be easily made to give place to mine.

*Alice.* And you desire to continue this acquaintance?

*Lina.* I certainly do, and shall (*goes to basket, seats herself, and takes work.* ALICE *goes L.*).

*Alice* (*aside*). She must have a deeper interest in this man than I imagined. Shall I disclose his true character? Would she believe me? (*LINA discovers note.*) Ah! the note—I had forgotten that. She reads it.

*Lina.* Poor fellow! (*To ALICE*) You see he has not forgotten me. Even now he is waiting for me at the foot of the garden (*rises; drops note into basket*).

*Alice.* You will not meet him, Lina?

*Lina.* Not when the poor fellow is dying to see me?

*Alice.* Lina, you must not. He is an adventurer—a worthless fortune-hunter.

*Lina.* Whom you, if I mistake not, were pleased to be noticed by. Ah! Ally, beware of jealousy.

*Alice.* Lina, I detest that man.

*Lina.* And I like him. I shall go. And if I should not return before father arrives, tell him I have gone to comfort a slighted guest. [*Exit door L.*]

*Alice.* Am I awake? Will she elope with that man? (*Runs to basket and takes note.*) 'Tis plainly proposed, and she—(*tosses note on table*). No, no, this must not be. She is wild, giddy, and in her wilfulness may throw herself away. Triumph he cannot. He is deceived, believing us to be sisters. Drive to

Mayburn. Ah! happy thought! I can save her, and serve myself (*runs to door L. and turns key*). She has left her shawl and hat here (*runs to chair and takes them*). I do like a frolic; and I will mystify Mr. Spicer Spofford (*puts on shawl*), balk his matrimonial designs (*unwinding veil from hat and putting it on*), and gain an entrance to the old house at Mayburn. It's a wild frolic; but, with so much at stake, the end must justify the means (*throws veil over her hat, and exits c.* MRS. H. *enters R. 1 E.*).

Mrs. H. Where are you going, Lina? Poor child, she is still angry (*goes to door, c.*). Lina! (*Enter POLICY c.*).

Policy. It's no use calling, Mrs. Howland. I tried to stop her, hearing you call; but she sped across Mr. Tom's flower-beds in the most reckless manner. Won't I do as well? I'm awful lonesome.

Mrs. H. (*coming down c.*). Ah! a little homesick.

Policy. O, no; perfectly comfortable here, Mrs. Howland. How could I be homesick when I am near the object of my hopes?

Mrs. H. Ah! somebody wants a policy.

Policy. I hope so; I think so; I flatter myself somebody does. Ah! (*sighs, and clasps his hands, looking tenderly at Mrs. H.*).

Mrs. H. I'm glad of it for your sake, though I detest anything that bears the name of policy.

Policy (*crestfallen*). Oh! (*Aside*) There's a damper. (*Enter TOM, c.*)

Tom. Hallo! Where are the girls? Uncle has arrived, and is in a towering passion. Something's

gone wrong. Look after his tea. O! here he is (*comes*  
L. *Enter* ABNER; *stops in doorway*).

Abner. O, Mary, Mary, Mary!

Policy (*coming* R.). O, Mary's her name. I'll call  
her pet names. Mary — Molly — Polly!

Mrs. H. (R. C.) Why, Abner, what's the matter?

Abner. After your promise to me — your solemn  
promise to me, that man Spofford is still allowed the  
liberty of my house!

Mrs. H. I obeyed your wishes; spoke with Mr.  
Spofford; and he has left the house, never to return.

Abner. Left it! Yes; in company with my daughter!

Policy (*aside*). His daughter? Ho, ho! Spicer  
has made a slight mistake!

Tom. Lina gone!

Mrs. H. You must be mistaken, Abner.

Abner. Do you suppose I do not know my own  
daughter? I met them on the road, with that man  
driving like mad. O, this is unendurable! (*comes to*  
*table and picks up note*).

Mrs. H. I do not understand it.

Abner. This explains all. The villain has eloped  
with Lina!

Tom. Gone — eloped — my Lina?

Abner. Your Lina?

Tom (*aside*). O Lord! I've let the cat out of  
the bag. (*aloud*) No, no. Our Lina. She is ours, you  
know; the flower of the family. Let's drive after them  
with the blacks; we can overtake them. Come,  
come! there is no time to be lost.

*Abner.* Not a step. She has made her own choice. Henceforth she is no daughter of mine.

*Lina* (*outside L., knocking at door*). Uncle, mother, let me out!

*Tom.* Ah, that dear, dear voice (*runs, unlocks door, and throws it open*). She's here! My — our Lina! (*Enter LINA. TOM is about to embrace her; she pushes him one side.*)

*Lina.* Uncle, welcome home (*kisses him*).

*Abner* (*with his arm about her*). My child, my child! I thought I had lost you!

*Lina.* Because I was not here to greet you?

*Abner.* No. Because I thought I saw you riding towards Mayburn with Spicer Spofford. I'll swear 'twas your hat and shawl.

*Lina.* My hat and shawl? I left them here (*goes to window*), and they are gone. It must have been Alice.

*Abner and Mrs. H.* Alice!

*Lina.* It's one of her wild frolics. She must have turned the key upon me, and gone.

*Abner.* With this shame-faced adventurer. I see it all. This note was hers.

*Lina* (*coming down L.*). That note —

*Mrs. H.* 'Tis false, Abner Howland. My child could not stoop to a disgraceful act.

*Abner.* Yet she has gone — stolen from my house in disguise. It could be no other. This note; the locking of that door. She has disgraced us all.

*Policy* (*aside*). Spicer's head is level after all. He'll win.



*Mrs. H.* False, all false. She will return to prove her innocence.

*Abner.* Not to my house. My child must not be contaminated by her influence.

*Lina (aside).* What shall I do? I dare not tell the truth.

*Tom (extreme L.).* Darling, I knew you could not be false.

*Lina.* Hush!

*Tom.* Certainly, before company.

*Abner.* She has forsaken my roof; henceforth to us she is lost.

*Mrs. H.* No; she is my child. Though all the world turn against her, my heart tells me she is innocent. My arms shall be open to receive her. My child, my child, my child (*sobs, and falls into ABNER'S arms*).

TABLEAU.—ABNER *supporting* MRS. H., C. TOM and LINA *looking on*. POLICY, R. *with a red handkerchief to his eyes*. *Curtain.*

ACT III.—SCENE: *Same as ACT II.* MRS. HOWLAND seated R. of table, handkerchief to her eyes.

*Mrs. H.* A long, weary night of watching; the morning speeding fast, and still no signs of Alice. Her sudden disappearance, that suspicious note, may be to Abner's fretful nature sufficient proofs of guilt; but to me, her mother, they are nothing. She would never forsake me for a lover without my full consent. No, no; I know my girl too well for that; and though her absence may alarm me, I trust her fully. She can do no wrong.

(*Enter NEWCOMB, C. Stops in doorway.*)

*Newcomb.* There she is; seventy-five thousand virtues, neatly packed in bombazine and crape. A fortune just for the asking. Now's the time; the promise of her hand must be mine ere the return of the victorious Spicer. I wish she was a trifle younger; but, hang it! where money is the mark, it won't do to stick at trifles (*comes down R.*). Ahem! Mrs. Howland.

*Mrs. H.* Well, Mr. Newcomb.

*Newcomb.* Mrs. Howland — can — will — that is, do you — (*Aside*) Hang it, where's my tongue? This business is not so easy as I imagined; not a bit like insurance. (*Aloud*) Are you insured? No, no, — engaged? Are you engaged?

*Mrs. H.* Not at present, Mr. Newcomb. I will listen to you with pleasure. You were saying —

*Newcomb.* Yes, thank you. I was saying — thank you (*takes out handkerchief and wipes his face*), it's very warm —

*Mrs. H.* Yes, and you have been walking, and become heated. You should keep cool, Mr. Newcomb.

*Newcomb.* O, I do — I am. Just now, I'm absolutely shivering. Took a long walk this morning over to Mayburn. Saw your house. What a cosy little nest!

*Mrs. H.* Do you think so?

*Newcomb.* O, splendid; fit abode for gods and goddesses, *satans*, and those other *paragorical* things, you know; quite poetic. Of course, it's insured — I mean comfortable.

*Mrs. H.* Very comfortable, Mr. Newcomb, but not insured. (*Aside*) He wants to make a penny by insuring it, I see that.

*Newcomb.* O, yes, yes; pity it is tenantless.

*Mrs. H.* It will be so no longer; indignant at Mr. Howland's suspicions, I propose this very day to quit this roof, and take possession of my own house.

*Newcomb.* Right. Mistress in your own house, you may laugh to scorn the suspicions of the world. But then you need a protector, Mrs. Howland, against the storms of —

*Mrs. H.* A protector? Nonsense! with a lightning-rod at every corner.

*Newcomb.* Lightning-rods! thunder! I — I — beg pardon.

*Mrs. H. (aside).* It's the old story. He wants to insure it.

*Newcomb.* Ah, Mrs. Howland, there are storms which surpass the fury of the elements. You in that lonely dwelling will require a protector that shall be like the sheet-anchor of hope in the convulsions of life, a protector that shall defy the threats of fate, the torch of incendiary —

*Mrs. H.* Ah, Mr. Newcomb, you have fire in your eye.

*Newcomb.* Both of them, Mrs. Howland; I can't help it. I blaze with excitement at the thought of you, a lonely woman in that lovely dwelling — no, a lovely dwelling in that lonely — pshaw! —

*Mrs. H.* I understand you perfectly, Mr. Newcomb. You want to protect me?

*Newcomb.* I do, I do, I do!

*Mrs. H.* Do you really think there is need of it?

*Newcomb.* Let your own heart answer that question, Mrs. Howland.

*Mrs. H.* And the terms, Mr. Newcomb?

*Newcomb.* On your own terms, Mrs. Howland. I am ready, willing, and eager to write you — ah, protect you.

*Mrs. H.* That's a very liberal offer. I never received such a one before.

*Newcomb.* Ah, Mrs. Howland, you flatter me.

*Mrs. H.* But my judgment has always been opposed to such proceedings. I dare not tempt Providence.

*Newcomb.* (*Aside*) Opposed — proceedings — and she's buried one husband! (*Aloud*) Ah, Mrs. Howland, fear not; lightning never strikes twice in the same place. 'Tis a safe investment.



*Mrs. H.* And you would advise me to take a policy?

*Newcomb (on his knees).* I do; dear woman, I do. Take a policy — this Policy — and bid defiance to the storms of adversity, the billows of fate, the — the — O, I will be your sheet-anchor, your — your —

*Mrs. H. (rising).* Mr. Newcomb, are you beside yourself?

*Newcomb.* No, I am beside you, waiting for your lovely hand to lift me to happiness; your lovely voice to insure, — ahem, — assure me you will take this fond and loving Policy —

*Mrs. H.* No more, sir. I thought that in your enterprising zeal you wished to insure my dwelling. I have been mistaken. Never address me in this manner again; if you do, you may find I have a protector in Abner Howland, who would not hesitate to horse-whip you for insulting his brother's widow. [*Exit L.*

*Policy (still on his knees).* Yès; thank you.

“She has gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream.”

Thus vanish my hopes of fortune, and Spicer is victorious (*rises*).

(*Enter SPOFFORD cautiously, c. very dejected.*)

*Spofford.* Sh — sh — Are you alone, Newcomb?

*Newcomb.* Ah, he's here. Welcome, victorious Spicer.

*Spofford.* Don't, Newcomb, don't; it's deuced unpleasant, you know, in my present crushed and forlorn condition.

*Newcomb.* What's the matter? Where's the bride?

*Spofford.* Don't, Newcomb, don't! I weally can't stand it! I'm a martyr, you know.

*Newcomb.* You're a noodle! Speak out, man. You eloped, didn't you?

*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah! Splendid beginning, you know. I came in a buggy; she came in a shawl and hat, with a deuced veil over her lovely face. Awful shy she was; wouldn't speak a word, you know. So romantic. But she jumped into the buggy, and we drove to Mayburn.

*Newcomb.* Ah, like Cæsar, "you came, you saw" —

*Spofford.* You keep still, Newcomb. I didn't seize her; she went willingly. But I'd forgotten one important item — to find out where the parson lived! Wouldn't do to ask her, you know — so I drove to the hotel, jumped out to inquire, leaving her in the buggy. When I came out, Miss Lina was gone!

*Newcomb.* Yes; and in her place you found Miss Alice, the heiress. You're a lucky dog, Spicer.

*Spofford.* Miss — Miss — I don't understand, Newcomb.

*Newcomb.* Miss Alice is the daughter of Mrs. Howland, the other only the adopted child of Abner Howland. They were both in love with you, and by stratagem Alice gained the place you designed for the other. So, you see, fate, and not your infernal head, has placed the winning card in your hand.

*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah! I see. But where is she?

*Newcomb.* Where you left her, of course.

*Spofford.* In the buggy? No, Newcomb; you're

wrong. When I returned, the vehicle was empty. I've not seen her since.

*Newcomb.* You surprise me. She left with you. She has not returned.

*Spofford.* Not returned! Good gracious, Newcomb, don't tell me that. I shall be arrested for kidnapping, you know. What's to be done?

*Newcomb.* Nonsense; put a bold face on the matter. She left with you — eloped, and thus has compromised her fair fame. You're in luck again. Boldly ask Uncle Howland's consent to your marriage. He'll be glad enough to give it; and she'll be glad to marry you. You say she loves you?

*Spofford.* Of course; she couldn't help it, you know.

*Newcomb.* Then be resolute, and she is yours. Here comes Mr. Howland. Attack him boldly.

*Spofford.* Attack him? What for? I wouldn't harm a hair of his head.

*Newcomb.* Pshaw! Boldly ask her hand.

*Spofford.* He'll break my head.

*Newcomb.* No matter; it hasn't been of much use to you. No doubt you'll get along better without it. (*Enter ABNER, c.*)

*Abner.* How — you here, villain? (*seizes SPOFFORD by the throat R. and shakes him*). How dare you enter my house again? A pretty scandal you've raised (*shakes*), rascal!

*Spofford.* Don't, Mr. Howland — please don't; it hurts, you know.

*Newcomb.* Spare the repentant prodigal, Mr. Howland, he comes to make reparation.

*Abner.* Reparation! What reparation can you make for this dastardly outrage?

*Spofford.* I have come to ask your consent to our marriage.

*Abner (releasing him).* That's something like. It's a pity you hadn't taken the straight road in the first place.

*Newcomb.* He feared you would frown upon his pretensions; so, like a skilful general, has taken possession of the town before he makes terms. Ah, Mr. Howland, love, young love will dare much — (*aside*) for money.

*Abner.* So you wish to marry Alice. (*Aside*) It's the only course left after this elopement, and it will remove him from Lina's path. (*Aloud*) You will marry her at once?

*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah! I love her to distraction. Give your consent, and I can gain hers.

(*Enter MRS. HOWLAND, L.*)

*Abner.* Very well. I've no doubt you're a very nice young man; and you have my free consent to marry Alice Howland, — the sooner the better.

*Mrs. H.* And I forbid the banns.

*Abner.* Mary, you are crazy. (*Aside*) She eloped with him. She must and shall marry him, to save her reputation and our honor.

*Mrs. H.* You have no right to plan and plot in her absence. (*To SPOFFORD.*) Sir, where is my daughter?

*Abner.* Hiding until her lover there wins our consent to their marriage.



(*Enter ALICE, c.*)

*Alice.* 'Tis false! She is here to answer for herself.

*Spofford* (R. C. *to* NEWCOMB, R.). O, it's all up.

*Newcomb.* It's all right; stick to your text. Don't give up the girl. Seventy-five thousand reasons against it.

*Mrs. H.* (*running up to ALICE in door*). O, Alice, child, where have you been?

*Alice* (*clasping her in her arms*). On an errand, mother, full of promise. Good morning, nunky; are you very, very angry? (*Enter LINA, R.*) Lina, darling, here I am, safe and sound.

*Lina.* Where have you been? (*going towards ALICE.*)

*Abner* (*stepping before her*). Stop! There must be no communication between you and that misguided girl until this serious business is settled.

(*ALICE goes down to L., followed by her mother. NEWCOMB, R., SPOFFORD with him. LINA, R. C. ABNER, C. ALICE, L. C. MRS. H., L. ALICE HOWLAND.*)

*Alice.* Now, nunky, don't be angry; it's only one of my frolics, you know.

*Abner.* Look at this gentleman — Mr. Spicer Spofford.

*Alice.* How do do, Spicer? (*Laughs*) Ha, ha, ha!

*Abner.* Silence! This gentleman has asked your hand in marriage of me, your guardian, since you are a member of my household. What is your answer?

*Alice.* What was yours, nunky? He didn't ask me.

*Abner.* I gave my full consent.

*Alice.* Then he must be perfectly satisfied.

*Abner.* And you will marry him?

*Alice.* Let me look at him (*crosses; goes round SPOFFORD, eying him from head to foot, SPOFFORD turning and facing her as she goes. She then returns to R. C.*). I'd rather not, if you please, nunky.

*Spofford.* And that is your answer?

*Alice (imitating).* Yah, yah, yah! Made it out of my own head, Spicer.

*Spofford (to NEWCOMB).* She's laughing at me.

*Newcomb.* They laugh who win. You wait.

*Abner.* Alice, it grieves me that you refuse to take the only course that can justify your absence from my roof the past night. It is my duty to guard my daughter from intercourse with one so reckless of reputation.

*Alice.* One moment, uncle. Lives have been ruined, hearts broken, by the poisonous breath of suspicion. Pause, ere you make the child of your dead brother a mark for the unmerciful to assail with slanderous tongue. I can justify my absence.

*Abner.* Only by consenting to become that man's wife.

*Alice.* Never! Never!

*Abner.* Then you must quit my house.

*Lina.* O, father!

*Abner.* Peace, my child; your fair fame must be protected. She must quit this house at once.

*Mrs. H.* Let us go, my child. The old house is still left us.

*Abner.* No, no; not you, Mary. I cannot spare you.

*Mrs. H.* Nor I my Alice. Better so; mother and child will not be parted.

*Abner.* Alice, would you rob your mother of her good home?

*Alice.* Uncle, would you rob me of my good name?

*Abner.* 'Tis your own fault. Marry Spofford.

*Alice.* Never! Never!

*Abner.* Then go, ungrateful child, go!

*Alice.* No; I will not leave this place until I have justified my actions. Uncle, you must—you shall hear me.

*Abner.* Will you marry that man?

*Alice.* Yes.

*Abner.* How?

*Mrs. H.* Alice!

*Newcomb.* It's all right, Spofford: I told you so.

*Alice.* On one condition.

*Newcomb.* O, hang it!

*Alice.* You shall hear my story. If you then desire it, I will marry him.

*Abner.* H'm! Well, go on.

*Alice.* I do confess I left this house in Mr. Spofford's company.

*Abner.* The truth at last.

*Alice.* Every word, nunky. By him I was driven to Mayburn.

*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah! I'll swear to that.

*Alice.* He left me in the carriage while he entered the hotel. Left alone, I leaped from the buggy, and vanished from his sight.

*Abner.* Indeed! Who will swear to that?

(*Enter OSCAR, c.*)

Oscar. I will, guardy.

Abner. What? Oscar Loring!

Alice. Oscar! (*He goes L.*)

Lina. Oscar!

Newcomb. Now, who the deuce is Oscar?

Abner (*grasping his hands*). Welcome, welcome home, my boy! Lina, here he is. Alice — Ah, I forgot.

Oscar (*crosses to LINA*). Have I been properly introduced? (*shakes hands.*)

Lina. Welcome, welcome home!

Oscar. Thank you. (*Crosses to ALICE.*) And what says Miss Nobody? (*shakes hands.*)

Alice. I knew you was a prince in disguise.

Abner. Oscar, Oscar, one moment. That young lady at present is in disgrace.

Alice. No, nunky — on trial.

Oscar. Then I am here to be her advocate. I've heard queer stories of an elopement, and think I can help on the *denouement*.

Alice. You?

Oscar. Yes, I.

Abner. That young lady eloped last night with that gentleman, Mr. Spicer Spofford.

Oscar. Did she? Then it must have been the runaway couple I saw drive up to the hotel at Mayburn, where the young lady left her gallant and took refuge in the little house opposite.

Mrs. H. Our old home at Mayburn!

Alice. Where I passed the night alone.



*Oscar.* Not quite alone, for I was her companion.

*ALL.* You!

*Oscar.* Her unseen companion. You must know I am rather inquisitive; and on seeing this young lady — whom I recognized — desert her companion and enter the tenantless house, I was very curious to know what it all meant. So, leaving our spectacled friend searching for her, I lighted my cigar, strolled over under the trees, and watched. Soon I saw a light in one of the lower rooms; then it passed to another; then up stairs; in short, I saw that slender flame appear and disappear, first in one place, then another, for two mortal hours; finally, it disappeared. Still I watched. I must have smoked a dozen cigars, and I've had no breakfast. An hour ago the door opened, the young lady appeared, started in the direction of your house, guardy, and I have followed her.

(*Enter Tom, c.*)

*Tom.* I'll swear to that. How are you, old fellow?

*Oscar.* Ah, glad to see you again, my boy.

*Abner.* Oscar Loring! Tom!

*Tom.* I know. I've been in the secret.

*Lina.* You have? and didn't tell me?

*Tom.* No; spoiled your little flirtation, Lina.

*Lina.* O, you nuisance!

*Tom.* Ah! you baggage!

*Mrs. H.* Children!

*Abner.* But here's mystery piled on mystery. Is anybody sane enough to tell me what it's all about?

*Alice, c.* Let me speak, uncle, for I alone can

clear it. You see I have a witness to my disappearance and reappearance.

*Abner.* Yes, that's all right. But why were you in the house?

*Alice.* For your sake, nunky. Yesterday morning I overheard two individuals in this house — who shall be nameless — concocting a villanous plot —

*Spofford.* The game's up, Newcomb.

*Newcomb.* It does look hazy.

*Alice.* — By which I learned that you, nunky, are embarrassed, and that a keeper had been placed in your house. I further learned that my father had left, somewhere, the power to save you. I took advantage of a note which was not meant for me.

*Abner.* Not meant for you? (*looks at her, then at LINA, who turns away her head. ABNER whistles*). Go on.

*Alice.* I reached the old house by stratagem, and commenced my search. For hours I ransacked every accessible hiding-place, and had about given up the search, when, in closing a drawer, this ring, my father's gift, was caught, and attracted my attention; the motto, "Search the Scriptures," seemed at that moment an inspiration, for I flew to father's room. There on the bureau reposed his inseparable companion — a pocket-bible, — this — (*produces book*). I opened it; and there, neatly folded, was this (*opens book and unfolds policy*).

*Newcomb.* The policy for twenty-five thousand dollars?

*Spofford.* On the Bowcliffe office?

*Alice.* Right. A paper which, presented at that office, will place in your hands, nunky, a sum sufficient to free you from embarrassment.

*Abner.* And you would give this to me?

*Alice.* With mother's consent.

*Mrs. H.* Do with it as you please; I detest policies.

*Abner.* I'm an old fool. You'd have done this for me, and I would have turned you out of doors. O, child, child! you have made me ashamed of myself! (*clasps her in his arms*).

*Alice.* Shall I marry Mr. Spofford? 'Tis to him we are indebted for all this good fortune. He came all the way from the Bowcliffe office to let us know of it —

*Spofford.* Yah, yah, yah! I'll swear to that.

*Alice.* — After he should have succeeded in marrying a daughter of Mrs. Howland!

*Abner.* The villain! I see it all. No, no, Alice, I was wrong. The old selfish feeling got possession of me; but now, he must not only be a bold man but a noble one who could gain my consent.

*Oscar.* What say you to me, guardy?

*Abner.* You? Why, you are promised to another; she'd break her heart — The Flower of the Family!

*Oscar.* Ah, guardy, who is The Flower of the Family?

*Abner.* Why, my — (*looks at LINA; hesitates, looks at ALICE*). She of course who at another's need would dare all to become an angel of mercy (*takes ALICE in his arms*). She's here.

*Alice.* And you will use the policy to free you from

that debt which makes it necessary to keep that man Newcomb in the house.

*Abner.* No, child, for Oscar has returned; he will aid me until the arrival of the White Squall.

*Oscar.* The White Squall has arrived. She was signalled when I left Mayburn.

*Abner.* Then I have no need of help.

*Spofford* (to NEWCOMB). Hadn't we better be going? I've made an ass of myself.

*Newcomb.* So you have; all out of your own head. (*Coming forward.*) Mrs. Howland, I rejoice at your good fortune. Here you have another proof of the inestimable benefits of insurance. The man is taken off; but when he leaves behind such solid comfort as that policy will give, the widow's heart must leap for joy.

*Abner.* Your further services can be dispensed with, Mr. Newcomb. I will settle with your employer this very day. As for you, Mr. Spofford —

*Spofford* (*alarmed*). Spare me. I'll see the policy paid at once. It was only a joke, you know. Made it out of my own head. Come, Newcomb, let's be going.

*Abner.* Go, fools; and learn by this experience that Honesty is the best Policy.

*Newcomb.* Honesty! What's that? The best policies are put out by the Burst-up and Blow-up, the Never-say-Die, and the —

*Abner* (*takes him by the ear and leads him up to door*). I am sorry to be obliged to put out a very bad Policy.

*Newcomb* (*at door*). Thank you. I'll call again



when you're at leisure. I want to ask a very important question.

*Abner.* What is that?

*Newcomb.* Are you insured? [*Exits c.*]

*Abner.* Now, Mr. Spofford, shall I attend you?

*Spofford.* Don't trouble yourself (*backs up to door, holding on to his ears*). I can find the way out. Yah, yah, yah! (*turns and runs off c.*).

*Abner.* Good riddance! (*Comes down.*) Now, my dear boy, let me present you in due form to the fair being I have pictured to you, whom I have reared to become your wife. Lina, my child!

*Lina, R. c.* Not me, uncle! I do not deserve him. I have deceived you.

*Abner.* You deceived me!

*Lina.* Yes; my heart has long been given to another.

*Abner.* And that other?

*Tom, R. (taking LINA'S hand.)* Your unworthy nephew.

*Lina.* Yes, uncle; I love Tom, and Tom loves me.

*Tom.* Heart and soul.

*Abner.* What! you two? Why, you fight like cats and dogs!

*Lina.* Only before company.

*Tom.* Preparatory lessons in connubial bliss.

*Lina.* Tom, you wretch!

*Tom.* Lina, you — darling!

*Abner.* I see it all. I've been humbugged. But what's to become of you, Oscar?

*Oscar.* I leave my fate in these dear hands which once saved me from a watery grave.

*Alice.* A very shallow one—two feet of water. Ha, ha, ha!

*Abner.* More mystery. When shall we get at the bottom of it?

*Mrs. H., c.* When I understand how Gordon Howland could have insured his life without my knowing it.

*Tom.* When Lina is my darling wife.

*Lina.* And we shall begin to quarrel in earnest.

*Oscar.* When I become the sole owner of this charming life-preserver.

*Alice.* And my dream shall come true after all.

*Abner.* All for self. Well, have your way. The old man plotted and failed. The young romp, whom nobody dreamed had the power, has outwitted a pair of scoundrels.

*Alice.* For which she takes no credit. The ring with its precious motto has been the talisman to success.

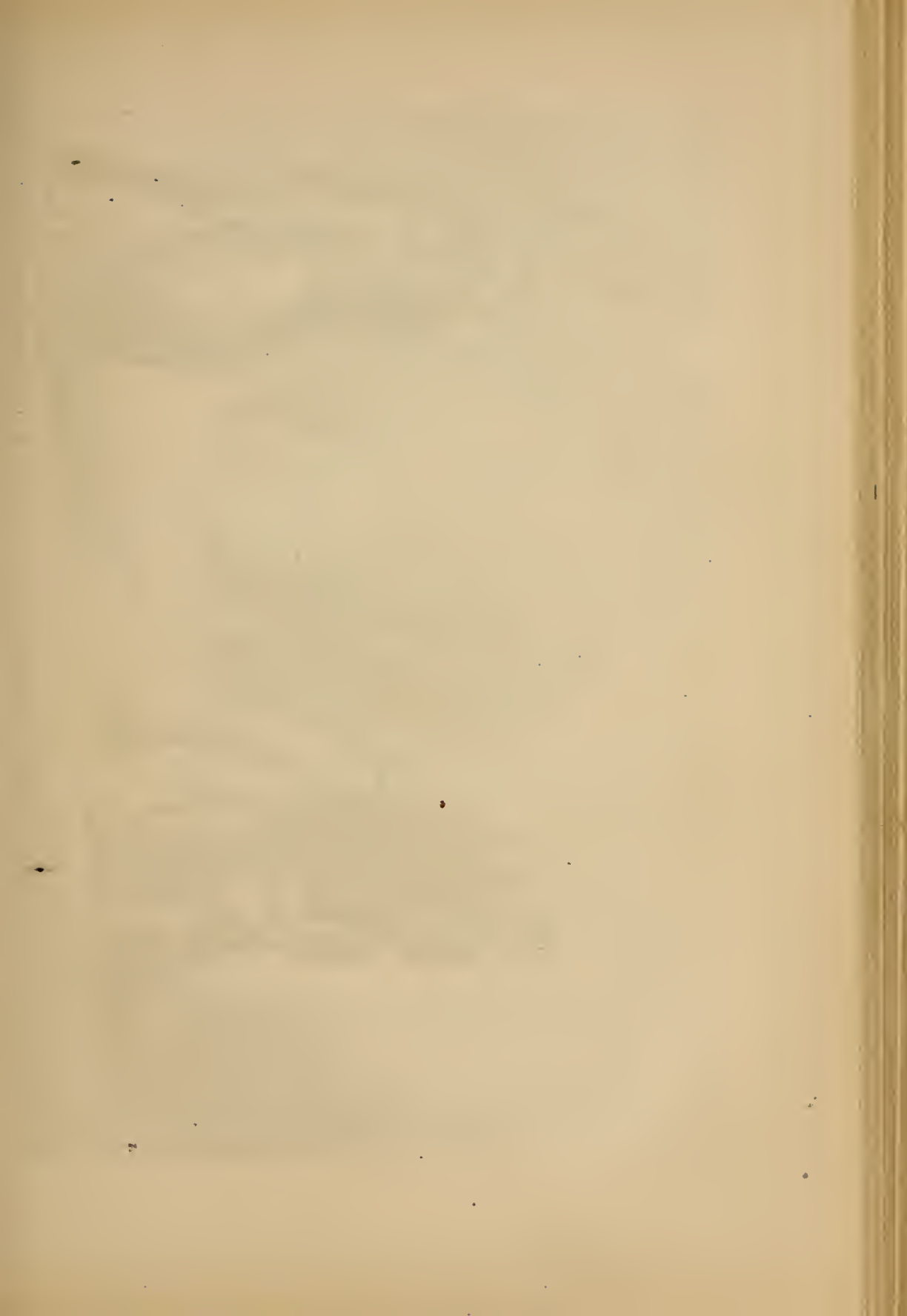
*Abner.* And the genius of the ring proved herself, after all, The Flower of the Family.

ABNER, C. MRS. HOWLAND.

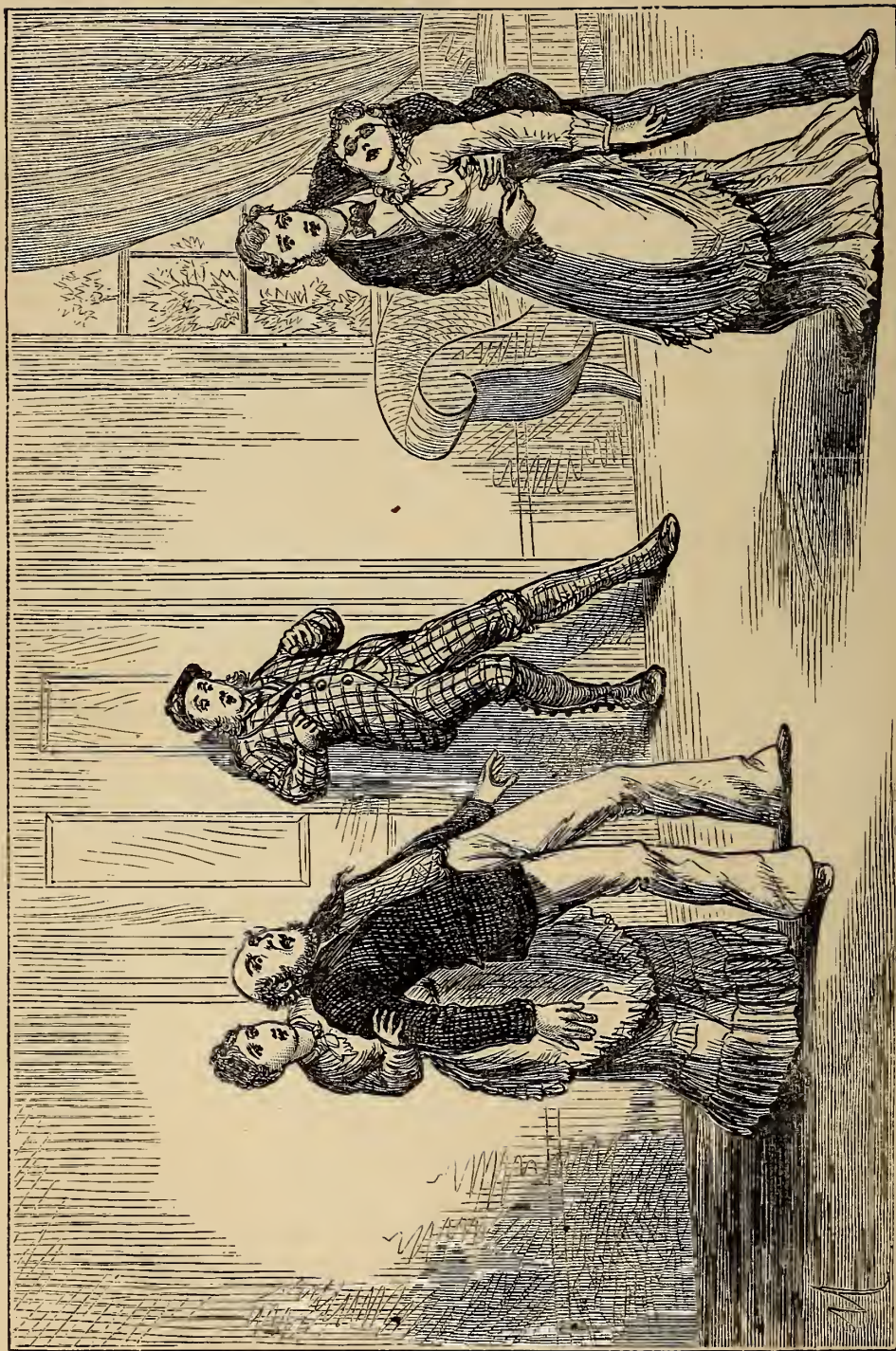
R. LINA, TOM.

OSCAR, ALICE, L.

(*Curtain.*)







A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.



# A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

*A FARCE.*

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## CHARACTERS.

CAPTAIN BOLIVER BOBSTAY, "Mysteriously disappeared."

CHARLES CLEVERLY, an Amateur Farmer.

DIXON DOLBY, out for a Day's Sport.

CARLOS CARROTS, a Farm Hand.

MRS. CLEVERLY, Charles's Wife.

NELLY CLEVERLY, Charles's Sister.

MISS PERSIS GRIEVOUS, "Widow Bobstay."

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## COSTUMES.

CAPTAIN. Wide-bottomed trousers, and "Reefer" of blue; blue shirt; black handkerchief; bald wig for own; black wig and big black whiskers for disguise.

DOLBY. Checkered suit; gaiters; Jockey cap.

CHARLES. Blue flannel suit; wide-brimmed straw hat.

CARLOS. Wide straw hat; heavy shoes; blue stockings; short pants; and jacket open; with red or yellow waistcoat; red wig.

NELLY. Pretty muslin dress, with apron and morning cap.

MRS. C. Morning dress.

MISS PERSIS. Red wig, with long curls. Dress very high-colored; spectacles of a light blue; hat. She is rather old, with affected girlish dress and ways.

SCENE. — *Sitting-room in farm-house. Door in flat c. Window in flat l. Lounge under window. Table l. corner, back, with cover, books, and flowers. Small table, R. C. Arm-chair, L. C. Chair, L., near first entrance. Door R. and L. NELLY discovered dusting.*

*Nelly (throwing brush on lounge).* That will do for to-day. It's time Carlos were back from the post-office. I am anxious to obtain a letter from my invisible adorer, Dixon Dolby. How my good brother would open his eyes if he knew the extent of my wickedness. Three months ago, six of us girls at school, desirous of acquiring proficiency in correspondence, agreed to write to gentlemen whom we had never met, but whom we knew by reputation to be gentlemen. My choice was my brother's chum before his marriage, Dixon Dolby. My plan succeeded admirably. He answered the note signed, Rosa Bean. The most tender and impassioned epistles followed on both sides, until at last he had the impudence to request an exchange of photographs. I consented, but was not fool enough to allow him to discover my identity; so, to secure his, I sent instead a photograph of my brother's wife. I knew they had never met, but they must; and when they do, won't there be fun. I only hope I shall be at the *denouement*. Ah! here's Carlos.

*(Enter CARLOS, c., with two letters and a paper.)*

Well, Carlos, what success?

*Carlos (putting letters behind him).* Hey? What'll

you give to know? Ought to give a feller somethin' purty sweet, cos I ran all the way.

*Nelly.* Indeed I will, Carlos. My warmest thanks and my sweetest smile.

*Carlos.* Is that all? Well, here's a letter (*gives her a letter*).

*Nelly.* O, thank you, Carlos. You're a dear, good boy (*takes letter, and sits in arm-chair, L.*).

*Carlos* (*comes down R., puts newspaper on table*). Kinder thought I might get somethin' sweeter; a kiss, perhaps. But I s'pose she was afraid somebody might be lookin'. I wouldn't a cared if they had. She's jest as purty as a pictur; and I kinder think she hankers arter me. I jest like her, you bet! Wish sometimes I could be a caterpillar, and crawl under her purty feet. I couldn't be more smashed than I am now. Wal, I'll go and hunt up Mr. Cleverly with the other letter (*goes up c.*). Nothin' wantin', Miss Nelly?

*Nelly.* Nothing; thank you, Carlos.

*Carlos* (*at door*). O, she's a beauty. Takes such pains to call me Carlos. Mr. Cleverly he always calls me Careless, 'cause he says it's my natur. [*Exit c.*]

*Nelly* (*takes photograph from letter*). There he is; charming fellow. He has no idea I am the sister of his best friend. Not bad-looking (*holds photograph up*).

(*Enter MRS. CLEVERLY with hat and shawl, door L.*)

*She looks over NELLY'S shoulder at picture.*)

A girl might be happy with such a man. I've no doubt I shall blush when we meet. (*To photograph.*) You dear fellow, you are good-looking and smart —

*Mrs. C.* Indeed he is, Nelly.

*Nelly (jumping up).* O, good gracious! you here?

*Mrs. C.* Have I disturbed your devotions? Who is he? When will it be?

*Nelly (puts photograph in her bosom).* Nonsense; it's only a slight acquaintance.

*Mrs. C.* You do not slight his picture. I should say he was a bosom-friend. Where's Charley?

*Nelly.* Out on the farm, hilling corn, I believe.

*Mrs. C.* Poor fellow! how his corns must ache! and his back. Ha, ha, ha! He works so hard to make a pleasure of what he does not enjoy. Nell, tell him, if he comes in, I've run over to Mrs. Young's to borrow her pat. I won't be gone long. [*Exit c.*]

*Nelly.* She saw him, but she doesn't know him. If she only knew what he received in exchange. Well, I'm not going to spoil a frolic for fear of the consequences.

*Charles (outside).* Hang the corn, Careless; my back's nearly broken now.

(*Enter c. with a hoe, followed by CARLOS.*)

*Carlos.* How about the onions, sir?

*Charles.* How about them as much as you like, but no hoe about them for me.

*Carlos.* They won't be worth a cent.

*Charles.* Well, don't get sentimental over them, Careless. They're not worth weeping over; no, Careless. I've set myself up for an independent farmer, and there's no clause regarding hoeing in my declaration of independence. You shall have a holiday: you needn't work to-day. You're not very fond of it at any time; but this day we have a visitor.

*Nelly.* A visitor?



*Charles.* Yes, Nelly. I've got word from him; he's coming down for a day's sport. The very man I've picked out to lead you to the hymeneal altar.

*Carlos.* Gosh all hemlock!

*Charles.* What's the matter, Careless?

*Carlos.* Me — I — nothin'; only a darned skeeter up my nose.

*Nelly.* Picked out for me? Thank you; I can do my own picking.

*Charles.* And your own leading too. You're smart enough to do the leading business. Where's Jenny, "the girl I left behind me"?

*Nelly.* She left before you — came in. She ran over to Mrs. Young's to borrow her pat.

*Charles.* Her Pat? Haven't I told her I wouldn't have an Irishman on the place?

*Nelly.* Ha, ha, ha! It's a butter pat.

*Carlos.* Ho, ho, ho!

*Charles.* What's the matter with you, Careless? (*Carlos looks sober.*) Do that again, and you'll get anything but a pat. Go, make yourself presentable; put your auburn locks in curl-papers, and wash your face. You shall guide my friend in his day's sport.

*Carlos.* Yes, sir. (*Aside*) He's going to lead her with a halter, is he? I'll show him sport. [*Exit c.*]

*Charles.* Yes, Nelly, we're to have a visit from my old chum, Dixie Dolby.

*Nelly.* Good gracious! he coming here?

*Charles.* Yes; for the first time; and to the country for the first time, too. This little matrimonial scheme of mine is the only secret I ever had from him.

He didn't know I was courting Jenny Bobstay until he received my wedding-cards. Wasn't he surprised? No more than I, however. Just a year ago, that highly respectable old mariner, Captain Boliver Bobstay, mysteriously disappeared from Valparaiso, where the stanch bark "Indigo Blue" was waiting for a cargo. His coat and hat were found upon the pier; but the wearer never did appear upon that pier again.

*Nelly.* And he was not heard of again?

*Charles.* No. Yes. Six months ago, Jenny received a deed of this place from Uncle Bobstay. How it came, or where it came from, nobody knew; but it was found all right, and being a nice cosy place here, we married and settled upon it three months ago.

*Nelly.* But, Charley, your friend —

*Charles.* O, yes; Dolby — clever fellow. You've never met him, Nelly?

*Nelly.* No. I've often heard you speak of him, and feel inclined to like him.

*Charles.* I know you will, Nelly. Now let's have something nice for dinner, in honor of our guest; something extra, you know.

*Nelly.* I'll look after the dinner. When he comes, we shall have something *extra*. [Exit R.]

*Charles.* She's a nice girl. I hope Dixie will like her. To think of his coming down here to see me a married man. Why, I should almost as soon expect Uncle Bobstay to walk in at my door.

(Enter C. BOBSTAY. *He has a black wig and black whiskers.*)

*Bobstay (at door).* Avast there! Are the decks clear? Sh—

*Charles.* Hallo! Who have we here? Come in.

*Bobstay (comes down R.).* All right, my hearty. When a messmate's going down in the briny — for the last time, mind — what do we do? Why, we extends a helping hand, and grabs him by the hair of the head, don't we?

*Charles.* That is the first impulse—unless he's bald.

*Bobstay (extending hand).* Put it there; give us your flipper (*they shake hands*). All right. Here's your hand and 'ere's my head. Take a good hold of it, as if I was agoin' down for the last time. Now, steady. (*CHARLES takes hold of his wig, and BOBSTAY seizes his beard.*) Let fall all! (*He stands back, pulling off whiskers.* *CHARLES pulls off wig.*)

*Charles.* Uncle Bobstay!

*Bobstay.* Hush! Easy, Charley, easy. Bobstay of the Indigo Blue, he went up — no, down — least-wise he went off. I'm a sperit, you understand? I'm the Ancient Mariner — Captain Kyd — the Great Unknown — anything you please but Bobstay. He mysteriously disappeared; let him be missed.

*Charles.* But what have you been doing? What's the trouble?

*Bobstay.* A deep one—deeper than the sea. Hush! Put it there (*shakes hands*). There's a woman at the bottom.

*Charles.* At the bottom of the sea? Good gracious!

*Bobstay.* No. I wish she was, Charley. Put it there (*shakes hands*). You've heard me speak of Spanker, skipper of the Venetian Red?

*Charles.* Many a time. He was a particular friend of yours, I believe.

*Bobstay.* Charley, listen to a tale that would make the marines blush. When I reached Valparaiso on my last run, I found the Venetian Red there before me; but I found that Spanker had "mysteriously disappeared."\* His hat and coat were found upon the pier, and he was supposed to be beneath the waves.

*Charles.* What a coincidence!

*Bobstay.* Charley, he left a widow. I found her in Venetian Red on board the mourning black, — no — in mourning red on board the Venetian —

*Charles.* No matter about the colors; go on.

*Bobstay.* Charley, she was in distress; and did you ever hear of a tar who found a lass in distress, and deserted her? Never. In a week I had asked her to marry me. In ten days we were married in church.

*Charles.* Married! Then you are —

*Bobstay.* Mysteriously disappeared; that's the p'int. We were married in church. And now for an astonishing disclosure. When we came out of church, who should I see but Spanker — the dead and gone Spanker — peeping round a corner, with a grin on his face and a finger on his nose.

*Charles.* What! Why, this is bigamy!

*Bobstay.* What-amy? 'Twas a swindle!

*Charles.* Unhappy man! How did you act? What did you say?

*Bobstay.* I said nothing; put the lady, Mrs. Spanker Bobstay, into the carriage, shut the door, and mysteriously disappeared.

\* A wink and finger on side of nose when these words are used through the play.



*Charles.* And your wife?

*Bobstay.* Avast there! She's Spanker's wife.

*Charles.* But he basely deserted her.

*Bobstay.* So did I. Mysteriously disappeared.

*Charles.* But where have you been? What have you been doing all this time?

*Bobstay.* Pursuing the phantom ship, Sylvester Spanker.

*Charles.* Have you any trace of him?

*Bobstay.* Trace, my hearty? He's made a clean run, blast his toplights!

*Charles.* Then she is yours now.

*Bobstay.* Is she? That's a p'int for the sharks to argue. I didn't marry his widow; I couldn't marry his wife; and yet I'm a married man.

*Charles.* But you love her, captain?

*Bobstay.* Ease off a bit. If Spanker mysteriously disappeared, there's reason for Spanker's disappearance. And as the aforesaid widow, when I married her, who didn't prove to be a widow after I married her, boxed my ears twice afore the ceremony, the p'int of my matrimonial compass don't p'int that way much.

*Charles.* But where is she?

*Bobstay.* In chase of another craft, my boy. Close-reefed, to overhaul a young spark, with a view to engage him. Shall I destroy his happiness? That's a p'int. Shall I appear like a spectre and forbid the banns? That's another p'int. No, my boy. I'll settle down here; keep under water till she's fairly hooked.

*Charles.* But suppose Spanker should turn up?

*Bobstay.* That's a p'int we can't argue. Mum's the

word. I'm a spirit. Bobstay's gone up. Keep dark. Not a word to your wife now.

*Charles.* But Jenny don't know you are here!

*Bobstay.* No? I'll hide in the barn — in the pigsty — anywhere until the widow's hooked.

(*Enter CARLOS, c. from L.*)

*Carlos.* Say, Mr. Cleverly, here's a woman wants to see you. [*Exit c. to R.*]

*Bobstay.* A woman? Then I'll get under hatches (*runs to table R. c. and puts on wig and whiskers*). That used to be my state-room. I'll look it over. Mind, Charley, mum's the word. I'm a spirit; mysteriously disappeared. You understand? [*Exit door R.*]

*Charles.* But I say, captain! — He's pitched into Nelly's room. . No matter. I'll have him out as soon as I've finished with my visitor. Who can she be?

(*Enter c., MISS PERSIS GRIEVOUS, tragically.*)

*Persis, c.* You are Mr. Charles Cleverly?

*Charles.* At your service, madam.

*Persis.* Monster! Traitor! Arch conspirator!

*Charles.* Madam!

*Persis.* You are the friend of Dixon Dolby. My Dixie. You have enticed him from my loving presence; from me, the woman who adores him; for what?

*Charles.* A day's sport, he says.

*Persis.* Sport! You are like the wicked boy, and I the innocent frog. What's sport to you is death to me. Last night he told me of his proposed visit. This morning I found in his room beneath his pillow — for we both lodge beneath the same roof; and I, in his absence, enter his sanctum as a privileged guest of

that dear and worthy Mrs. Sprygs, who lets rooms at five dollars per week, lights included —

*Charles (aside).* For particulars, see small bills.

*Persis.* — Beneath the pillow, which his ambrosial locks had pressed, I found this note, and this picture (*shows photograph*). Do you recognize it?

*Charles (looks at photograph).* Good heavens! My wife!

*Persis.* Your wife? Then you, like me, are a victim. I blush for my anger. Let us in each other's arms mingle our tears (*approaching CHARLES with arms extended*).

*Charles (backing to R.).* Not just yet. Explain this, and at once.

*Persis.* Does it need explanation? Here is the picture, and here the note signed Rosa Bean. A clandestine correspondence. I see it all, at once. Under the pretext of a day's sport, he comes here to make love to your wife.

*Charles.* The confounded scoundrel!

*Persis.* Speak gently of the erring. I love him. Yes, spite his faults, I love him still. I am here to save him — to save you. I am a succoring angel.

*Charles.* Give me that note (*takes note*). Not my wife's handwriting; evidently disguised. O, Jenny, Jenny, have I lost you?

*Persis.* O, Dixie, Dixie, have I lost you?

*Dolby (outside).* Hallo! Charley, old boy, where are you?

*Persis.* His voice. How it thr-r-r-ills me! But he must not see me here. Where can I hide? (*Goes to*

*door L.*) In this room? Get him away, and I will return. Then we can make plans to circumvent them.

[*Exit door L.*

*Charles.* But, madam, that's my wife's room. She's gone. Can I be awake? My Jenny corresponding with my friend! And he in love? O, it's absurd!

(*DOLBY appears at door with a fishing-rod in case, a gun, and a scoop-net with handle, clumsily held in his arms; a game-bag swung one side, and a fishing-basket the other.*)

*Dolby.* Ah, there you are, Charley. And here I am, armed and equipped as the law directs. (*Attempts to enter; gun gets across the doorway. Backs and tries again; net gets across the doorway. Business repeated.*) Well, well, this is getting interesting (*enters*). Ah! here we are (*drops everything on floor, and runs to CHARLES, hands extended*). How are you, old fellow? Alive and kicking? Domestic bliss and rural felicity? Happy chap!

*Charles (shakes hands).* Glad to see you, Dixie. Welcome.

*Dolby.* That's hearty. Where's your wife? Must see her, you know. I came to enjoy the beauties of the country, and you've the brightest and loveliest. I know you know — of course you know.

*Charles (aside).* He knows, confound him! (*Aloud*) She's out just now. You shall see her.

*Dolby.* Now let's see — what shall we do first? There's fishing, hunting, and making love to a pretty girl. I've only a day, and we must crowd lots of fun into ten hours.



*Charles.* Well, what say you to lunch first?

*Dolby.* Nothing for me, save a glass of warm milk from the hands of a dairymaid. I've come down here to breathe the country air. Stop a moment. I forgot that (*runs up to door c. and stands breathing hard, and striking his breast*). Ah, that's the sort; the invigorating air of the country. Ah! (*with a long breath*) there's the first dose.

(*Enter NELLY, R. DOLBY comes down L.*)

*Charles.* And here's the dairymaid. My sister, Dixie. Mr. Dixon Dolby, Nelly.

*Dolby.* Ah, delightful (*bows*). What a pretty girl! What cheeks! What a shape!

*Nelly.* Your first visit to the country, Mr. Dolby?

*Dolby.* I'm ashamed to say it is, Miss Nelly. But it's delightful; such a quantity of trees and grass; houses not quite so plenty.

*Charles.* Mr. Dolby would like a glass of milk.

*Dolby.* Yes, thank you; cow's milk, if the cows are at leisure.

*Nelly.* O, quite. I'll bring it at once. [*Exit R.*]

*Dolby.* Charley, my boy, your sister's a perfect beauty.

*Charles.* Sit down, Dolby (*DOLBY brings chair up to table L. CHARLES brings one down from back; they sit R. and L.*) I had hopes that you would come down here heart-whole; but I learn that you are already engaged in a love affair.

*Dolby.* Don't mention it (*PERSIS opens door, steps out, and listens*). The most absurd thing; a little country-house flirtation with a lady old enough to be my mother.

*Persis.* The wretch!

*Dolby.* Unfortunately, one evening I lay upon my bed, smoking and reading, with my door open into the passage, on the farther side of which is located the room of Miss Persis Grievous. Well, I dropped off to sleep, the pipe dropped from my mouth, and I was awakened by the cry of "fire," and a brisk shaking from my female friend across the passage. I had set fire to the bed, which was easily put out; not so the flame which had been kindled in the breast of my fair but aged deliverer.

*Persis.* The heartless scoundrel!

*Dolby.* From that time she has pursued me with a relentless love. I cannot escape her.

*Charles.* And you are engaged?

*Dolby.* Not exactly. Pegoty is willing, but Barkis is not; for, Charley, I am in love with a phantom.

*Charles.* Then you'd better give up the ghost, and make Persis happy.

*Dolby.* No; I can never love but one, "Rosa Bean." Isn't that a pretty name? I'll show you her face (*hunts pockets*). Confound it, I've left her photograph under my pillow!

*Persis.* O, the wretch! I'll never forgive him — never — (*disappears into room L.*).

(*Enter NELLY, R. with glass pitcher of milk and goblet.*)

*Nelly.* Here's the milk, Mr. Dolby.

*Dolby.* O, thank you (*she fills goblet, standing behind table. DOLBY drinks*). Here's your best health. Ah, what milk! I haven't tasted anything like that since I was — a very little child.

*Nelly.* Can I bring you anything else?

*Dolby.* No, I'm obliged to you. By the way, is there a young lady in the neighborhood named "Rosa Bean"?

*Nelly.* "Bean" — "Bean" — No. There are no Beans here; there's a Rosa Higgins about half a mile from here.

*Dolby.* O, she won't do.

*Charles.* There are Rows of Beans in the garden; how will those suit, Dixie? Ha, ha, ha!

*Nelly.* To which I will introduce you at dinner. Good-bye till then. [*Exit R.*

*Dolby.* Good-bye (*rises and puts back chair to L.* CHARLES *rises*). Now, then, Charley, let's try the fish (*takes his pole and net*).

*Charles.* Really, Dixie, I cannot leave the house just now. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll send my man with you, and join you soon (*goes to door c.*). Here, Careless! Careless!

*Carlos* (*enter c.*). Yes, sir. Here I am!

*Charles.* Careless, show this gentleman to the fishing-pond. (*Dolby at back, busies himself with tackle.*)

*Carlos.* Fishing-pond! Where's that?

*Charles* (*aside*). Shut up, you fool! Behind the barn.

*Carlos.* Ho, ho, ho! that's a pretty fishing-pond! Why, there's nothin' there 'cept skeeters!

*Charles.* Well, they bite, don't they? You'd better take Towzer along with you, he wants exercise.

*Carlos.* Towzer? Why, he's not sociable with strangers.

*Charles.* Do as I bid you.

*Carlos.* All right, Mister. Come along, sir — I'll show you sport!

*Dolby.* That's the sort.

*Carlos.* What kind of fishing do you like best? Do'n't make any difference here. (*Aside*) Have to fish a darn long spell afore you get any.

*Dolby.* Well, s'pose we try for cod — no, I mean mackerel. Any blue-fish about here?

*Carlos.* Ho, ho, ho!

*Charles.* Careless!

*Carlos.* Blue-fish? Wal, no; we're out of blue-fish to-day. (*Aside*) Lord, he *is* green!

*Dolby.* No matter; lead me to the lake where sport the finny tribe.

*Carlos.* Funny what? Gosh all hemlock! thought you was going a fishing!

*Dolby.* O, come along, it's getting late. Good-bye, Charley. Don't forget I must see your wife.

[*Exit c.*

*Carlos.* Say, Mister, who's agoin' to dig the bait, say?

[*Exit c.*

*Charles.* Still harping on my wife. I'll know the meaning of this ere I am an hour older.

(*Enter PERSIS from door L.*)

*Persis.* At last he is gone, and we may arrange our plans.

*Bobstay* (*opens door R.*). Ahoy, Charley! (*PERSIS screams, and runs into room L. Enter BOBSTAY.*) Aha! a woman! Who is it? (*Creeps across stage on tiptoe, and peeps into keyhole, door L.*)



*Charles (seizes him by arm and whirls him to R.).* What are you about, captain? There's a lady in that room.

*Bobstay.* I must have a peep at her (*runs up and looks into keyhole*). Ah, ha! 'tis she! (*falls back into CHARLES'S arms*).

*Charles.* She! Who?

*Bobstay (recovering himself).* Hush! Spanker's wife! My widow, you know! Our evil genius! It's a judgment on me for giving up the search for the lost Spanker. I must be off. Good-bye; put it there (*they shake hands*). If I'm asked for, you know — mysteriously disappeared — (*goes up to door c.*).

*Mrs. C. (outside c.)* Charley! Charley!

*Bobstay (comes down R.).* There's a craft bearing down this way; mum's the word, Charley.

[*Exit door R.*

(*Enter PERSIS from room L.*)

*Persis.* Shall we never be alone?

*Charles.* Hush! go back; my wife is here!

*Persis.* Your wife? Rosa Bean? I'll scratch her eyes out!

*Charles (pushing her into room).* No, no; you'll spoil all. They meet! — 'twould never do (*locks door and takes out key*. *MRS. C. appears at door c.*)

*Mrs. C.* Why, Charles, what are you doing? Locking my door?

*Charles (confused).* Yes — no — that is, I was afraid the cat would get in there, and so I locked it.

*Mrs. C.* I want to put my things away.

*Charles.* I wouldn't take them off now, it's a little chilly here.

*Mrs. C.* Chilly! Why, Charles, are you ill? How pale you look! If it were anybody else, I should say a guilty look was on your face.

*Charles (aside).* A guilty look! and she in clandestine correspondence with Dolby! (*Aloud*) Guilty? absurd! (*Aside*) What have I done? Locked a woman in her room, — and I suspect her? O, here's a muddle!

*Mrs. C.* Well, as you do not seem inclined to let me into my room, I will lay off my things in Nelly's (*goes to door R.*). Why, this is locked too!

*Charles.* O, yes, yes; I forgot to tell you. I — I locked up the dog in there.

*Mrs. C.* The dog Towzer! What for?

*Charles.* Well, I was just going to sit down to read, and I didn't want to be disturbed.

*Dog outside.* "Bow, wow, wow!"

*Mrs. C.* Ah, Towzer seems to have found the way out.

*Charles.* I wish I could. (*Dog barks.*)

*Dolby (outside).* Help! murder! help! (*Comes tumbling in through the window on to lounge; rolls on to floor.*) Confound that dog! (*gets up rubbing his knees.*)

*Charles.* What luck, Dolby. Did you get a bite?

*Dolby.* Yes; two of them; and if my legs hadn't done good service, that confounded dog would have made a meal of me (*still rubbing his knees, not looking up.* *MRS. CLEVERLY, down R.*).

*Charles.* Sorry, Dolby, you didn't have better luck. (*Aside*) Now to test my wife (*steps c.*). Allow me to

present you to my wife. Mrs. Cleverly, my friend Dixon Dolby. Dixie, this is the lady you have longed to meet.

*Dolby (comes down L.; looks across).* Rosa Bean! Good gracious!

*Charles.* No, no. My poor friend, you are growing crazy with your absurd phantom, Rosa Bean.

*Dolby.* Good gracious, it's her! And I — I — unhappy wretch! — am in love with Charley's wife! What will become of me? I shall be found out (*wipes face with handkerchief*).

*Mrs. C.* I hope you are enjoying your day's sport, Mr. Dolby.

*Dolby.* O, immensely! You see we took the dog along for a photograph — no, for company. Don Carlos said we'd better; and he got interested in my arrangements; and just as I stooped over to put on a bait, somebody said, "St' boy!" and I suppose he mistook me for the boy, — at any rate, took a bite. Then it suddenly occurred to me that there was "no place like home."

(*Enter CARLOS, C.*)

*Carlos.* Say, Mister, what did you want to scoot for jist as it was gettin' interesting?

*Dolby.* Interesting, Don Carlos? It was getting exciting! (*Aside*) Heavens! how shall I get out of this scrape? — Charley's wife! — He'll murder me! (*Aloud*) Charley, I really believe I'll take the next train.

*Charles.* Nonsense. You've not tried the gunning yet. Finish your day's sport.

*Dolby (aside).* I wish I could, at once.

*Charles.* Careless will take you to the game.

*Dolby (takes gun).* All right. Don Carlos, we'll try the game; (*aside*) and I'm off to the train. No more of this sport for me, thank you.

*Carlos.* Say, what do you want to shoot?

*Dolby.* How's the deer?

*Carlos.* Deer? Ho, ho, ho! They're purty well; but we're out on 'em jist now.

*Dolby.* Well, a buffalo or two.

*Carlos.* Ho, ho, ho!

*Dolby.* Hang it! don't stand there grinning; let's shoot something quick. [*Exit c. and off L.*

*Carlos (aside).* Darned if I don't take him down into Buffalo Bill's paster. He'll shoot the fence quicker than scat. [*Exit c.*

*Mrs. C.* Now that the dog is out of the way, I suppose you can have no objection to —

*Charles.* By the way, Jenny, I'd nearly forgotten it; but Mrs. Jenks, our neighbor, was here just now, and her baby's taken sick — awful; wants you. It's got a sudden attack of squills, I think she said.

*Mrs. C.* Indeed! I'll run over at once; that is, if you can spare me.

*Charles.* O, certainly — that is, no — yes. They're not catching, are they?

*Mrs. C.* I think not. Good-bye (*goes up c.*). (*Aside*) There's something wrong with Charley. I'll not go far. [*Exit c.*

*Charles.* Now to get that confounded Bobstay out of the way (*goes towards door R.*).



(Enter NELLY, R. 1 E.)

Nelly. Charley, what do you want in my room?

Charles. O, nothing — that is — I was looking for you.

Nelly. And having found me —

Charles. I want you to advise me. Read that. (*Gives note.*)

Nelly (*aside*). Nobody can do it better than I (*reads*). Well, Charley?

Charles. Well, Charley. No, ill Charley; a decidedly badly-used Charley. Do you know that photograph?

Nelly. It's our Jenny.

Charles. Our Jenny! And it's sent to my friend Dolby. I'll murder him!

Nelly. Now, Charley, don't be jealous. I've no doubt Jenny will explain matters to your entire satisfaction. (PERSIS *knocks at door L.*) Ah, who's that?

Charles (*moving to door L.*). It's the cat. Scat, pussy, pussy, pussy!

Nelly, R. (*changes photograph in note for another*). I'll see if we cannot put a new face upon the matter. (*Aloud*) Here's your note, Charley. Don't be jealous; it doesn't look well in a man at all. [*Exit R.*]

Charles. Now to let the captain out. (*Goes to door R. ; raps*). I say, captain — coast clear!

(Enter BOBSTAY, with a calico skirt pinned about his waist, a red shawl over his shoulders, and a straw bonnet on his head.)

Gracious! what's the meaning of that rig?

Bobstay. Disguise; run the gantlet; slip my cable.

See, I'm here — I'm gone. If anybody asks for Bobstay, you know — mysteriously disappeared. [*Goes to door c.*

(*Enter MRS. CLEVERLY, c.*)

*Mrs. C.* One moment, if you please.

*Bobstay (aside).* Shiver my timbers, it's Jenny!

*Charles.* She's found him out!

*Mrs. C. (leading BOBSTAY down R. by arm).* I have no objections to my husband's entertaining ladies in my absence; but I have decided objections to their leaving my house with property not their own. I'll thank you for that shawl.

*Bobstay.* Ay, ay. (*Takes off shawl.*)

*Mrs. C.* And that bonnet.

*Bobstay (takes off bonnet).* Ay, ay.

*Mrs. C.* Captain Bobstay! Uncle Boliver!

(*Enter MISS PERSIS, door L.*)

*Persis.* Captain Bobstay! My husband! (*Shrieks, and falls into CHARLES'S arms.*)

*Bobstay.* 'Tis she; support me, Jenny (*falls into MRS. C.'s arms.*)

(*Report of gun outside c.*)

*Dolby.* Help! murder! help! (*Runs in through door c., turns and shuts door; puts his back against it.*) Hallo! what's the matter here?

*Mrs. C.* So, sir, you have deceived me. And this lady is —

*Charles.* Your aunt, Mrs. Captain Bobstay.

*Bobstay.* 'Tis false!

*Persis.* Boliver! my own — (*approaching him.*)

*Bobstay.* No, nothing of the kind, madam. You married me and I married you under a mistake. When

you can bring me convincing proof of the death of your husband Spanker, — a leg or an arm of the afore-said will be sufficient proof, — I am ready to talk business. Till then, madam, I am free.

*Persis.* Boliver —

*Bobstay.* O, I shall boil over if you are not silent (*sits at table R., takes up paper; reads. MISS PERSIS moves about him, trying to get sight of his face; he keeps the paper before him*).

*Charles.* Now, Mrs. Cleverly, having cleared myself to your satisfaction, I hope — (*sees DOLBY*) Hallo! Dolby, what are you doing there?

*Dolby.* Fact is, Charley, I've shot something!

(*CARLOS sticks his head into window.*)

*Carlos.* Yes, darn you, you shot a calf! But Buffalo Bill, our black bull, tossed you over the fence in no time. Ho, ho, ho! You're a sportsman, you are!

[*Exit c.*]

*Dolby.* Charley, I guess I'll go home. I've lost my net, my rod, and my gun; and if your game are as active as your friend Buffalo William, I'd rather not be hunting, thank you.

*Charles.* Do you recognize that note, Dolby? (*Gives note.*)

*Dolby.* O, Lord, it's! coming! Here's a pretty day's sport! That note? O, yes. That note is —

*Charles.* From my wife, I believe.

*Dolby.* O, heavens, it's all over! Charley, 'pon my word, I hadn't the least idea that Rosa Bean was your wife. If I had —

*Charles.* Silence! (*Snatches note from DOLBY,*

*and runs to c.)* And you, madam, what have you to say to it? (*Gives note to MRS. C.*)

(*Enter NELLY, c.*)

*Mrs. C. (looking at it.)* Say! What can I say? This in no way concerns me.

*Charles.* Indeed! And the picture?

*Mrs. C.* O, the picture. (*Looks at it.*) Why, it's our Nelly.

*Charles and Dolby.* Our Nelly!

*Nelly.* Yes, our Nelly — who is answerable for all this mischief. She is the writer of the note — the unknown correspondent of our friend Mr. Dixon Dolby, Rosa Bean.

*Dolby.* Well, that's clever (*runs up to her, c.*). How do you do (*shakes hands*). (*They go to lounge and sit talking.*)

*Mrs. C.* And you suspected me, Charley!

*Charles.* What could I do? Your aunt Bobstay brought me your picture, which somehow has mysteriously disappeared.

*Bobstay (jumping up).* "Mysteriously disappeared." Hark! listen! (*reads.*) "All friends of the supposed-to-be-drowned Sylvester Spanker, especially his widow, are hereby notified that he has returned to his ship, the Venetian Red, and will sail this day for Valparaiso." Ha, ha! ho, ho! He's found, and I am free! Widow, I congratulate you.

*Persis.* Spanker alive! Thank fortune, I am no longer dependent on the cold charities of the world!

*Bobstay.* Madam, put it there (*they shake hands*). We'll go aboard the Venetian Red this very day. I'll



return property, and take my receipt, tear up our certificate, give you my blessing, and mysteriously disappear.

*Dolby* (*comes down with NELLY*). But what's to become of me? Will you desert the life you saved? Persis —

*Persis*. Bother! You'd better be silent. I was in that room when you told the story with such complimentary allusions to me.

*Dolby*. Ahem! Mum's the word.

*Charles*. Come, Nelly, let's have dinner. (*Exit NELLY L.*) This little muddle is happily ended.

*Dolby*. I've had my day's sport; not just what I expected, but it's ending happily.

*Charles*. The widow has found her husband.

*Bobstay*. For which we return thanks.

(*CARLOS sticks his head in window.*)

*Carlos*. Say, you'll never see that calf again; she's gin her last blat.

(*Enter NELLY, R.*)

*Nelly*. Dinner's ready.

*Charles* (*gives his wife his arm, c.*). Come, let's to dinner. (*DOLBY and NELLY arm in arm, R.; CAPTAIN and MISS PERSIS arm in arm, L.*) Are you ready, captain?

*Bobstay*. Ay, ay, Charley, with a rousing appetite. So heave ahead; we'll follow in your wake. I'm happy. You are happy, widow. Yes, we're all happy — for we've had a day's sport, and all our troubles have — mysteriously disappeared.

[*Curtain.*]



# ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

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*A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.*

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## CHARACTERS.

PHILIP RINGOLD, "Crazy Phil," a Mountain Hermit.

ALFRED THORPE, a City Nabob.

AMOS GAYLORD, a Country Gentleman.

HOWARD GAYLORD, his Son.

TITUS TURTLE, a Gourmand.

CURTIS CHIPMAN, "Chips" in the Rough.

NAT NAYLOR, Thorpe's Protégé.

GRACE INGALLS, a Young Artist.

HESTER THORNE, Gaylord's Housekeeper.

SUSY GAYLORD, Gaylord's Daughter.

LUCRETIA GERRISH, "so romantic."

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## COSTUMES.

RINGOLD. Age 40. Full black beard; thick, curly wig; slouch hat; long boots; light coat, buttoned at the waist; blue shirt, with black handkerchief knotted at the neck; collar of shirt rolled over coat.

ALFRED THORPE. Age 50. White, curly hair; white side-whiskers; fashionable dress; kids, and dress hat.

AMOS GAYLORD. Age 60. White wig; smooth face; nankeen vest and pants; blue coat with brass buttons; white tie.

HOWARD GAYLORD. Age 24. First Dress: Dark cutaway coat; neat red shirt, with black neckerchief loosely tied; dark pants, with leather leggings; wide-awake hat. — Second Dress: Neat and tasty suit.

TURTLE. Age 40. Made up "fat"; fashionable fancy suit; red, curly hair; side-whiskers, and plump, red face.

CURTIS. Age 20. Rough suit; pants, coat, and vest; light hat; light hair.

NAT. Age 20. First Dress: A light suit; green necktie; green gloves; straw hat, with a green ribbon. — Second Dress: Fashionable evening dress; white tie; dress coat; hair light, long, parted in the middle.

GRACE. Age 18. First Dress: Pretty-figured muslin, or blue or brown cambric, fashionably cut. — Second Dress: White muslin.

HESTER THORNE. Age 40. Brown or gray dress, with collar and cuffs; fine, white wig. Face made up young and rosy.

SUSY. Age 17. First Dress: Figured muslin, with white apron; long ear-rings. Second Dress: Neat evening-dress.

LUCRETIA. Age 30. First Dress: Travelling-dress, as showy as possible; face made up wrinkled; very red cheeks; a profusion of red curls, and a black patch on left cheek. Second Dress: Light fabric, with ribbons and bows of scarlet.

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#### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., right; C., centre; L., left; L. C., left centre; R. C., right centre; L. 1 E., left first entrance; R. 1 E., right first entrance; FLAT, scene at back of stage; R. U. E., right upper entrance.



## ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

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ACT I.—SCENE: *Room in GAYLORD'S house. In flat C., open doorway, backed by lattice-work, with vine running up it. L. of door, a long window, showing a railing backing it, and beyond that, shrubbery; the passage-way off is through door, then past window, and off L. Long curtains at window; a vase of flowers standing on the stage at back of open door; flat plain from door to R. with a picture hanging on it; long window R. next flat, with long curtain; lounge at window R., back to flat; small table at window L. C., with flowers and books upon it; chair front of it. Door L. half-way up stage; arm-chair L. Entrance R. Easel, with picture on it, back to audience, near window R. GRACE seated painting. HOWARD standing C. leaning on a gun, hat in hand, watching her.*

*Grace.* And you really like my picture, Mr. Gaylord?

*Howard.* Like it, Miss Grace? It's a bit of Nature filched from our grand old mountain so cleverly, that I wonder it does not give one of its thunder-growls in protest of the robbery.

*Grace.* It will be growled at by those monsters the art-critics. They will not spare a single tree, or a

stone, in my Mountain-Picture. Ah, if they were only as kindly-disposed as you are, I should not fear.

*Howard.* Don't place me among them, Miss Grace. I'm but a rough-handed farmer, who would be laughed at in such company.

*Grace.* Yet you are an artist.

*Howard.* At ploughing — yes.

*Grace.* You may laugh; but you are a true artist. Yon wooded valley, stretching to the distant river; yon towering mountain, lifting its head above the clouds, thrill me with delight, as a holiday sight gladdens the heart of the child. But to you they are daily life. As the order, peace, and love of a household fill the heart of the child with all good impulses, so the clear mountain air you breathe, the majesty of Nature in its grand sublimity, train the eye to beauty, the soul to harmony, the heart to inspiration, — all unconscious influences which make you a critic whose praise is worth the winning.

*Howard.* You are enthusiastic.

*Grace.* Thank you. I am winning favor; for without enthusiasm how could we poor artists live?

*Howard.* Then you like our rough life here, far above the busy, bustling world?

*Grace.* Like it? To be free from the thralldom of city life, its crowded, bustling streets, its mockery of comfort, its greed and avarice, crime and folly, is to me as welcome, as joyous, as must be the sunlight to the prisoner for years confined in gloomy dungeons.

*Howard.* And you could forsake all that — could be happy here?

*Grace.* Forever.

*Howard.* O Grace,—Miss Ingalls,—you know not what pleasure that confession gives me. If I might hope —

(*Enter SUSY, door L., with a pan of apples and a knife.*)

*Susy.* O, I beg your pardon. Do I intrude?

*Grace.* No, indeed, Susy. I was just giving a few finishing touches to my picture, and Howard — Mr. Gaylord — was admiring the color of my sky.

*Howard.* Yes, Susy, that's all.

*Susy.* O! (*Aside*) Admiring the color! They've both got an extra quantity of red in their faces. (*Sits in arm-chair.*) The reflection of the picture, I suppose. (*Pares apples.*)

*Grace.* Are those hanging-clouds light enough?

*Howard.* Exactly the tints displayed at sunset. But to my mind, that quaint scene above the clouds is the beauty of the picture. Ringold's Nest, we call it — Crazy Phil's rocky hut.

*Grace.* The Hermit of the Mountain. I long to catch a glimpse of this mysterious hero of the Peak.

*Howard.* I am expecting him here every moment; but you must look at him outside, for he never enters a house. I go gunning with him to-day.

*Grace.* Gunning with a crazy man?

*Howard.* Phil is not crazy. His eccentricities have gained him that title here. Ten years ago he passed through here to the Peak, and took possession of the rude hut upon its summit. A wan, ragged, and haggard man. Occasionally he comes into our streets, but

shuns our abodes. His mountain life has made a new man of him; improved his health and spirits; and I want no better companion on a tramp, no wiser friend in council, than Phil Ringold.

*Grace.* And his past history?

*Howard.* Is a sealed book. Occasionally, in fits of abstraction, he mutters hoarsely of a faithless wife, a lost child, a false friend; but when I question him, he is silent.

*Grace.* Brave fellow! Foiled in his battle with the world, he turns his back upon it, and in Nature's solitudes fashions a new life and battles with himself.

*Howard.* One would imagine, from your poor opinion of the world you have left, that even you — young, talented, and — well, it is the truth — beautiful, had met with disappointment.

*Grace.* No; I have nothing to complain of, except the fact that I am nobody is a disappointment.

*Howard.* Nobody! You — you have genius.

*Grace.* Perhaps. That remains to be seen. I know I have courage to persevere, will to conquer; but, should I triumph, none to rejoice at my success.

*Howard.* I do not understand you.

*Grace.* Because you do not know me. I do not know myself. I am a waif, the property of nobody who will claim me. Originally, one of those mysterious little mortals that are dropped by the way, as we sometimes dispose of a troublesome kitten.

*Howard.* And your parents?

*Grace.* I have not the honor of their acquaintance; nothing but the recollection of a loving face bending



over me; a silken beard I loved to stroke, long, long years ago; and then a change to rough hands, but kind hearts; and then all is blotted, till my life began with Mr. Thorpe.

*Howard.* Surely that was a pleasant change.

*Grace.* He says he was a friend of my parents; that both are dead — and nothing more. Where they lived, or where they lie, in vain I ask. He has ever been a kind friend to me; allowed me to choose my artist life; spared no expense; encouraged me in every way; and yet, and yet — I hate him!

*Howard.* Hate him?

*Grace.* What right has he to stand between me and those who gave me life?

*Howard.* But if they are dead?

*Grace (rising).* Their memories should live in the heart of their child; not be stolen from her; hidden away in the grave with them, as though they were guilty things, too base to be remembered. No, no; there is some mystery here. Would I could solve it (*raises hand towards window R. and looks off*). O, solitary dweller on the Mountain Peak, I can clasp hands with thee. Thou standest alone in Nature's loneliest haunts; amid the crowded ways of life, like thee, I am alone — alone. (*With an effort.*) Pardon me; this is one of my changeful moods. I shall soon be better. [*Exit R. 1 E.*]

*Howard.* A strange mood. So young; so beautiful. She fascinates me! Am I wise to linger in her presence? To listen to her beguiling voice? To look into her eyes? She, a genius, and an angel! Dare I utter the words that spring to my lips —

*Susy.* Ahem!

*Howard.* Susy, I had forgotten you. What are you doing, puss?

*Susy.* O, I've been keeping Miss Grace and you company.

*Howard.* In what way?

*Susy.* Paring! O, Howard Gaylord, you've just come, and been and gone and done it.

*Howard.* What, puss?

*Susy.* Fallen in love with Miss Grace Ingalls.

*Howard.* Nonsense, puss.

*Susy.* Well, I think there is a great deal of nonsense about it. But ain't it nice to feel your heart going pitity-pat, pitity-pat, every time she looks at you, and to feel that delicious lump in your throat, like as though you were going to strangle with delight and was afraid you shouldn't!

*Howard.* Well, you certainly understand the symptoms, Susy.

*Susy.* Indeed I do. I haven't lived seventeen years for nothing. But all that's nothing to what will come over you the first time you clasp her taper fingers. You'll feel just as though you were being lifted upon a bridge of rainbows. You'll be dizzy at first, but it soon wears off.

*Howard.* Ha, ha! you're well posted, puss. Was Curtis Chipman your instructor?

*Susy.* Chips? Not much; he hasn't the courage to look me in the eye.

*Howard.* And of course cannot feel the "pitity-pat" sensation. Curt is a good fellow, Susy; mind you don't frighten him.

*Susy.* I frighten him! He don't need any help, he frightens himself.

*Howard.* And you think I love Miss Grace?

*Susy.* You prove it, in being so anxious to return to the subject.

*Howard.* What if I do, Susy. Do you think she would condescend to look with favor upon such a rough specimen as I?

*Susy.* Condescend? My goodness! Condescend to you, my brother? The idea! Why, Howard Gaylord, I'm ashamed of you! You're none *too good* for the best woman that ever trod the earth.

*Howard.* Ha, ha, ha! Right, Susy: I'm none "too good."

*Susy.* Now laugh because I made a slip. You know what I mean; and if you don't boldly woo and win Grace Ingalls, I'll disinherit you.

*Howard.* Hush! she's here.

*Susy.* I thought she couldn't keep away from you long.

(*Enter GRACE, R.*)

*Grace.* There, the storm is over (*goes to her easel*).

*Susy (aside).* Now's the time for rainbows! Why don't he squeeze her hand?

*Howard.* Shall I disturb you if I look at your work?

*Grace.* O, no; I'm quite myself again.

*Susy (aside).* Look at her work, indeed! He can't keep his eyes off of her. (*Whistle outside, L. SUSY gradually falls asleep.*)

*Howard.* Ah, that's Phil Ringold. I must be off.

*Grace.* O, do bring him in.

*Howard.* I cannot; it would be useless to make the attempt.

*Grace (rising).* Then I'll have one good look at him (*rises and goes up into doorway; looks off L.*). Yes, what a fine figure. Mr. Gaylord, your friend is splendid. Ah, he sees me (*bows and smiles*). He starts. He comes this way like a madman (*runs down to easel; turns and stands with hand on easel, bending forward, looking at door.* HOWARD, L.)

*Phil (outside, L.).* Hester! Hester! (*Passes window and appears in doorway, gun thrown across his arm; stops and glares at GRACE.*) Hester! No, no; 'tis her face; but she — so like! so like! Where got you that face? It belonged to one I knew long years ago. So beautiful — but false. As young and fair, but heartless and cruel. She made my home a ruin and my life a curse.

*Howard.* Phil, old fellow, be calm. This is our guest, Miss Grace Ingalls — an artist. Look at her work there on the easel. Do you recognize it? (*GRACE steps back towards window, R. PHIL comes forward, his eyes fastened upon her face until he nears the easel. He sighs; lets his eyes rove round until they reach the picture; starts.*)

*Phil (with a smile).* Ah, the old nest. See, see, Howard! It's wondrous like — wondrous like! (*Turns to GRACE with a bow.*) I congratulate you, young lady, on your success. It is a charming picture.

*Grace.* Thank you.

*Phil (starts).* O, that voice! — it brings back the old days — the mother with the child in her lap; and



the music of her lullaby thrills me again and again. No, no ; let me shut it out — shut it out ; it softens my heart, — and that should be steel, adamant, to bar out forever the traitoress, the false one. Come, Howard, the day is speeding, and we've a long tramp. Come, come (*goes up*).

*Grace.* Stay one moment. (*Phil turns.*) We meet as strangers to-day ; but, believe me, I sympathize with your sorrows and your wrongs. Can we not be friends ? (*Offers her hand.*)

*Phil (takes it and looks in her face).* My sorrows and my wrongs, child, they are forgotten. I trod the haunts of men, mingled with the bustling and the busy ; loved, lost ; and then, there (*pointing off through window, R.*) on yonder mountain peak, perched myself above the clouds, that, floating at my feet, shut out all tokens of the sin and wrong below. Ah, little one, pretty one, this is a world of trouble. We joy and we sorrow, gain and lose ; but there — there on His eternal mountains that pierce the sky, all is forgotten, for we are alone, — with Nature here, and Heaven there.

*Grace.* May Heaven recompense you for all you have suffered.

*Phil.* It will ; it does. My wrongs were like those of other men. I loved, and was deceived. I married, and found my wife's smiles were bestowed upon another. I was a fool to trust a woman, and so pay penance by forgetting the whole world.

*Howard.* Except —

*Phil (giving HOWARD his hand).* Except Howard,

for we are friends, and he is of my own mind. He'll never trust a woman. (*HOWARD withdraws his hand, looks at GRACE, and turns away. GRACE blushes and looks down.*) Ho, ho! I've said too much. Never mind; it's only Crazy Phil. Come, Howard, we must be off, for game's afoot, and Crazy Phil is a wondrous good shot. Ha, ha, ha! (*At door, turns and bows to GRACE.*) Good-bye. So like — so like — it almost drives me mad. [*Exit C. off L.*]

*Howard.* You see, Miss Grace, Phil is an odd character.

*Grace.* Very.

*Howard.* You mustn't mind all he says; for instance, that remark about me that I would never trust a woman; for there is one woman I could trust with my life, my soul.

*Grace.* I hope there are many such.

*Howard.* Yes — O, yes. But this one —

*Grace.* Your friend is waiting, I see.

*Howard.* I'm off. (*Aside*) She's not for me — not for me. I was a fool to think it. [*Bows, and exit C.*]

*Grace.* I'm on dangerous ground here. This rough but honest-hearted fellow is stirring my heart strangely. Is fate or fortune about to send some one to prove false my statement that there's no one to rejoice at my success? If so, I hope he'll be the man. [*Exit R. 1 E.*]

(*Enter CHIPS from L. He comes on with his hat twirling in his hand; comes to door slowly and stands looking down bashfully, rubbing against door-post.*)

*Chips.* I was just going by. (*Pause*). I said I was

just going by (*looks up*). Hallo! Nobody here? That's queer, I vum! (*Comes down.*) I've made up my mind that Susy Gaylord is the prettiest, smartest, and likeliest gal in these parts, and I've just got spunk enough to tell her so. (*Sees SUSY.*) Jewhittiker! there she is! (*Backs across stage to R., looking down and twirling his hat.*) How d'e do? I was just going by. (*Pause, looks up.*) Why, she's asleep! (*Comes to C. and looks at her.*) Now, ain't she a beauty! just clear pink and white. Look at them lips! there's honey for the taking! Curtis, now's your chance (*wipes his mouth with coat-sleeve*). She's asleep, and nobody's looking (*creeps towards her*).

(*Enter NAT NAYLOR, L.; looks through window.*)

I'm trembling all over; but, darn it, here goes! (*Stoops to kiss her. NAT comes to door.*)

Nat. Brace up! (*CHIPS runs across stage to R. SUSY wakes. NAT comes down.*) Here's robbery! Grand larceny!

Bumpkin, forbear, touch not those tempting lips,  
Base is the man who thus felonious sips.

Impromptu. Ahem! (*To SUSY*) Excuse me, I am the *avant courier* of Mr. Alfred Thorpe, Mr. Titus Turtle, "and last but not least is our dear love," Miss Lucretia Gerrish, — three mountain travellers who are on their way to spend a few days in this delightful mansion of Mr. Amos Gaylord.

A stately pile, the country's pride and boast,  
Amid the mountain, with *A Gaylord* host.

Impromptu. Ahem! (*Struts up stage.*)

*Susy.* Well, I never!

*Chips.* Wall, he's gone crazy, and got it bad.

*Susy.* Chips, what are you doing here?

*Nat* (*comes down*). Chips, is it? O, Chips, I blush for you. Young lady, look upon me as your preserver. I caught this modest rustic in the very act of snatching a kiss from those ruby lips, —

Where Cupid sits enthroned with arching bow,  
Before the ivoried walls that gleam below.

*Impromptu.* Ahem!

*Susy.* Chips, is it possible? Did you dare?

*Chips.* Well, you see, Susy, I was going by, and — and — I thought I'd just drop in to tell you that — that — mother's making pickles to-day.

*Nat.* O, Chips! Chips!

While making pickles, mother dear,  
I find a sweeter pickle here.

*Impromptu.* Ahem!

*Chips.* Look here, Mr. What's-your-name, you're a darned sight too free with your Mother Goose Melodies. Ef you get my dander up, you'll think a horse kicked you, — now I tell you.

*Susy.* Chips, don't be rude.

*Chips.* Well, I ain't a-goin' to be sassed by a feller that can't talk English.

*Nat.* Chips, you want polish.

*Chips.* Well, p'raps you'd like to polish me. Ef you would, I'm your man. Come down behind the barn —

*Susy.* Chips, I'm ashamed of you!



*Nat.* So am I, Chips.

The blush of shame is mounting to my cheek,  
It glows —

It glows — There, I've lost it! You must know, I'm a *protégé* of Mr. Thorpe's, destined to become a poet. Yes, he's fond of helping aspiring genius up the dizzy heights — and I'm to be a poet. So, as practice makes perfect, I indulge in flights of fancy on all occasions. So if you happen to hear from my lips eccentric bits, don't mind them. It's nothing — mere practice.

*Susy.* O, you're a poet! Well, I declare!

*Nat.* Yes — Nat Naylor. Sometimes called Natty, because my verses are neat and natty. See?

*Susy.* I am glad to welcome you to my father's house.

*Nat.* Then I am in the presence of Miss Susy Gaylord. Delighted to make your acquaintance. Allow me — (*lifts her hand to his lips*).

Here on this hand I pay the homage due  
To lovely woman —

(*About to kiss again.*)

*Susy* (*withdrawing her hand*). Thank you; that will do.

*Nat.* Impromptu. Ahem! I must return to my friends. You may expect us in half an hour. Adieu (*goes to door and turns*). We part to meet again.— Sweet one, farewell. Chips, *au revoir*. [*Exit c.*]

*Chips.* Get out, you tarnal swell! Darn his picture, I'll have one shot at him. (*Runs up to SUSY, takes three or four apples, and runs up to c.*)

*Susy.* Chips, what are you doing with my apples?

*Chips* (*throwing apples off L. swiftly*). There, impromptu! Darn you! I wish they were Centennial eggs! (*Comes down c.*)

*Susy.* Curtis Chipman!

*Chips.* That's my name, and I ain't ashamed of it.

*Susy.* I'm ashamed of you! Such treatment of a gentleman and a poet!

*Chips.* O, bother! What's a poet, anyhow? He can't tell a Shanghai from a Bantam, a pitchfork from a rake. What right has he to kiss your hand? You never saw me trying it?

*Susy.* No; but he saw you attempting something worse, Chips.

*Chips.* Don't care. I was just going by —

*Susy.* Pshaw! you're always going by. Why don't you come straight to the house, and not make an excuse, when you know you are dying to see me. O, Chips, you're a good fellow, but you want a little polish. Look at Mr. Naylor.

*Chips.* Hang Mr. Naylor! I hate him.

*Susy.* And I like him. He's so gentle, so well-bred; such a flow of language. I'm sure we shall become good friends.

*Chips* (*throws his hat on stage*). Susy Gaylord, I'm mad; and I'm going to tell you just what I think of you.

*Susy.* That's right, Chips; frankness is a virtue.

*Chips.* You're a — a — confound it, Susy, you're an angel; and I love you better than father or mother, sister or brother —

*Susy.* Uncles and aunts, first and second cousins.  
Put in all the relatives, Chips.

*Chips.* I know I ain't handsome.

*Susy.* So do I, Chips.

*Chips.* I haven't what you call "polish."

*Susy.* Not a bit, Chips.

*Chips.* But I've got a heart crammed full of love  
for you. Will you marry me?

*Susy.* I cannot, Chips; because — because —

*Chips.* Because what?

*Susy.* I'm an angel; and angels don't marry.

*Chips.* Don't torture me, Susy.

*Susy.* No, Chips — I should if I married you. So  
I'll be merciful and spare you.

An angel of mercy, hovering nigh,  
To watch your footsteps when you're going by.

Impromptu. Ahem!

*Chips.* Hang it! don't you go to making melodies  
and jingles — Naylor's lingo. All fools make rhymes;  
they do, by jingo!

*Susy.* Impromptu. Ahem! Ha, ha, ha!

*Chips.* You won't have me?

*Susy.* Haven't got time. Strangers are coming  
here, you know, and I must be bustling. All of them  
coming, including that delightful Mr. Naylor.

*Chips.* Darn him! You'll be sorry for this, Susy  
Gaylord. As for that poet fellow, if I don't smash his  
rhyming-machine, then my name 's not Curtis Chipman  
(*goes off c.*).

*Susy.* Good-bye, Chips; call again when you're

going by. Ha, ha, ha! I've found a new way to make a bashful lover speak. Get him mad, and then he discloses his passion. Ha, ha, ha! (*Goes up and puts pan of apples on table.*)

(*Enter AMOS GAYLORD, C.*)

*Amos.* Susy, has Mrs. Thorne returned?

*Susy.* No, father; she spent the night at Mrs. Green's, with her sick boy.

*Amos.* Bless her! that woman's a sister of charity, Susy; a friend in trouble; the poor pray for her, and the sick forget their pain when she is near.

*Susy.* Ah, father, you've a tender regard for our new housekeeper.

*Amos.* To be sure I have, Susy. Isn't she a treasure here? How carefully she looks after my comfort; so quiet, yet so active at her household duties; so unobtrusive; so motherly to you. Ah, it was a happy day when she came to our home!

*Susy.* Father, you surprise me!

*Amos.* I have a still greater surprise in store for you, Susy. I am going to ask Mrs. Thorne to marry me.

*Susy.* Marry you!

*Amos.* Yes; she has become so necessary here that I fear to lose her. She has evidently seen trouble, poverty. Why should not I try to make her forget all she has suffered by making her the honored head of this my home?

*Susy.* Father, no one would more gladly welcome her to that position than I. I truly, sincerely hope



you may be successful; but I fear you will be disappointed.

*Amos.* Don't dash my hopes, Susy! I'm not a very old man. I have wealth.

*Susy.* Any woman might be proud of your proposal, father; but she has that in her face which tells me she has suffered deeply.

*Hester (outside c.).* I will have it attended to at once.

*Amos.* Hush! she is here.

(*Enter HESTER THORNE from L., passing window to c. door. She has a light shawl on her shoulders, a rigolette on her head.*)

*Hester.* Good morning, Mr. Gaylord. Susy, have you missed me?

*Susy.* We always miss you, Mrs. Thorne. (*Takes her shawl and rigolette.*) How is the boy?

*Hester.* Poor little fellow! — at rest; he died this morning. Brave to the last, he suffered uncomplainingly, and passed away with a smile upon his lips.

*Amos.* You have had a weary night. You must take rest. (*Exit SUSY, door L.*)

*Hester.* No; my brisk walk this morning has refreshed me.

*Amos.* I do not like to have you waste your strength in such constant watching.

*Hester.* I think one gains strength in seeking to alleviate distress.

*Amos.* Yes; but —

*Hester.* You think it unfits me for my duties as your housekeeper.

*Amos.* Mrs. Thorne!

*Hester.* Pardon me; that was an unkind speech to so generous a man as you.

*Amos.* I think only of your own health, Mrs. Thorne. I am anxious on your account solely. For a year you have been my housekeeper, and I need not tell you how highly you are respected here.

*Hester.* I am glad to know you like me.

*Amos.* So well, Mrs. Thorne, that I am anxious to secure you for life.

*Hester (surprised).* Mr. Gaylord!

*Amos.* Hester Thorne, I am too old a man to prate of love with a young man's passionate warmth. I have the most exalted opinion of your disposition, your talents, and your honor. Will you become my wife?

*Hester.* Mr. Gaylord, you know not what you ask. Impossible!

*Amos.* Impossible! Mrs. Thorne, I am a man of few words; but I am honest, earnest in my offer. Give your consent, and you are mistress here.

*Hester.* Stop — stop — give me time —

*Amos.* To consider my proposal?

*Hester.* No, no; not that. It must not, cannot be. O, you have taken me by surprise. I never dreamed of this. Your offer is generous, noble. You have been a kind, dear friend to me, and I respect you; but marriage! — No, no — there is a bar.

*Amos.* You are a widow?

*Hester.* Widow or wife, Heaven alone can answer. Mr. Gaylord, there must be no secrets between us now. Listen to me; listen to a story never breathed to mor-

tal ears before. Years ago, I, a young girl, was wooed by two suitors, both handsome and accomplished. One became my partner, and, for a year, happiness was my lot. Then a child was born to me, and still my happiness continued; my husband loved me, and my home was heaven itself. When our little girl was three years old, the other suitor returned from a foreign land. My husband and he were intimate; he came to our house, and in an evil hour professed his love for me. I spurned him; but still he came. Then I committed the first error of my married life. I kept his secret from my husband, but still avoided him with loathing and abhorrence. He — villain that he was — filled his friend's ears with slanderous reports. My husband grew cold, and still my lips were closed. One night — shall I ever forget it? — I awoke to find myself alone. My husband had fled with our child, leaving behind, in letters that burned into my brain, his bitter taunts for my unfaithfulness and guilt. O, heavens, I, innocent and loving, to be so accused! From that day I have never seen them.

*Amos.* But could you find no clue?

*Hester.* None; day followed day, and still I waited. A year passed, and I read in a paper, marked for my inspection, the death of my child in a distant city.

*Amos.* Was no provision made for your support?

*Hester.* Ample; but I was too proud to take his wealth while he believed me guilty. With my own hands I toiled, patiently trusting to time to work out the right. Years have followed years, and still I wait. O Heaven, be merciful; shed some light upon my dark

path, ere I go down into the grave. Let him believe me innocent, and death will be a welcome release.

*Amos.* This is a sad story, Mrs. Thorne. I thank you for the telling. You have a friend in me, trust me — a home here among us. You have been deeply wronged, and I'll search the world over, but your innocence shall be made clear.

*Hester.* No, no ; let it rest. Were my child living, for her sake I would be vindicated ; but I am alone, and, confident in my own integrity, can wait the righteous verdict in the great hereafter. [*Exit door L.*]

*Amos.* She's a noble woman ; there's goodness and honesty in her face. 'Tis hard to lose her ; but I'll have the truth, wherever it rests.

(*Enter ALFRED THORPE, C.*)

*Thorpe.* Ah, my old friend, your doors are open, and, of course, the latch-string is out.

*Amos (shaking hands).* Thorpe, welcome, welcome ; this is a surprise.

*Thorpe.* Indeed ! 'Then my poetical *protégé*, Nat Naylor, has surely not performed his duty. I sent him here to announce my coming.

*Amos.* No matter ; it needed no ceremony ; we are always ready to receive you.

*Thorpe.* And my friends, I trust. But where's my Grace, and how is she ? Enraptured with your delightful scenery, I'll be bound.

*Amos.* Yes ; enjoying herself hugely. She's a genius, Thorpe. Where did you find such a treasure ?

*Thorpe.* Ah, that's a secret. But, between you and



me, she's the daughter of a couple whose married life was not as happy as it should have been. The wife went astray, and the husband went roaming, nobody knows where.

*Amos.* And Grace — does she know of this?

*Thorpe.* No; she believes them both dead.

*Amos.* Ah, and their names?

*Thorpe.* O come, come, old friend, you are getting excited. I've told you quite enough. The rest is my secret. The intrigues of the world in which I live can scarcely interest you in your simple, honest, country life.

*Amos.* And you are content to practise this deception upon a young girl?

*Thorpe.* Who would be made unhappy by the knowledge I withhold? Yes, believe me, old friend, in all I do, I am anxious to secure her happiness; for she has become very dear to me — so dear that I am here for the sole purpose of asking her to become my wife.

*Amos.* Ah, this is a part of your secret?

*Thorpe.* Yes. I've told you I am a man of the world. I never allow anything to thwart me in my inclinations and desires. She is dependent upon me. I have made her young life pleasant and happy. Every wish has been gratified, every desire fulfilled. She looks upon me as her benefactor; and when I ask her hand, I have no fear of a refusal.

*Amos.* But there's such a difference in your ages. She may respect you as her benefactor, but when you ask her love, she may rebel.

*Thorpe.* Possibly; but when she hears the story of her parents — when she knows that by making it pub-

lie she might feel the stigma of their shame, she'll be glad to buy my silence.

*Amos.* And you could do this?

*Thorpe.* Certainly, if by no other means I could gain her consent.

*Amos.* Why, this is cowardly, unmanly. Thorpe, I would not believe you could be guilty of so base a deed.

*Thorpe.* Tut, tut; this is the way of the world — my world.

*Amos.* Then your world is a province of the infernal kingdom!

*Thorpe.* Possibly. And yours, of the better world; for here you are much nearer to the heavens. Come, come, old friend, keep my secret and lead me to my *protégé*.

*Amos.* She's here. (*Goes up stage.*)

(*Enter GRACE, R.*)

*Thorpe.* Ah, Grace! Grace!

*Grace* (*running to him and taking his hand*). Welcome, a thousand times welcome, Mr. Thorpe!

*Thorpe.* What a change! The mountain air has put a rich color in your face; you are wondrous beautiful, child. So you are glad to meet me again?

*Grace.* Indeed — indeed I am. If the mountain air has freshened my complexion, my absence from you has freshened the recollection of how much I owe to you, — how grateful I should be for all your care of me.

*Turtle* (*outside c.*). How soon will dinner be ready?

*Thorpe.* Ah, there's Turtle; with characteristic instinct he is sniffing the country air to catch a whiff from the kitchen fire. (*Goes up c.*) This way, Turtle. (*AMOS comes to R. and speaks with GRACE.*)

*Turtle* (*outside c.*). It's very well to say this way; but, considering what I weigh, you'd better let me have my way in getting up. (*Passes window with LUCRETIA on his arm, and enters c.*) Thorpe, this is a wretched country; it's all up stairs.

*Thorpe.* Don't grumble, old fellow. Mr. Gaylord, my friend Titus Turtle.

*Amos.* Glad to see you (*shakes hands*).

*Turtle.* Thank you. Fine place you have, Mr. Gaylord. Ah, my little friend Grace! (*Passes AMOS, and takes her hand.*) And how are you? Hearty, eh?

*Grace.* Quite well, thank you, and delighted to meet you again.

*Thorpe.* (*To AMOS, presenting MISS GERRISH.*) My friend, Miss Gerrish.

*Amos.* Happy to meet you, and hope to make your stay pleasant in our homely way.

*Lucretia.* Thank you. 'Tis really a delightful place; delightful trees; delightful hills; delightful odors; and all — so romantic.

*Turtle.* Right, Miss Lucretia (*snuffs*); delightful odor (*snuffs*). (*Aside*) Roast mutton.

*Lucretia* (*running to window, R.*). O, Mr. Turtle, do come here, quick; such an exquisite prospect!

*Turtle* (*goes to table*). Thank you; here's a finer prospect to my taste (*takes apple and eats*).

*Lucretia.* How gracefully those boughs bend towards the ground.

*Turtle.* They can't help it; they're loaded down with apples.

*Lucretia.* And do see those lambs frolicking in the sunshine. Sportive, innocent creatures. I do love lambs — so romantic.

*Turtle (helping himself to another apple).* So do I — with mint-sauce.

*Lucretia.* And do see that poor dumb animal fastened there in the grass, like a martyr at the stake.

*Turtle.* Ah, what luscious steaks he'll make when he's cut up! Mr. Gaylord, what is the dinner hour in this mountainous country?

*Amos.* Twelve o'clock, Mr. Turtle.

*Turtle (looking at watch).* O! — two hours, thirty-five minutes and ten seconds (*sinks into arm-chair, L.*). I shall starve before that time!

*Amos.* Suppose we furnish you a lunch?

*Turtle.* Capital idea, Mr. Gaylord; I've not eaten anything since six o'clock!

*Thorpe.* Titus!

*Lucretia.* Mr. Turtle!

*Turtle.* Well, nothing worth mentioning.

*Thorpe.* The lunch-basket was very heavy when we started. It is empty now; and neither Miss Gerrish nor I have helped unload it. If I recollect right, there were a pair of chickens.

*Turtle.* Only six pounds! What's that to a hungry man?

*Lucretia.* Three dozen sandwiches.

*Turtle.* Mere wafers!

*Thorpe.* Two dozen eggs.



*Turtle.* So very small!

*Thorpe.* A box of sardines; two dozen crackers; and turnovers enough to stock a country muster. O, Turtle, you cannot be hungry after such a feast.

*Turtle.* Feast? Call that a feast? Thorpe, I blush for you! You're getting niggardly! I shall have to be caterer for the balance of our trip.

*Thorpe.* Then I'll provide a baggage-wagon.

*Lucretia.* O, Mr. Turtle — dear Mr. Turtle, do make me happy by leading me to those flower-beds that bloom outside the window?

*Thorpe.* Yes, Turtle; and Grace and I will bear you company.

*Turtle.* That's right, Thorpe. You take them both, and I'll join you after I've had my lunch.

*Grace.* I'll show the way. Come. [*Exit R. 1 E.*

(*LUCRETIA takes THORPE'S arm.*)

*Thorpe (aside).* Confound that glutton, he's spoiled a fine tête-à-tête with Grace. (*Aloud*) Turtle, remember where you are, and don't make a hog of yourself.

[*Exeunt THORPE and LUCRETIA, R. 1 E.*

*Turtle.* Now that's unkind of Thorpe. Is there anything about me, Mr. Gaylord, that bears the least resemblance to a hog? Hogs don't go upon two legs. Hogs have no delicate appreciation of the delights of eating. Hog indeed!

*Amos.* Never mind, Mr. Turtle; it's one of Thorpe's pleasantries.

*Turtle.* But I don't like it; it's a rude attack upon the fundamental principles of my being. Nature endowed me with uncommonly fine digestive faculties

and gastronomic talents. I didn't ask Nature to do it; but having received what I did receive, it is my duty to use my talents — isn't it?

*Amos.* Undoubtedly, Mr. Turtle.

*Turtle.* Thorpe has no taste. He's all head; forever scheming. Smart, but unscrupulous. For proof — years ago we both enjoyed the hospitalities of a friend. Such dinners! my mouth waters at the thought. I made love to our friend's table; he to our friend's wife; consequence was — while I only broke bread, he broke up the family. Well, of the two, I'd rather be a hog than a serpent, for hogs are death on snakes.

*Amos* (*aside*) Ah, this is news indeed!

*Turtle.* Then there's the girl Grace Ingalls. There's a queer story there. When he took her from old Jack Graham's house, at Greenland, she passed by another name than that. Hog indeed! A hog would have to root long and well to unearth the secret you have kept so well, Alfred Thorpe.

*Amos.* Ah, the secret!

*Turtle.* Eh? O, bah! that's my nonsense, Mr. Gaylord; don't mind it. Come, let's to lunch.

*Amos* (*aside*) Ah, he's crawled into his shell again — this Turtle. But enough; I have a clue. (*Aloud*) Be patient, Mr. Turtle, I will have it arranged at once.

[*Exit door L.*

*Turtle.* The old fellow looks hearty, and I've no doubt has a good larder.

(*Enter* NAYLOR, C.)

*Nat.* Ah, Turtle, my boy, I've been looking for you.

Give me my turtle — crying everywhere,  
Until the echoes sent mock-turtle through the air.

Impromptu. Ahem!

*Turtle.* Now don't do that, Nat; you'll spoil my appetite. Those spasms of wit must be an awful strain on your weak brain. Rhyming is a sure sign of dyspepsia; but when to that you add punning, you are digging a pit that will undermine your constitution.

*Nat.* What matters this frail structure unto me?  
I feed upon the heights of Poesy.

*Turtle.* Must be high old feeding, — if you're a specimen, Nat.

*Nat.* I hear afar the sound of rippling rills;  
I scent the verdure of a thousand hills.

*Turtle.* No, you don't. (*Snuff's.*) That's mutton roasting. (*Snuff's.*) Glorious — isn't it? O, will dinner-time never come?

(*Enter SUSY, door L.*)

*Susy.* Lunch is on the table, sir.

*Turtle.* Ah, that's glorious news! Come, Nat, join me with a knife and fork. I'll show you poetry — the poetry of motion from the hand to the mouth — something you can feel; something you can taste. Come on. [*Exit L.*]

*Susy.* Will you follow him, Mr. Naylor?

*Nat.* While such an angel hovers in my way?

Thank you; at present, think I'd rather stay.

Impromptu. Ahem!

*Susy.* That's very pretty. Going to stay long?

*Nat.* Well, Miss Susy, I cannot say. It seems to me I have been here too long already.

My fluttering heart in piteous accents cries,  
Naylor, begone; for here sweet danger lies.

Impromptu. Ahem!

*Susy.* O, there's nothing here to hurt you; a few snakes and woodchucks. Ain't afraid of woodchucks, are you?

*Nat.* Were they as fierce as lions, I would rout,

Yea, from your presence I *would chuck* them out.

Impromptu. Ahem!

*Susy.* O what a man for rhyming! Do you know, Mr. Naylor, I am something of a poet?

*Nat.* You? Charming! I felt there was some hidden beauty about you which attracted me.

*Susy.* O yes; I make verses — (*aside*) as ridiculous as yours. You'll find them all over the house. There's a sweet little legend of mine over the back door: —

Stranger pilgrim, pause awhile;

On this door-step, broad and flat,

Let no stains of earth defile;

Wipe your boots upon the mat.

(*Aside*) Impromptu. Ahem!

*Nat.* Splendid! Beautiful! The true poetic principle.

*Susy.* Think so? Well, here's another. Mine are domestic verses.

Wanderer, at the dizzy brink

Of this freshly-painted sink,

Beware the thrifty housewife's grow(e)l;

On its peg hang up the towel.

(*Aside*) Impromptu. Ahem!



*Nat.* Exquisite! So appropriate! Ah, Miss Susy, I toil over an humble rhyme in the hope that one of these days I shall strike a mine of poetic metal that shall make the world ring with the music of my verse. Now, that's a pretty sentiment, if I could only put it into verse.

*Susy.* Perhaps I could help you.

*Nat.* O, if you only would, I should adore you.

*Susy.* Would you? Suppose we wander in the garden — there's so much there to inspire?

*Nat.* With pleasure. (*Offers his arm.*)

*Susy* (*taking it.*) You want to strike a mine?

*Nat.* I aim to reach a rich poetic mine.

*Susy.* As green and sappy as a towering pine.  
How's that?

*Nat.* Very bad, Miss Susy. Pines have nothing in common with mines.

*Susy.* Certainly they do. Ain't they both blasted? Well, if you don't like that, try again.

*Nat.* Grant me to find the true poetic mine,

*Susy.* That laurels may my burning brow entwine.

*Nat.* O, that's capital! I'd be the poorest scholar in thy school.

*Susy.* Stood on a bench, and plainly labelled — fool!  
Ha, ha, ha! Impromptu. Ahem! (*Runs off c.*) Ha, ha, ha!

*Nat* (*following*). Now Miss Susy! how could you?

[*Exit c.*]

(*Enter GRACE, R. 1 E.*)

*Grace.* There's something in Mr. Thorpe's manner I do not like. Twice he has seized my hand with a

fervor that startled me; and continually his eyes are fixed upon my face with a look that terrifies me (*goes to easel*). So I've left him to listen to Miss Gerrish's rhapsodies. Ha, ha, ha! So romantic (*works at her picture*).

(*Enter HESTER, door L.*)

*Hester.* Good morning, Grace (*comes to easel*).

*Grace* (*extending her hand*). Good morning, dear friend. We have missed you sadly.

*Hester.* Indeed! 'Tis pleasant to be missed. And how comes on our famous picture?

*Grace.* Judge for yourself.

*Hester* (*looking at picture*). Ah, better and better. It improves with every touch of your brush (*lays hand on her head*). Ah, my dear, you will become famous!

*Grace.* And that is something to be desired.

*Hester.* Yes; when laurels can be worn modestly, as you will wear them (*removes her hand*).

*Grace.* Don't take your hand away; its caress symbolizes something to be desired more than laurels.

*Hester* (*replacing her hand*). And that is —

*Grace.* Affection. O, Mrs. Thorne, a mother's touch could be no more gentle and soothing — and that I have not felt for years.

*Hester* (*kisses her*). Poor child!

*Grace.* O, thank you, Mrs. Thorne; you are a mother?

*Hester.* Alas! a childless mother. Once I clasped a tiny form, showered kisses on its infant lips, stroked with tenderness its golden locks, and was so happy. But we were parted; and the sweet memory of that

happy union are all that's left me now. O, my little daughter! my darling, darling child! (*Weeps.*)

*Grace.* (*Rises and puts her arm about her waist; leads her down front.*) O, would I could take that daughter's place; not to drive her from your heart, but to share with her its love — the living and the dead!

*Hester.* O, Grace, there's a tone in your voice, a look on your face, that brings her back to me. Had she lived, she would have been of your age.

*Grace.* Then let her live in me. I could toil for you, suffer for you, to be recompensed with the delight of calling you "mother."

*Hester.* Then call me — No, no; I had forgotten. Grace, that name cannot be given me now. My fair fame has been tampered with. O Grace, child, pity me. I am innocent in thought and deed, but the sharp dart of suspicion has been launched at me, and I must bear the sting.

*Grace.* But not alone. Let me share your sorrow; comfort you as you can comfort me.

*Hester.* No, no, it cannot be. I should love you so dearly, that when the sneers of the world should come — as come they would — and should part us, my misery would be more than I could bear. Heaven help me, I am indeed accursed! (*Totters to arm-chair, throws herself into it; covers her face with her handkerchief, and weeps.*)

*Grace, c.* O, this is cruel!

*Thorpe (outside c.).* Grace, Grace! (*Enters c. and comes down R.*) You little witch, why do you run away from me, when I've come here on purpose to see you? (*Takes her hand.*) Yes, Grace, to woo you?

*Grace.* To woo — me? (*HESTER removes her handkerchief, and stares at him.*)

*Thorpe.* Yes, Grace; you shall be my wife: I love you so dearly.

*Grace.* No, no, not that. (*Snatches away her hand, and runs R., leaving him staring at HESTER.*) Death rather. [*Exit R. 1 E.*

*Thorpe* (*amazed*). Hester Thorne!

*Hester* (*bending forward*). Ay, Alfred Thorpe, Hester Thorne, the woman you have wronged. Coward! Twelve years have not changed your heart, though your locks have all the beauty of honorable years. (*Rises.*)

*Thorpe.* Well, we meet again. How? as friends or foes?

*Hester.* Can you ask? Dare you ask? You, who with smooth tongue and smiling face blasted a happy home, wrecked a good man's happiness, and sent a loving woman forth to battle with the world.

*Thorpe.* Hm! Well, I have your answer — Foes. So be it. What are you doing here?

*Hester.* My duty.

*Thorpe.* You must be my friend Gaylord's housekeeper. Strange I never heard your name! Perhaps you have changed it?

*Hester.* No; 'twas a good name, given me by an honorable man. I have not soiled, so should not blush to bear it.

*Thorpe.* Indeed! Well, you know I could make this place too hot for you?

*Hester.* Could you? Try it.



*Thorpe.* A whisper to Gaylord, and the house-keeper's place would be vacant.

*Hester.* Do not leave your friend in the dark. Give him your confidence, your advice. Be an *honorable* counsellor — you are so fitted for it.

*Thorpe.* Hester Thorne, beware! Do not tempt me to crush you! On one condition I am silent. Let not that girl Grace know we have met before.

*Hester.* Condition? No; I will make no bargain with a villain. Do your worst. I have the courage — weak woman that you judge me — to fight you there — the power to win.

*Thorpe.* Enough. I know my duty to my friend; be assured I shall perform it.

*(Enter AMOS L., with a valise in hand.)*

*Amos.* Thorpe, I come to beg your pardon for a most inhospitable act. I am called away suddenly; have five minutes to catch the stage; may be gone two or three days. Make yourself at home here, and trust your comfort to Mrs. Thorne. Good-bye (*shakes hands with him*). Good-bye, Mrs. Thorne (*shakes hands with her, then goes up*).

*Thorpe.* But, Gaylord, one word.

*Amos (comes down).* Well, be quick; I've no time to lose.

*Thorpe.* Well — (*looks at MRS. THORNE; she smiles and goes up stage to table.*) Amos, you believe me to be your friend?

*Amos.* Certainly.

*Thorpe.* That woman there is dangerous.

*Amos (whistles).* You don't mean it? Well, Thorpe, do you know, I've just begun to think so?

*Thorpe.* I've met her before. She is not what she seems. She's a deserted wife.

*Amos.* Is she, poor thing?

*Thorpe.* Deserted by her husband, and not without cause. I could tell you a story.

*Amos.* But I haven't time. Goodness gracious! how my legs will have to fly now!

*Thorpe.* And you will trust that woman here after what I have told you?

*Amos.* Certainly. Why not, Thorpe? I'm surprised at you — a man of the world, you know. She's a good housekeeper, and — and — the rest is my secret (*with mock pomposity*). The mysteries of my "simple, honest country life" — ahem! — can scarcely interest you — the man of intrigue, you know. Don't be frightened, she won't hurt. Good-bye (*goes up*). Ah, Mrs. Thorne, I believe I forgot to shake hands with you (*gives hand*).

*Hester.* A pleasant journey, sir.

*Amos.* Thank you. Take good care of yourself (*with a look at THORPE*). I know you'll care for the comfort of my guest, for I have every confidence in you; nothing could shake that. Good-bye (*runs off c.*).

*Thorpe.* Curse that woman! she has bewitched him (*goes R.*).

*Hester (coming down L.).* Well, Mr. Thorpe, it seems your power to harm me here is weak.

[*Exit door L.*

*Thorpe.* Time will tell.

(*Enter GRACE and LUCRETIA, arm in arm, R.*)

*Lucretia.* Perfectly enchanting! I had no idea the country could be — so romantic! O, Mr. Thorpe, I have had such an Arcadian ramble in the farm-yard, seeing the little chickens running about with the *abandon* of children; the fatherly roosters with their clarion chorus; and the motherly biddies, with their careful affection for their young. Even the swine in their rustic abode, with the little pink-nosed pigs frolicking about them, was a delicious picture — so romantic! (*Goes to lounge.*)

*Phil (outside).* Not for me — not for me. There's freedom without. I'll be none of your hot-house flowers. Good-bye.

*Grace.* Ah! there's Crazy Phil. I've lured him in once; I'll try it again.

*Thorpe.* Shall I never get a word with her?

*Grace (at door; smiles off).* He sees me. Yes, I triumph. He's here. (*PHIL runs up to C. with gun.*)

*Phil.* Ah, those bright eyes again! There's magic in their glance. Wife — child — home — come back to this desolate heart!

*Thorpe.* Ah! (*Aside*) Brought to light at last. (*Aloud*) Crazy Phil indeed! Ha, ha, ha!

*Phil (starts).* Ah, that voice! 'Tis he — the destroyer! Years come and go, but fate holds the lines of life. We meet at last, — despoiler of my home! Wretch accursed! Death to thee! Death to thee! (*Raises gun.*)

*Grace.* No, no. (*Runs down to THORPE and throws*

*arms about his neck.) He's mad! he's mad! (HOWARD enters door c., seizes PHIL around waist, and snatches gun.)*

*Howard.* Madman, hold!

*Phil (struggling to free himself).* Away! He's mine — he's mine! Foul bird of prey! you feasted at my hearth-stone; you plucked from out my heart my life! my love! Henceforth you are marked; my aim is sure. Beware of Phil Thorne!

*(Enter MRS. THORNE, L.)*

*Hester.* Phil! — my husband! *(Falls with her arm and head in arm-chair.)*

TABLEAU. PHIL at door c., his clenched hand raised. HOWARD, with arm about waist, holding him back. THORPE R. GRACE, with arms about his neck, head on his breast. HESTER lying with her head in arm-chair. LUCRETIA on lounge, looking on.

*[Slow Curtain.]*



ACT II.—SCENE: *Same as in ACT I. Easel removed from the stage. Foot of lounge turned toward window, R. Moonlight through window strong on PHIL, who lies upon lounge, boots changed for slippers. HOWARD standing at head of lounge, leaning against flat, his hand on PHIL'S head. HESTER standing behind window in flat, looking in at PHIL. Footlights down. Music soft and low at rising of curtain.*

*Phil.* How grandly the moonlight tips my old hut above the clouds! Dear old place; would I were there, where all is peace. Ah, Howard, when I descend that mountain, I leave behind my better self. The sight of the habitations of man awakes bitter memories of wrong and outrage, fill me with loathing of my race, and stir my baser nature with fierce desires for revenge. Why is it? Here I am always under the clouds; dark, dismal night forever here.

*Howard.* And yet the moonlight lingers as lovingly about you here as there. See how it floods the fields and shimmers on the stream. Ah, Phil, 'tis a beautiful world — this of ours; and, whether on the mountain-top or in the valley, robed in light or darkness at the desire of our own hearts.

*Phil.* That's queer philosophy!

*Howard.* 'Tis the truth, Phil. I am young and buoyant; life has gone smoothly for me, and all is

light. You have suffered — still suffer; and the darkness of night has fallen upon your heart, blinding your eyes to all the beauty about you. Am I not right?

*Phil.* Why am I lying here, Howard?

*Howard.* I am glad to hear you ask that, Phil. 'Tis three days since you were suddenly prostrated. You remember the day we went gunning — Monday?

*Phil.* Yes.

*Howard.* On our return you were suddenly taken ill, and until this afternoon you were unconscious.

*Phil.* Yes. Well, I'm better now. But why was I taken ill?

*Howard.* Well, you don't care to know that, Phil?

*Phil.* You need not pause, Howard. I know I met here under your roof my wife and — and —

*Howard.* Mr. Thorpe.

*Phil.* Under the same roof, — he, the false, — and she, the faithless! O, Howard that man — that fiend! Where is he? Did I slay him?

*Howard.* He is gone; where, I know not.

*Phil* (*starting to his feet*). No matter; I'd reach him, were he at the centre of the earth. Curse him! I thought long years had dulled my spirit; but the sight of him has aroused the avenging demon in my soul, nought but his life can satisfy. (*Goes to R.*)

*Howard* (*comes down L.*). No, no, Phil; forget your wrongs; forgive your enemy.

*Phil* (*R.*). Forgive him? Howard, that man was my dearest friend. We both loved one woman. She chose me; and he, clasping my hand, wished me happiness, and fled abroad, to crush out his passion. Well,

his wish was fulfilled. I was happy, supremely happy. Wife and child — two golden links in life's chain — were mine. Then he returned, still my friend. With full faith in his friendship, I received him a welcome guest in my home. Then, then, over the sunshine of my life rolled the dark clouds. He was one of your society-men — glib of tongue, ready to fetch and carry at the glance of a bright eye; all smiles and pretty ways — bah! a ladies' man — while I was brusque and sometimes rough, — though not to her — no, not to her. (*Crosses to R.*) I saw she was pleased at his attentions.

*Howard.* And you were jealous?

*Phil.* Not then. But one day I saw him slip a note into her hand; another; caught him at her feet; and then, filled with fury, I followed him from the house to his hotel, and there faced him and demanded an explanation. Then, Howard, that man, — my friend, trembling in every limb, with tears streaming down his cheeks, — confessed to me that he still loved my wife; and more, that she loved him; showed me letters signed with the name I gave her, confessing her mistake in making me her choice. In maddening rage I felled him to the floor and fled — fled to my now unhappy home (*comes to L.*).

*Howard.* And your wife?

*Phil.* Lay sleeping sweetly with a smile upon her lips, my child beside her. I raised my hand with passion, to dash out of that face the beauty that had so deceived me. But I could not do it. I snatched the child from its mother's side, and went out into the night — night to me for evermore.

*Howard.* Without a word from your wife, Phil? Condemned her you had sworn to love, cherish, and protect? Crazy Phil indeed! You were a madman then!

*Phil.* Had I not proofs? Her letters — the confession of my friend?

*Howard.* Friend? Base coward that he was! False to her; false to you! One word of denial from her lips — the wife of your bosom, the mother of your child — should have outweighed his guilty confession a thousand-fold. Tell me, Phil — you sought her afterwards?

*Phil.* No, never; since that night we have been strangers. Never met until I found them here together. You hear, Howard, — together here!

*Howard.* A mere accident. Mrs. Thorne is our housekeeper. Thorpe, my father's friend and guest.

*Phil.* Ah, you know not that man — this woman!

*Howard.* I know no woman base enough to betray a loving husband's confidence. I will not believe this of her whom I respect and honor as I did my mother. Phil, you must meet her here, listen to the story from her lips.

*Phil.* No, I will not meet her. I will back to my hut above the clouds.

*Howard.* And leave her still under the cloud that has saddened her life. O, Phil! Phil! I thought you true and noble.

*Phil.* Think what you will. Wronged by my friend, betrayed by my wife, I have lost all worth living for.



(*Fiercely.*) I hate the world ; I hate myself ! Let me go ! — there — there — (*totters*).

*Howard* (*supporting him*). Not to-night, Phil. You are weak, ill. Forgive me ; it was cruel in me to probe those angry wounds. Come back to your room. We are friends still, Phil.

*Phil* (*taking his hand*). Heaven bless you, Howard ! I've none but you now. Don't speak ; something in your words has stirred me strangely. Be silent ; let me think ; let me rest. (*Music soft ; PHIL leads him off door L. HESTER comes down slowly, c., watching the door.*)

*Hester.* I have heard his voice ; unobserved listened to his story. How he has misconceived my actions, Heaven, myself, and he the wily plotter alone know. He confessed with tears in his eyes, base hypocrite ! O, Phil, my husband — lost to me ! He shall confess once more ; confess the truth — the honest truth, to do me justice. Fool that I have been ! I have allowed suspicion to crush me to the earth, without one effort to clear my name. Now my woman's nature is in arms against this base injustice (*comes to R.*). I am not friendless ; those true-hearted sons of the soil — Heaven bless them ! — believe me, trust me. They have given me courage to seek the weakness in this villain's armor. Hester, be brave, be resolute, and victory may yet be yours.  
[*Exit R. 1 E.*]

(*Enter GRACE, C.*)

*Grace.* O dear ! for the first time I feel really homesick ! There's no pleasure in roaming in the

moonlight alone; it requires two to take in the full beauty of a night like this! Heigho! I miss my usual escort. (*Takes book from table, and goes to lounge; sits.*) Whittier. (*Opens book.*) "Howard Gaylord." So, so — my farmer friend is an admirer of our New England poet. It's been well thumbed, too, especially "Among the Hills." (*Reads.*)

"From school, and ball, and rout, she came,  
The city's fair, pale daughter,  
To drink the wine of mountain air,  
Beside the Bearcamp Water."

That's splendid! my own favorite, — and it seems to be his too. The leaves are dog-eared, and the page muddy with finger marks. O,

"The city's fair, pale daughter,"

must be very dear to him. I wonder if in his heart-picture she bears any resemblance to me? O, here he is! (*Reads.*)

(*Enter HOWARD, door L.*)

*Howard (aside).* Reading in the moonlight. What a pretty picture she makes! Alone — there's a temptation. If I only had the gift of tongue that graces her city admirers, I might — well — say that which would make us strangers. I could not bear her scorn. (*Aloud*) Reading by moonlight? Take care, Miss Grace; even the brightness of *your* eyes may be dimmed.

*Grace (looking up).* Ah, Mr. Gaylord, there's no danger: 'tis as light as noonday.

*Howard.* The book must be very interesting that can so attract you.

*Grace.* It is. I am "Among the Hills," and you step in very *apropos*.

*Howard.* "Among the Hills?" Then you are in that region of the unequalled poet's fancy, where I most delight to wander.

*Grace.* I should think so by the appearance of your book. Were you a boy at school, you would get many bad marks for the very bad marks you have placed upon it.

*Howard.* I am a boy at school, Miss Grace — the school of the painter. Will you teach me?

*Grace.* I? I am but a scholar. You know the poem?

*Howard.* By heart. I could repeat it word for word.

*Grace.* 'Tis very odd you should have dropped in just at this time, for I was reading. (*Reads.*)

"She sat beneath the broad-armed elms  
That skirt the mowing-meadow,  
And watched the gentle west-wind weave  
The grass with shine and shadow."

Now here's where you came in:

"Beside her, from the summer heat  
To share her grateful screening,  
With forehead bared, the farmer stood,  
Upon his pitchfork leaning."

Only you haven't the pitchfork.

*Howard.* Go on. I could listen to you all night; you throw so much heart into it.

*Grace.* Do I? (*Reads.*)

“ Framed in its damp, dark locks, his face  
Had nothing mean or common, —  
Strong, manly, true, the tenderness  
And pride beloved of woman.

“ She looked up, glowing with the health  
The country air had brought her,  
And, laughing, said, ‘ You lack a wife,  
Your mother lacks a daughter.

“ ‘ To mend your frock and bake your bread  
You do not need a lady;  
Be sure among these brown old homes  
Is some one waiting ready.’ ”

*Grace.* O, I forgot you have no mother! But the rest is true. There is “some one waiting ready.”

*Howard.* In “these brown old homes”? No, I am free to take up the burden of the lay. (*Recites with spirit.*)

“ He bent his black brows to a frown,  
He set his white teeth tightly.  
‘ ’Tis well,’ he said, ‘ for one like you  
To choose for me so lightly.

“ ‘ You think me deaf and blind; you bring  
Your winning graces hither  
As free as if from cradle-time  
We two had played together.

“ ‘ You tempt me with your laughing eyes,  
Your cheeks of sundown’s blushes,  
A motion as of waving grain,  
A music as of thrushes.



“ ‘No mood is mine to seek a wife,  
Or daughter for my mother;  
Who loves you loses in that love  
All power to love another!

“ ‘I dare your pity or your scorn,  
With pride your own exceeding;  
I fling my heart into your lap  
(*Kneels at her feet.*)  
Without a word of pleading.’ ”

O, Grace, Grace, it is the truth. I love you, and you alone. (*Takes her hand.*)

Grace. Why, that's not in the poem.

Howard. No; it is in my heart.

Grace. (*Looks at him archly; places her hand in his.*) It's a pity to spoil the poem. (*Recites.*)

“ She looked up in his face of pain  
So archly, yet so tender:  
‘And if I lend you mine,’ she said,  
‘Will you forgive the lender?’

“ ‘Nor frock nor tan can hide the man;  
And see you not, my farmer,  
How weak and fond a woman waits  
Behind this silken armor?

(*Puts her hand on his shoulder, and looks down into his eyes.*)

“ ‘I love you; on that love alone,  
And not my worth, presuming,  
Will you not trust for summer fruit  
The tree in May-day blooming?’ ”

Howard, as frankly as you offered, as freely will I re-

ceive, yours — yours alone. (*Kisses his brow. Both rise.*)

*Howard.* Ah, Grace, Grace; you have made me very happy. (*Puts his arm about her waist.*) Come, let's go into the garden.

“ And so the farmer found a wife,  
His mother found a daughter;

*Grace.* There looks no happier home than hers  
On pleasant Bearcamp Water.”

*Howard.* Ah, Grace, Heaven bless the dear poet.

*Grace.* It does, “for all his works do praise him.”  
(*They pass off through the window R., his arm about her waist.*)

(*Enter NAT, C., with SUSY leaning on his arm.*)

*Susy.* Why, Mr. Naylor, what's the matter with you? You have not made a rhyme for the last hour.

*Nat.* The minstrel's strings are mute; the fire upon the altar of poesy smoulders; the theme which agitates my brain respectfully declines to shape itself for utterance — because why?

*Susy.* Well, perhaps the strings are rotten, the wood green, and the theme too weighty?

*Nat.* O, for seraphic light to break the gloom.

*Susy.* Wouldn't moonlight do as well? There's plenty of it here (*sits on lounge*).

*Nat* (*standing c.*)

Cold Luna floods thee with her silvery light,  
O, beauteous maid, ne'er saw I fairer sight.

*Susy* (*aside*). The wood is sizzling on the altar;

we'll soon have another blaze. (*Aloud*) Don't be so distant. Come, sit down. (*NAT sits.*) Now what is this mighty theme?

*Nat.* 'Tis Love — ecstatic Love.

*Susy.* O!

*Nat.* I wander up and down in strange unrest,  
For love is struggling — is struggling —

*Susy.* Underneath my vest. That's good.

*Nat.* O, no, no.

*Susy.* Ha, ha, ha! That's what I call clothing a sentiment in warm language. Well, what next?

*Nat.* Nothing. There it struggles, there it sticks.  
O, Susy, Susy, I'm getting —

*Susy.* Boozy. That's a capital rhyme.

*Nat.* Miss Susy Gaylord, you shock me!

*Susy.* Do I? That's a shocking confession when I'm doing my best to help you. I told you I would. Now, isn't that moon splendid? See the trees yonder, with leaves of silver (*both look off R.*).

(*Enter CHIPS, c.*)

*Chips (at door).* I was just going by. Ah, there they are billing and cooing like a couple of lunatics. (*Creeps down stage to arm-chair, turns it round so that back is towards NAT; gets on his knees in it, and watches them over the top while speaking.*) I'm blowed if I don't hear what's going on. I ain't going to be cut out with Susy without a wrestle.

*Nat.* A fairy scene. It moves me, thrills me; my heart heaves with bliss.

*Chips (aside).* Well, clap on a little mustard, and make it blister.

*Nat.* And see those fairy forms moving among the trees.

*Chips (aside).* Fairy forms? I'm darned if Gaylord's pigs ain't got loose again.

*Nat.* Ah, for a poet's home in that delightful grove, with an angel ever at my side — that angel you.

*Susy.* Law, Mr. Naylor, how you do go on; first Chips calls me an angel, and now you.

*Nat.* Chips? Mention not that rustic booby.

*Chips.* Booby! (*Gets out of chair; starts towards NAT, then runs back.*)

*Susy (rises indignantly).* Booby! How dare you call my friend such a name!

*Nat.* It is the truth: he is a rough, uncouth booby. I know he seeks to gain your love. But when I, with my pure, poetic nature, tell you — sweet and beautiful damsel — that your charms have kindled a flame in this before obdurate heart; that I love you —

*Susy.* No more, sir. Booby indeed! Curtis Chipman is far above you in manhood, nobility, and goodness. He is rough and uncouth as the rocky soil he with his strong hands has made to bring forth abundant fruits. A man, sir, and not a maudlin idiot filled with gush and moonshine. (*Comes down R.*)

*Nat (goes to c.).* And have I been deceived in you? you, whose poetic nature, blending with mine —

*Susy.* Has sported with you. Yes. O, Mr. Naylor, go back to your attic. Live in the clouds; feed on Poesy's hills — you'll find no mate in me.

*Nat.* Alas! I am deceived! My heart is crushed —  
My spirit broken —



*Susy.* And your verses mushed!  
 Ha, ha, ha! Good-bye, my poet. We might have been  
 good friends; but when you attack Chips — my Chips —  
     The rustic booby, really I must laugh,  
     For I propose to be his better half.

*Impromptu.* Ahem!

*Nat.* Farewell, cold Susy, I have wooed in vain!

*Susy.* You have; your wood is green and crossed in  
     grain.

*Impromptu.* Ahem!

*Nat* (*at door, c.*). Farewell. I'm blasted — blasted.

[*Exit c.*

*Chips* (*aside*). I'm a blasted liar if I don't wal-  
 lop him! (*Runs up and catches SUSY in his arms ;*  
*swings her round.*) O, Susy, Susy — you are an angel!  
 (*SUSY screams ; CHIPS runs off c.*)

*Susy.* Well, I never! Chips has heard all. There's  
 no more fun for me. Dear me, I've forgotten Mr. Tur-  
 tle's hourly lunch! He'll be raving and starving too.

[*Exit door L.*

(*Enter, c., TURTLE with MISS LUCRETIA on his arm.*)

*Lucretia.* So kind of you, Mr. Turtle, to wander  
 with me in the beautiful night; it quite fills an aching  
 void — so romantic.

*Turtle* (*aside*). It gives me an aching void — so  
 hungry.

*Lucretia* (*going towards window*). Is this the  
 'witching hour of night,' which the poet so beautifully  
 speaks of?

*Turtle.* Can't say (*looking at his watch*). It's my  
 hour for lunch.

*Lucretia (sits on lounge).* What a delightful situation; moonbeams shrouding me as in a silver veil! Ah, I've often dreamed of such an hour as this — a scene like this — when the future partner of my joys and sorrows should claim me for his own — so romantic.

*Turtle (aside).* Well, she lives on dreams. I'm glad I don't.

*Lucretia.* He must be one who would love me for myself alone, and not for my money.

*Turtle (aside.)* Has the old girl got money?  
(*Aloud.*) O, Miss Lucretia, could there live a wretch who, looking upon your charms, would dare to woo you for your fortune? (*Aside.*) That's neat and non-committal. (*Aloud.*) And yet, your fortune renders you independent of all suitors. A few thousands —

*Lucretia.* A few? I can count by tens of thousands!

*Turtle (aside).* Tens? She's a rich old girl. What dinners! — what suppers! (*Approaching her tenderly.*) My dear Miss Lucretia, what would be hundreds of thousands to the man who, knowing your virtues, basking in your smiles, should be so fortunate as to win you?

*Lucretia.* Then you believe in love, Mr. Turtle; pure, genuine love, that scorns wealth and station?

*Turtle.* Unbounded love! Yes, Lucretia (*sits beside her*).

*Lucretia.* Love and a cottage — so romantic.

*Turtle.* Yes, Lucretia. (*Aside.*) Love-cake and cottage-pudding.

*Lucretia.* With innocent lambs sporting about the door.

*Turtle.* Yes, *Lucretia.* (*Aside*) Or smoking on the table.

*Lucretia.* And the birds — What is your favorite bird?

*Turtle.* My favorite bird? (*Aside*) Quail on toast. (*Aloud*) The *cook* — O, dear Miss *Lucretia.*

*Lucretia.* And your favorite flower?

*Turtle (aside).* Best Family. (*Aloud*) The *Marry* gold, Miss *Lucretia.*

*Lucretia.* And your favorite seat?

*Turtle (aside).* At the dinner-table. (*Aloud*) Under the oak, *Lucretia.*

*Lucretia.* And your favorite vegetable?

*Turtle (aside).* Rare dishes. (*Aloud*) I could not turn up my nose at any of them, Miss *Lucretia.*

*Lucretia.* Ah, what taste you have — so romantic. This is my dream of bliss — a cottage and a companion — bonds of affection and notes of gladness.

*Turtle.* My heart echoes the glad refrain. (*Aside*) Government bonds and bank notes.

*Lucretia.* What a delightful picture — so romantic.

*Turtle (aside).* Such a picture should have a gold frame. (*Aloud*) Dear Miss *Lucretia,* could you look with favor on me — share your tens of thousands —

*Lucretia.* Romantic visions, castles in the sky; so ethereal; so much more to be enjoyed than palaces of earth — my wealth, my all. What care I for the well-filled purse which another squanders? I am poor in lucre, but a millionaire in love. O, *Titus,* spare my blushes! Yes — (*Leans upon his shoulder.*)

*Turtle (aside).* She's poor as porridge. Here's a scrape.

*Lucretia.* O, Titus, "Whisper what thou feelest." So romantic in the moonshine.

*Turtle (aside).* Hang it, it's all moonshine. (*Aloud*) Lucretia, I feel — I feel — (*aside*) hungry

*Lucretia.* I have so longed for this delicious moment.

*Turtle (aside).* No doubt of it. (*Aloud*) Miss Lucretia, when I asked you to look with favor upon me, I felt how unworthy I was of your affection; how badly-fitted I am to become your protector. This slender frame —

*Lucretia.* What care I for the frame; it's the treasure within I covet — the heart, Titus — the heart. Nothing shall tear me from you!

(*Enter SUSY, L., with candles, which she places on table.*)

*Turtle (aside).* O, here's a situation.

*Susy (aside).* I declare! Making love! I'll spoil that. (*Aloud*) Your lunch is ready — cold shoulder of mutton.

*Turtle (jumps up).* O glorious signal of relief!

*Lucretia.* O, Titus, you will not leave me in this delicious moment?

*Turtle.* For that delicious shoulder I must, Lucretia. My heart says stay; my stomach says go. The mighty always conquer the weak. I'd offer thee this hand of mine, if I could — could — banish the cold shoulder, — if I could inhabit your airy castles. But



look at my size ; look at my waist ! I cannot feed on love. Farewell ; be happy with another ; I've not the least objection. I'll do the same ; I'll be happy with another. (*Aside*) The cold shoulder. [*Exit L.*

*Lucretia.* The wretch ! — the gourmand ! the — O ! desert me for a cold shoulder ! — me, who has reposed upon his warm shoulder ! O, I could cry — but I won't. I'll wander like a spectre amid the trees, broken-hearted. So romantic. [*Exit through window.*

*Susy.* Now, I wonder where she's going at this time of night ? (*Goes to window.*) O my goodness ! There's Chips and that Naylor chap stripping off their coats out there in the pasture ! I do believe they're going to fight ! Chips ! Chips !

[*Exit through window.*

(*Enter PHIL, door L.*)

*Phil.* I cannot rest. When I close my eyes, the sleeping face of my wife comes before me as I saw it that night, as innocent in its expression as the child's that slept beside her. Have I been mistaken ? Have I all these years been fighting a demon of my own conjuring ? — all these years, with no confidant, blindly treading the path of error ? This boy — with his chivalrous honor, makes me blush with shame. He loves her, esteems her, — she who was to him a stranger but a few short months ago ; — while I, with her life knit to mine by the tenderest tie, have blasted her name, made her a creature to be shunned, by my base desertion of her, — perhaps without cause. I'll not be hasty, but I will hear the story from her lips.

Perhaps — perhaps — O, Heavens! if she is innocent — what am I? A wretch too base to live. Let me not think of that. If she be innocent, how gladly would I die to clear her name (*slowly crosses stage and exits through window, R.*).

*Amos (outside).* Hallo! Susy! Howard! Mrs. Thorne! (*Enters c.*) Well, well, well! The house deserted; nobody to welcome me, its master, when he brings such glorious tidings. Ah, here's some one at last.

(*Enter from window, GRACE and HOWARD; from R. 1 E. HESTER.*)

*Howard.* Ah, father, welcome home (*shakes hands*).

*Amos.* Well, how are you? And my little painter friend? (*Shakes hands with GRACE.*) Mrs. Thorne, I'm glad to meet you again. (*Shakes hands with her.*)

*Hester.* You must be tired and hungry.

*Amos.* Hungry? Why, I'm famishing; and so is my horse. Howard, take care of him.

*Howard.* At once, sir. (*Exit c. GRACE sits on lounge.*)

*Hester (going to door L.).* I will see that your supper is prepared.

*Amos.* Not just yet. Mrs. Thorne, I have been absent in your interests. Are you not anxious to know the result?

*Hester.* I am more anxious for your comfort, sir. I told you it were better to let the past rest.

*Amos.* Yes; three days ago you surprised me with the story of that past. I told you I would be your friend. I come to-night to surprise you.

*Hester.* Surprise me ?

*Amos.* Yes. Your daughter lives !

*Hester.* No, no, it is impossible ; she died years ago. I learned it —

*Amos.* From a newspaper report. It was a lie ; a forgery ; wrought by a cunning hand to keep you from your child.

*Hester.* O, Mr. Gaylord, can it be ? Shall I see her again ? O, dear, dear friend, tell me all.

*Grace (rising).* Your pardon ; you do not desire company, and I will —

*Amos.* Stay where you are, Grace. This story may interest you, as showing to what extent villany may be carried by so unscrupulous a man as Alfred Thorpe.

*Hester.* Alfred Thorpe !

*Grace.* My guardian !

*Amos.* Mrs. Thorne, the story of your wrongs made a deep impression upon me. I was quick to catch any suspicious circumstance, and from his own lips I gained the information that led me to believe he was the traitorous friend.

*Hester.* He was ; he was.

*Amos.* Then his fat friend, Turtle, in an angry moment gave me another hint, which I was not slow to take advantage of. I took the stage, and yesterday alighted at a pleasant little place forty miles from here, called Greenland. There I hunted up an old friend of your husband. From him I learned that your husband had left a child with him years ago ; gave it to him to be taken care of ; to be given up if called for, — otherwise, to live and die as his child. From that day to

this he has never seen the father; but three years after, a man bearing an order came for the child and took it away.

*Hester.* And that is all?

*Amos.* No; that is but the beginning. I traced the child to its new home; traced the report of its death; picked up straggling threads in the child's life; the name of its father; the name of the bearer of the order; until I proved conclusively that your child is alive and well.

*Hester.* O, Mr. Gaylord, can I find her? can I clasp her in my arms?

*Amos.* *Hester (taking her hand),* as I believe in truth and justice, believe me, the words I am about to speak are the truth, truth beyond a doubt. 'The child that bore the name of Grace Thorne now bears the name of Grace Ingalls (*goes down R.*).

*Grace.* O, mother, mother! (*Runs into HESTER'S arms.*)

*Hester (clasping her in her arms).* My child! My dear, dear child!

*Amos.* Well, it strikes me that "rough country life" is looking up.

*Grace.* O, I am so happy! No earthly name is so dear as that of "mother!"

*Hester.* Save that of "child." Grace, my darling; I feel this must be a reality, — so much in your face that has attracted me grows into the likeness of the babe torn from me, that I cannot doubt.

*Grace.* And I catch the same tenderness in your loving eyes that has been to me a blessed memory for



years! O, mother, mother! there is so much love springing to new life in my heart, there is no room for doubt.

*Amos (crossing to door L., behind).* Now, having satisfactorily reported the results of my journey, with your leave, ladies, I will now satisfy the cravings of my appetite.

*Hester.* I will attend you, sir.

*Amos.* No, no; I will not interrupt you.

*Hester.* Nay, I insist. You have been so kind to me, Mr. Gaylord — such a dear friend — (*gives her hand*) I know not how to recompense you.

*Amos.* Well, suppose you give me a cup of tea. After you, madam. (*Opens door, steps back and bows.* *HESTER goes to door, then turns, stops a minute, runs c. and embraces GRACE, then runs off door L.* *AMOS, about to go, turns and looks at GRACE.*)

*Grace (runs and throws her arms about his neck).* Heaven bless you, dear Mr. Gaylord; you have made me very, very happy.

*Amos (kissing her forehead).* Serves you right. (*Aside*) I'd like to be a second father to that girl. Ah, well, if I've made them happy, I must be content.

[*Exit door L.*]

*Grace.* Dear old man, how I love him! That's a very proper sentiment too, for he's Howard's father; and if —

(*Enter THORPE, c.*)

*Thorpe.* Grace, — Grace, my darling (*comes down R. with outstretched hands; she starts back to L.*).

*Grace.* Mr. Thorpe!

*Thorpe.* Why this coldness? Have they turned you against me? Has my enforced absence shocked you? I could not help it; the sight of that man who has basely wronged me —

*Grace.* Spare your apologies, I beg, Mr. Thorpe. You are master of your own actions. No one has been surprised at your absence. Why should I be?

*Thorpe.* Grace, you know how dear you are to me. No, I am wrong; you cannot. I have watched you from childhood with all a father's care. You have grown into beautiful womanhood; and with no paternal blood to check the feeling, a strong and tender love has taken the place of fatherly interest. Grace Ingalls, I love you with the one mighty passion of my life. Will you become my wife?

*Grace.* No, no; do not press me. I owe you much; my heart is filled with gratitude for your tender care.

*Thorpe.* You have much cause to be grateful. I have freely lavished upon you wealth, and made you renowned. These should make you ponder well ere you refuse the boon I ask.

*Grace.* Mr. Thorpe, when three days ago you broached this subject to my great surprise, I weighed well my duty and my inclination. I appreciate all your goodness; thank you a thousand times for all your care; and could I repay you —

*Thorpe.* You can; you must; — with your love.

*Grace.* Impossible. Within an hour my life has wondrously changed. Mr. Thorpe, I have often asked you to tell me of my parents — of my father.

*Thorpe.* I have told you — he is dead.

*Grace.* And my mother?

*Thorpe.* She, too, is dead (*aside*) to you.

*Grace.* And this, you tell me, is the truth; on your honor?

*Thorpe.* On my honor.

*Grace.* And you ask me to marry you? Mr. Thorpe, with your words still ringing in my ears, I refer you to one who alone has the right to dispose of my hand. (*Points to HESTER, who enters door L.*) My mother. (*HOWARD appears C.*)

*Thorpe* (*starts and goes R.*). Her mother! (*Aside*) Whose fiendish work is this?

(*HOWARD comes down; GRACE takes his arm, and they pass off through window, R.*)

*Hester.* You hear, Alfred Thorpe: that girl, pure and innocent, calls me mother.

*Thorpe.* She has no right.

*Hester.* 'Tis useless to deny what can be fully proved. Every link in the chain of evidence, from the time you kidnapped my child, has been fully tested by Amos Gaylord.

*Thorpe.* Amos Gaylord?

*Hester.* Yes; the man whom you sought to turn against me has outwitted you. With all your cunning, the honest, simple-hearted farmer has wrought the good work which gives the mother to her child again.

*Thorpe.* And you triumph! How? You have snatched the girl from her home — a life of ease and luxury — for what? To share the hard fate of a suspected and despised woman.

*Hester.* Suspected? Yes. Despised? No. True, warm friends have gathered about me in my darkest hour. I am strong in my own innocence, and shall live down the distrust which you alone have created. Ay, more, I stand between you and the woman you love. We have changed places, Alfred Thorpe, for I now have the power to make your life as miserable as you have made mine.

*Thorpe.* But you will not. Hester, I love that girl; dearly, madly love her. Give her to me. Let all that has passed be forgotten. I will make any reparation you may ask; only give her to me. See (*kneels*), on my knees I ask this precious boon.

*Hester.* On your knees — Ah! (*PHIL, with his arms folded, his eyes on the ground as if in deep thought, enters from window R., and passes out through door C., HESTER looking at him. THORPE has his head bowed, and does not see him. Aside*) Let me be firm. (*Aloud*) Alfred Thorpe — (*PHIL is just passing the window L. C. ; he starts, stops, and watches through window*) — once, trembling in every limb, and with tears streaming down your cheeks, you made a confession to my husband. Are you now prepared to confess to me?

*Thorpe (rising).* What shall I confess?

*Hester.* The truth. If you hope for my consent — if you hope for mercy hereafter — tell me, why have you so bitterly pursued me?

*Thorpe.* Because I loved you, Hester. I could not bear to see you the wife of that man, Philip Thorne. You chose him. From that moment I determined you



should be mine. I would break the chain that bound you to him. 'Twas easily done : a few forged letters, a few startling situations, and the fool believed you guilty, and deserted you.

*Hester.* Did I not spurn you from me, and treat with contempt your base proposals?

*Thorpe.* You did; and when I had succeeded in separating you from your husband, when I believed that you could be made to love me, having no protector, I found I had deceived myself, and you were a pure and noble woman. O, Hester, I am a fool to let my tongue betray me now; but on your words hangs my fate. I thought I loved you as I could never love another; but she who is now the image of what you once was has aroused a mightier passion in my breast, and the love which was once yours, a thousand-fold deepened, goes out to her, your daughter.

*Hester.* And what reparation do you propose for me, the woman you have robbed of her husband, branded with suspicion, and degraded in the eyes of the world?

*Thorpe.* Ample, Hester. Grace my wife, our house is yours. Beneath my roof an honored guest, the past will be forgotten as an idle tale, and all the future filled with peace and happiness.

*Hester.* And my husband?

*Thorpe.* Poor fool! let him be forgotten. He never loved you. Think you that, had I been lifted to your love, I should have allowed suspicion to break my trust in you? No, no; he was no true man. Let him rest here among the hills. Weak in intellect, enfeebled

in body, he will soon pass away, and, like your wrongs, be as soon forgotten.

*Hester.* And you ask me to give you my daughter? Alfred Thorpe, you are a villain! The murderer who lifts his hand against his brother man is a hero, yea, a saint, compared with a coward who, like you, lifts his voice to sully a woman's reputation! I'd rather see my child again lost to me — lost forever! — than have her become the mate of such as you! (*Crosses to R.*)

*Thorpe.* Yet I will have her! Mark me, Hester, she shall be mine! I have stooped to you; I will again, — but it shall be as the eagle stoops to seize its prey! Remember, you are an outcast. The breath of suspicion, like the foul miasma, once it blasts the atmosphere about a woman, cannot easily be shaken off. You are weak and friendless; I, strong and powerful. Once I set my schemes afoot, I pause not till I conquer. I will not now. I'll have your daughter. You may struggle and writhe, — proclaim your innocence, but who — who will believe you?

*Phil (rushing on, c.).* I will — I, Philip Thorne. (*Stands c., with right hand raised.* THORPE L. of C.) Right, Alfred Thorpe, he was no true man; he was a fool. But now the light is breaking in on his weak intellect; the clouds are lifting. Enfeebled in body? Ha! (*Seizes THORPE by throat with left hand.*) Liar! But a few days ago, on a precipitous spur in yonder mountain, where but one could pass, I met a fierce and hungry bear, who clasped me in his arms. On the brink we struggled — he and I — in close embrace of life and death, my hand upon his throat, as now on

yours, I drove my knife into his heart, and flung him to the abyss below. (*Lifts THORPE, and throws him with right hand, on stage.*) Enfeebled — I? Ha, ha, ha! (*Lifts his foot to trample on him.*)

(*Enter from window R., GRACE and HOWARD; by door L., AMOS. HESTER runs up and places her hand on PHIL'S right shoulder.*)

*Hester.* Philip! (*Music, piano. THORPE rises and goes to table.*)

*Phil* (*looking at her steadily*). Hester, innocent and wronged one, dare I look thee in the face again? No, no; on my knees, at your feet — (*about to kneel*).

*Hester* (*raising him quickly*). No, no, my husband; all is forgotten, all forgiven. Take me to your arms; tell me you believe me —

*Phil* (*clasping her in his arms*). Innocent! innocent! My own dear wife! (*Music stops. THORPE goes to door, c.*)

*Thorpe* (*looking in*). They've won the game and ruined me. But I held the reins for twelve long years! Let them remember that. (*Goes off L.; stops at window and shakes fist.*) Remember that. [*Exit L.*

*Hester.* Dear Philip, that our union may be complete, look upon our daughter. Grace, my child, your father (*steps to R.*).

*Grace* (*running into PHILIP'S arms*). Father!

*Phil.* My child! The face did not deceive me; it was Hester's — Hester's, as I knew it ere —

*Hester* (*goes to him on R.*). Ere the clouds obscured it, Philip; but they've rolled away, and all is bright again.

*Phil.* Wondrous bright. (*Left arm about GRACE, right arm about HESTER; looks first at one, then at the other.*) The skies are clear, and the stars of love are shining on my path.

*Amos (R.).* Mrs. Thorne, we have beaten the enemy at last.

*Hester (gives hand).* Thanks to you, dear, dear friend.

*Amos (crosses to PHIL).* Old boy, you're in luck (*gives his hand*). Your wife is a treasure; and your daughter —

*Howard (gives PHIL his hand).* An angel! Ah, Phil, you've truly found out the world is what we make it. I wish you joy.

*Amos.* I almost envy you. I wish that daughter was mine.

*Howard.* It will not be my fault if she is not, father.

*Amos.* Hallo! Hallo! What do you mean, sir? (*GRACE gives her hand to HOWARD.*) Ho, ho! I understand. Town and country have found out the truth that they cannot live without each other. (*All stand a little R. of C., near window, in a group talking.*)

*Susy (outside C.).* O dear! boo-hoo! — (*Crying.*) It's a shame!

(*Enter SUSY, C., with her apron to her eyes.*)

*Amos.* Hallo, Susy! What's the matter?

*Susy.* O dear! I — I — I — boo-hoo — think it's a shame — so it is.



*Amos.* So do I, Susy, whatever it is. Who's been plaguing you?

*Susy.* Chips — and — and — boo-hoo, Mr. Nay — Nay — Naylor — been — been fighting just awful.

*Amos.* Fighting? What about?

*Susy.* Me, sir! I — I — I tried to stop 'em, but — but — they wo — wo — wouldn't, and they're all bru — bruised.

(*Enter NAT, C. ; his clothes are torn ; his necktie hanging ; one eye blacked ; one cheek puffed out ; face scratched, and hair ruffled. Comes down R.*)

*Nat.* Upon the moonlit plain we met as foes :  
He blacked my eye — I flattened out his nose.

Impromptu. Ahem !

(*Enter CHIPS, C., in an equally forlorn condition, his nose bleeding, face scratched, &c. Both characters should present signs of having fought long and well.*)

*Chips* (*coming down L.*). Yes, darn you, you're a spunky chap, for all your loose rhymes.

*Amos.* What does this mean? Explain yourselves.

*Chips.* I ain't got nothin' to say. I was jest goin' by —

*Susy.* Now stop. Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Chips? (*Amos goes back to group, R.*)

*Chips.* Don't care : he called me a booby.

*Nat.* I withdraw the appellation, Chips.

*Susy.* There ! Now shake hands and be friends.

*Chips.* I don't want to.

*Susy.* You must. Come here, Mr. Naylor. (*Takes his hand and leads him over to CHIPS, L.*) Now shake hands. Confess you have made fools of yourselves, and become friends.

*Nat* (*holds out his hand*). I'm willing.

Chip of a stubborn block, my dexter take —  
We will be friends —we will —

*Chips.* O, 'nuff said, — shake. (*They shake hands.*)

(*Enter LUCRETIA, R.*)

*Lucretia.* Has anybody seen my Titus?

(*Enter TURTLE from door L., a napkin about his neck, a huge slice of pie in one hand, and a piece of cheese in the other, eating. TURTLE crosses stage; at the same time GRACE goes to table C., and sits. SUSY sits in arm-chair L., keeping up a dumb show of conversation with CHIPS on her right and NAT on her left. HOWARD goes up to vase of flowers in the passage.*)

*Turtle.* Were you looking for me, Miss Lucretia?

*Lucretia.* Yes, Titus; I was hungering for your society, thirsting for the music of your voice.

*Turtle.* Hungering and thirsting. Now, that's true poetry — the language of the appetite. So was I. Ah, Lucretia, the cold shoulder has done its work. While it assuaged my appetite, it filled my soul with remorse (*bites pie*). Forgive me, Lucretia, I have awakened to a realizing sense of your virtues (*bites cheese*). It brought to my mind the time when I sat at your table and partook of a hot shoulder cooked by your own fair

hands. It was luscious! May I not hope that your fair hands may feed me — no, lead me — to many such feasts?

*Lucretia.* O Titus, we may be happy yet. So romantic.

(*Phil stands R. C., with his arm about HESTER'S waist, looking off R. Moonlight on them. AMOS comes down C. HOWARD comes down to table, with flowers in his hand.*)

*Amos.* Well, Susy, are all your troubles over?

*Susy.* Yes, father. Chips and I have made up our minds to — to — You tell him, Chips.

*Chips.* O, certainly. Mr. Gaylord, I was telling Susy — no, Susy was telling me. Well, I'll come in and tell you to-morrow, — when I'm going by.

*Nat.* When going by, he'll lift the latch,  
To let you know they've made a match.

Impromptu. Ahem!

*Amos.* Ha, ha! I see. Well, I shall be at home.  
(*Goes up C.*) Phil, old fellow, why so silent?

*Phil.* For wonder. Amos, an hour ago, life was a dreary waste to me. How quick the change. There a daughter, and here a wife — the golden links of long ago put on again to bind me willing captive!

*Hester.* We are both to blame. Had we trusted in each other, all that has marred our lives we should have escaped. We have been taught the lesson of faith through trial and tribulation in the lost years. Re-united, we will take it to our hearts. Now all is bright again.

*Phil.* Bright as yonder peak, my home no longer.  
Hester, here in this bustling world below I'll rear again  
our happy home; and though the tempest has beaten  
about us, and darkness obscured our path, — with con-  
fidence and trust to lead and guide, with strength and  
courage to subdue, we will journey on. The gloom  
dispersed, the shadows rolled away, the light of love  
upon our pathway, with Heaven's help we will tri-  
umphantly lift ourselves — Above the Clouds.

TABLEAU. — PHIL R. C., *arm about HESTER'S waist, right hand pointing off through window; moonlight on them.* AMOS near door C., *watching them.* GRACE seated at table, *looking up at HOWARD, who stands back of table and places flowers in her hair.* SUSY in arm-chair L., *with CHIPS leaning over it.* NAT extreme L., *with a pencil and note-book, scratching his head with pencil, as though trying to make a verse.* TURTLE and LUCRETIA extreme R., *arm in arm, looking at PHIL.*

[*Music, and Slow Curtain.*]



# SHALL OUR MOTHERS VOTE?

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## CHARACTERS.

JOHN READY, President of the Excelsior Debating Club.

JAMES ROSE, Secretary.

TOM SLOWBOY, Treasurer.

SAM SLY,

FRANK WILSON,

CHARLEY BOARDMAN,

FRANK BLACK (*colored*),

ISAAC PEARL,

PERCY KIMBALL,

NORVAL YOUNG,

MIKE SHEA,

} Debaters.

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SCENE. — *Room, President's Desk and Chair, c. Secretary, Table, and Chair, R. of Desk. Four Chairs R., and five Chairs L. The whole arranged in a semicircle back.*

(*Enter R., JOHN READY, followed by SLOWBOY.*)

*Ready.* Treasury entirely empty, you say, Slowboy?

*Slowboy.* Not a dollar, not the minutest particle of

scrip, not even that very small specimen of hard money — a nickel.

*Ready.* Where has it gone? It was only a month ago we collected the annual assessment.

*Slowboy.* And it was only last week we had our great debate on "The Influence of Peace," in which our members became so much interested, that four panes of glass were broken, the looking-glass smashed, one chair received a broken back, and another had a compound fracture of one of its legs. Of course, all these little eccentricities of genius must be paid for; and the treasury is empty. If this is one of the influences of peace, we had better change the subject.

*Ready.* The members were a little emphatic on that occasion; but it was a glorious debate; and the question, "Resolved, that Peace is the foundation of Prosperity," was carried before we broke up.

*Slowboy.* Yes; and 'twas the peace party broke up the furniture, and smashed the windows.

*Ready.* Ah, Slowboy, I fear you bear malice; for you, if I recollect aright, were one of the war party.

*Slowboy.* My voice is still for war.

*Ready.* We must find some way to fill the treasury. I fear the members will not stand taxation.

*Slowboy.* With the storied memories of their plucky forefathers before them in this centennial year, I should say, not a cent. It must be raised by fines. The peace party have carried the day. Let us have peace.

*Ready.* I do not understand you.

*Slowboy.* My plan is very simple. We are constantly interrupted in debate. There's that Sam Sly,

for instance. Heretofore you have tried to suppress the interruption with the remark, "The gentleman is out of order;" whereupon the *gentleman* subsides until he feels like breaking out again. And they do break out often, especially Sly. Now, I propose to fine a member, for each and every interruption, five cents. Some of them will find it impossible to keep quiet; and our treasury will fill rapidly.

*Ready.* That's quite an idea — if it can only be made to work.

*Slowboy.* I think it can. And if we succeed, Sam Sly will pay dear for this night's debate.

*Ready.* Sam Sly again. Slowboy, I fear you are malicious. Sly is one of our best debaters; and because you do not agree on all points —

*Slowboy (angrily).* We agree on no point. He's a saucy, conceited chap, that's forever interrupting. I never attempted to declaim in school, but what he was at my elbow, with his insulting —

*Sly.* (*Who has entered R., in time to be at SLOWBOY'S elbow.*) Charcoal!

*Slowboy.* O, confound you! here you are!

*Sly.* Yes, here I am, Slowboy, ready to be confounded, if not convinced, by your arguments against mother suffrage. — Good evening, Mr. President.

*Ready.* Good evening, Sam. Are the boys coming?

*Sly.* Yes, sir, close at hand,

"All saddled, all bridled, all fit for the fight."

(*They retire up, and stand at desk, talking together.*)

(*Enter R., ISAAC PEARL and FRANK WILSON, speaking as they enter.*)

*Isaac.* Lew Bunker caught him out on the fly.

*Frank.* Ah! What did he say to that? (*They pass to L., and whisper together.*)

(*Enter PERCY KIMBALL and CHARLEY BOARDMAN, speaking.*)

*Percy.* "Does your mother know you're out?"

*Charley.* He said that — did he? (*They pass to L., and stand whispering together.*)

(*Enter NORVAL YOUNG and MIKE SHEA, speaking as they enter, followed by FRANK BLACK.*)

*Norval.* Well done, brave archer.

*Mike.* He was out on the fly.

*Black.* Out on de fly! Away wid yer nonsense. Dat ar Bunker can't fly — ain't got de wings.

*Mike.* Aisy, will ye, Blackey? Don't I tell yez 'twas a ball?

*Black.* O, quit foolin'. Dey don't fly at a ball; dey dance — so. (*Shuffles.*)

*Mike.* Out, ye heathen! I'll not disturb yer ignorance.

*Ready.* (*Takes chair, and raps on table.*) The meeting will please come to order. (*All sit.* TOM SLOWBOY, R., *next table*; ISAAC PEARL, FRANK WILSON, *next him*; SAM SLY, *extreme R.*; NORVAL YOUNG, L., *close by president's desk*; then MIKE SHEA; FRANK BLACK, *extreme L.*) In the absence of our secretary, with the minutes, it will be necessary —



*James Rose (outside).* Hold on a minute! Here I am!

*(Enters R., with a pen behind his ear, a blank book under his arm, and a roll of paper in his left hand. He drops the roll, stoops to pick it up, and the pen drops from his ear. Stoops for that, and drops the book; picks up that, and places pen behind his ear, when he goes through the same performance again.)*

*Slowboy.* Seems to me the secretary is behind time; he should be fined.

*Sly.* Don't you see he is picking up the *minutes* he has lost. *(This just as the secretary is picking up his book a second time. All groan.)*

*Slowboy.* Puns should be fined.

*Sly.* You'd never find one, *Slowboy.* *(All groan.)*

*Ready (rapping).* Order, gentlemen. *(Secretary goes to his place.)* The first business in order is the reading of the records of the last meeting.

*Sly (jumping up).* I move, Mr. President, the reading be dispensed with. *(Sits.)*

*Slowboy (jumping up).* Mr. President, I hope the motion will not prevail. *(Sits.)*

*Sly (rising).* Mr. President, the records of our regular were read at our last special, when we voted to adjourn immediately after the reading. I don't see any necessity for reading them again at this time, unless the gentleman who objects is unable to understand them at one reading. *(Sits.)*

*Slowboy (jumping up).* Mr. President, does Sam Sly mean —

*Ready (rapping).* The gentleman is out of order. The calling of names is unparliamentary. Is the motion to omit the reading seconded?

*Frank.* Second the motion.

*Sly.* Question!

*Slowboy.* Mr. President —

*All. (Except SLOWBOY, president, and secretary.)*  
Question! Question!

*Black.* Question afore de meetin'-house.

*Mike.* O, hush yer pate! Yez always howlin'.

*Ready.* It is moved and seconded, that the reading of the records be dispensed with. All those in favor will manifest it by the usual sign. (*All raise hands except SLOWBOY.*) Contrary minded. (*SLOWBOY's hand up.*) It is a vote.

*Black. (To MIKE.)* Dat ar feller jes like a mule.

*Mike.* Always kickin' up.

*Sly (aside).* Had him there.

*Ready.* The meeting is open for business.

*Slowboy (jumping up).* Mr. President.

*Ready.* Mr. Slowboy.

*Slowboy.* Mr. President, in view of the many interruptions by which the more orderly have been made to suffer, and in consequence of the low state of our treasury, I move, sir, that, during our deliberations and discussions this evening, any member interrupting another in the orderly progress of debate, shall be fined for each and every offence the sum of five cents. (*Sits. All groan.*)

*Sly (rising).* Mr. President.

*Ready.* Mr. Sly.

*Sly.* Mr. President, although I seldom agree with the views of the gentleman who has just made the motion, finding those views in general to be cumbrous, old-fashioned, and unsuited to the progressive spirit which I trust animates our councils, yet, in this case, his motion is so manifestly in accord with the spirit of harmony and good order for which I have always been an ardent worker (*SLOWBOY groans*), that I hasten, sir, to second the motion.

*Ready.* It is moved and seconded, that any member interrupting another in the orderly progress of debate be fined for each and every offence the sum of five cents. The motion is before the meeting.

*Several.* Question! Question!

*Ready.* The question is called for. Those in favor of the motion will manifest it. (*All up.*) Contrary minded. It is a unanimous vote. Is there any further business to come before the meeting? (*Pause.*) We will then proceed with the debate. (*Reads.*) "Resolved, that the good of mankind, the purity of the ballot-box, and the interest of society, demand that our mothers shall vote." Mr. Isaac Pearl will open in the affirmative, Mr. Percy Kimball in the negative. (*Sits.*)

*Frank Wilson (rising).* Mr. President, I move that the question be amended by the addition of grandmothers. I don't think they should be slighted, and I've got a splendid one.

*Charley Boardman.* I've got an aunt Hannah; can't you put her in?

*Mike (jumping up).* Troth, put in the coozens too. What could an Irishman do widout his coozens!

*Ready.* Gentlemen, you are all entirely out of order.

*Slowboy (jumps up).* Then fine them, Mr. Secretary, put down Wilson, Boardman, Shea, —

*Ready.* Not quite so fast, Mr. Slowboy; they have made no interruption. I should have said the amendments were out of order, as the question for debate chosen at a previous meeting cannot be amended at a subsequent. Mr. Pearl, you have the floor. (SLOWBOY *sits.*)

*Isaac Pearl (rising).* Mr. President, this is an age of progress, and I think the Literary Debaters of this society in the selection of the resolution on which I have the honor to speak in the affirmative here, have shown a commendable spirit of enterprise, which will be rewarded with the grateful plaudits of a ransomed nation, when woman, granted her rights, shall wield with man an equal power in the government of this enlightened community. (*Cries of "Good," "Good," and clapping of hands from those who speak in the affirmative.*)

*Slowboy (jumping up).* Fines! Fines! Mr. President, this is out of order. Put down Sly, and —

*Ready.* Order, Mr. Slowboy. Judicious applause is always allowable in our debates. Sit down. (SLOWBOY *sits.*) Go on, Mr. Pearl.

*Pearl.* And who should have the first place in the moving march of reform? Who are best fitted to have a voice in the government? Who are heaven-born electors? Our mothers, sir. Is not their first duty government? Who govern us? Who have governed the greatest men that ever lived? Mothers.



They teach our infant lips the language of our country. They lead our infant steps in the path of duty. They spur us on to excel, and guard our ways with good counsel. Give them the ballot, and their influence will make better laws. Give them the ballot, and the ward-room and the election-booths will be cleansed of corruption. Give them the ballot, and society will be an ever-changing spectacle of wrongs crushed out, and reforms working goodness, purity, and peace, while justice, exalted to the highest place, shall ever crown the earnest worker with the laurels of victory. (*Applause, and cries of "Good."* PEARL sits.)

*Black.* (*To MIKE.*) Dat's so. It jes take de bullets to crush up de spe'tacles, an — an —

*Mike.* Whisht yer blarney. Ye's on the ither side.

*Ready.* Mr. Percy Kimball has the floor.

*Percy (rising).* Mr. President and Gentlemen, are we prepared to accept the views of the gentleman who has preceded me, and forever submit to petticoat government? He has spoken eloquently, I admit; but, sir, truth is above the vapid utterances of an impassioned harangue, which, I doubt not, has been carefully compiled from all the speeches of the last fifty years. What! are we to be forever tied to our mothers? Are we to give up the bright anticipations of the future, when we are to have stiff-tailed coats and long-crowned beavers, and to cut loose from our mothers' apron-strings, and do just as we please? (*Applause, and cries of "Good," "Good," from the speakers on the negative.*)

*Sly (rising).* Mr. President —

*Slowboy (jumping up).* An interruption. Fine him, Mr. President. Mr. Secretary, put down Sam Sly five cents.

*Sly.* Mr. President, I rise to a point of order.

*Ready.* State your point, Mr. Sly.

*Sly.* The gentleman who has the floor has introduced such wild fashions — stiff-crowned coats and long-tailed beavers — as to seriously affect the aspect of the question. I respectfully ask that he keep to the question.

*Ready.* Your point is well taken, Mr. Sly.. The speaker will be more careful in future.

*Slowboy.* Ain't Sly going to be fined?

*Ready.* No, sir. He had a right to object. You, sir, were the interrupter, and must be fined. Mr. Secretary, fine Mr. Slowboy five cents. (*SLOWBOY sits down in a huff.*)

*Black.* Dat are Slowboy, he's got no sense.

*Mike.* Begorra, that's brought him to his five sinses, onyhow.

*Sly (aside).* Had him there.

*Ready.* Go on, Mr. Kimball.

*Percy.* I should have said stiff-tailed coats and long-crowned beavers. No, no, — long-crowned coats and stiff-tailed beavers. No, no. Plague take it — they've put me out. No, Mr. President, I'm down on the Mother movement. Fair play is a jewel. Mothers govern us until we are free; once free, 'tis Man's privilege to govern them, and I am not in favor of giving up one iota of our manly privileges, when we get them. (*Sits. Applause by the negative.*)

*Ready.* Gentlemen, the question has been opened on both sides, and is now ready for general debate.

*All (jumping up).* Mr. President —

*Ready (rapping).* Order, gentlemen; one at a time. Mr. Frank Wilson has the floor. (*All sit but FRANK.*)

*Frank (speaks very fast).* Mr. President, I'm in favor of mothers voting, 'cause I've got a mother, and she's smarter and better than any man that ever lived. She ain't going to be abused if I can help it. I'd like to know where us fellows would have been if we hadn't had any mothers? Who's so kind as they are, who has a lot of cookies tucked away when we come home hungry —

• *Slowboy (jumping up).* What's cookies got to do with voting?

*Ready.* Mr. Slowboy, you are out of order. Fine Slowboy five cents, Mr. Secretary.

*Slowboy.* Mr. President, I've just 'as much right to object to cookies as Sly has to long-tailed hats.

*Ready.* Mr. Sly rose on a point of order, and addressed the chair; you interrupted the speaker; be seated. (*SLOWBOY sits.*) Go on, Mr. Wilson.

*Frank.* Yes; and I do like to know, when a fellow has the ear-ache, who knows just where to put her hand on something to stop it; and when a fellow gets a crack in the skull at base-ball, who knows where to find a piece of brown paper; and when a fellow strikes his toe and comes home limping, who knows how to cure it up with Russia salve? (*SLY takes a pin from his coat, passes his hand behind those next him, and at this point sticks it into SLOWBOY.*)

*Slowboy (jumping up).* O, O, O, confound you, Ike Pearl!

*Ready.* Mr. Slowboy, you are out of order.

*Slowboy.* Well, I guess you'd be, with a big pin stuck into your arm! 'Twas that Ike Pearl.

*Pearl (rising).* Mr. President, I indignantly deny the charge.

*Slowboy.* Well, I felt the charge, anyhow, right on my crazy bone.

*Ready.* Be seated, sir. You are fined five cents. (SLOWBOY sits.)

*Frank.* Yes, sir, Russia salve, "great Nature's balm." Why, our mothers; and I think if Uncle Sam had a few of them in the government, we shouldn't have the President with the ear-ache because so many office-seekers are hanging round it; nor so many cracked skulls on the battle-field; nor so many broken toes when fellows run so fast for office. That's the sort of mother's boy I am; and if something ain't done pretty quick, if they don't put our mothers in office and let 'em vote pretty soon, the country will go to smash, and the glorious bird of freedom go limping round with a cracked skull and a crushed toe, crying out, "Mother! Mother!" and there shall be no mother to console him! (*Applause. He sits.*)

*Mike.* Be jabbers, his fut's down on that.

*Black.* Yes, indeed, he's a *toe-mater*.

*Norval (jumping up).* Mr. President—

*Ready.* Mr. Young.

*Norval.* My name is Norval—

*Slowboy.* O, pshaw! this is no time for declamations.



*Ready.* Mr. Secretary, fine Mr. Slowboy five cents for interruption.

*Slowboy.* Mr. President, this is unjust.

*Ready.* Those who make laws should submit to them. Mr. Young said his name was Norval. Has he made a misstatement? — Be silent, sir. — Go on.

*Norval (with a theatrical air).* My name is Norval — Young. You all know me. I am a boy; but, sir, I scorn to utter such childish nonsense as has just proceeded from the mouth of the gentleman who has preceded me. He talks like a boy, like a boy who thinks the old gnarled oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling. I dare do all that may become a man: who dares do more is none. Get thee to a nunnery, or a nursery, thou valiant gentleman, who prattles so sillily of Russia salve, and brown paper, and cookies. Give mothers bonnets, not ballots. They are not fitted for the stern alarms of the political camp. I haven't got much to say on this question, for, like Othello, rude am I in speech, and little skilled in the set phrase of peace. But I am opposed to giving mothers the ballot. Let mothers be content to fit us for the political field; where,

“Blow, winds, come, wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back.”

*Black.* Hear dat! hear dat! Dat's a clincher. Way up! way up!

*Mike.* Yis, up the spout. — Mr. Prsident —

*Ready.* Mr. Shea.

*Mike.* Mr. Prsident, sir, yer honor, it is my privilege to stand in this august confederacy of brave and

inlightened deliberators, on the side av our female mithers. Sir Mr. Prsident, yer honor, in my opinion the ballot should be in the strongest hands : and haven't I a mither? To be sure I have. Don't yees all know her? Haven't yees all, wid ginerous heart, patronized her panut-stand? To be sure yees have. An' me mither, Sir Mr. Prsident, yer honor, is the head av the house at home. She can knock me daddy down wid a broomstick before he can lift his arm to stay the impinding crisis. She's the spryest on the fut. Haven't I seen her chase the daddy from attic to cellar, and pin him in the coal-hole; and he wid three minutes the start, too? Don't she always bate him in a fistic encounter? An' as for strong lungs, whoop! she can out-talk a regiment widout takin' breath. Would I go back on me mither? Niver, Sir Mr. Prsident, yer honor; for didn't she tell me wid her own mitherly lips that if I said a word agin her having the ballot here to-night, she'd flay me alive whin I came home? An', Sir Mr. Prsident, yer honor, me fray opinion is, that mithers should have the ballot. (*Sits.*)

*Charley Boardman (rises).* Mr. President.

*Ready.* Mr. Boardman.

*Charley.* Mr. President, when a fellow comes here and tells us what his mother told him to say, and ain't got no opinion of his own, I think he'd better be sent home in quick order, to meet the punishment his cowardice merits.

*Mike (jumping up).* What's that? A coward — am I?

*Ready.* Order, Mr. Shea. Secretary, fine Mr. Shea five cents for interruption.

*Slowboy.* Good, good! Serves him right.

*Ready.* Also fine Mr. Slowboy five cents.

*Slowboy.* Mr. President, I protest —

*Ready.* Be silent, sir. — Go on, Mr. Boardman.

*Charley.* I've no more to say, Mr. President. But if the male Shea deems himself affronted by my allusion to the female Shea, I am ready to meet him on neutral ground behind the school-house. But let us have no *she* government. (*Sits.*)

*Sam Sly (rising).* Mr. President —

*Slowboy (rising).* Mr. President —

*Ready.* Mr. Sly has the floor.

*Slowboy.* No, sir; I rose first, and I demand my rights.

*Ready.* I certainly heard Mr. Sly's voice first.

*Slowboy.* I will not be put down in this manner.

*Ready.* Fine Mr. Slowboy five cents.

*Slowboy.* This is unjust, sir. I demand a hearing.

*Ready.* Fine Mr. Slowboy five cents again.

*Slowboy.* But, sir, I rise to a point of order. I appeal from your decision.

*Ready.* Mr. Slowboy appeals from the decision of the chair. Those in favor of sustaining the chair in its decision will please manifest it. (*All up but SLOWBOY.*) Contrary minded. It is a unanimous vote. Mr. Slowboy, be seated. Mr. Sly, you have the floor.

*Sly.* Mr. President, I am very sorry to disappoint my young friend, and I willingly give way to allow him the floor. (*Sits.*) Had him there.

*Slowboy (rising).* Mr. President.

*Ready.* Mr. Slowboy.

*Slowboy.* I cannot be insensible to the kindness of the gentleman who has given way. If his politeness had come a little sooner it might have saved me some expense. Still I am obliged to him.

*Sly (rising and bowing).* Not at all, Mr. Slowboy. (*Sits.*)

*Slowboy (quickly).* An interruption, Mr. President. Fine him.

*Ready.* I decline to, sir, He very politely acknowledged your courtesy. If politeness is to be fined, you will have to introduce a new motion.

*Slowboy (aside).* Confound him. (*Aloud*) Mr. President, the question to-night is, Should mothers vote, or should they not vote? I am opposed to any such violation of the rights of men. Give mothers the right to vote, and at one fell swoop you overturn the pillars of state. Give them the right, and they will possess themselves of the reins of government, and our halls of legislation would be turned into nurseries. Instead of the indignant protest of our carpet-bag senators, would be heard the wail of the infant. Instead of the chink of gold in our custom-houses, the sound of the scrubbing-brush; and courts and halls would echo with the scandal of sewing-circles and tea-fights. No, sir. Let us stand firm against any encroachments of our rights. Let us oppose the coming wave of change, drive back the onward charge of mothers' suffrage, and, with our backs against the rock of manly rights, cry, in the words of the psalmist, —

“ This rock shall flee

From its firm base as soon as we.”

(*Sits. Applause.*)



*Black (rises).* Mr. President, sar.

*Ready.* One moment, Mr. Black. Mr. Sly has the floor.

*Sly.* I give way to the gentleman of color, Mr. President.

*Black.* Mr. President, sar, wh-wh-what all dis talk about mudder sufferings, hey? Does dis ole mudder suffer any more dan de boy she fotched up — I ax you? Don't we git lammed and cuffed? and are we agwine ter gib up our glorious heresy ob freedom jes when we got our cibbil rights — I ax you? Wh-whose mudder suffers — I ax you? Am she white, or am she black? Wh-what she got to do wid de question upon dis meeting-house? I wish de gemlem over de right and de gemlem over de left would stick to de question, — Shall mudders vote, or shall they not vote? — not keep a bringin' ole mudder sufferings into de fight. I don't kere which side licks, as I ain't got no mudder, and nebber had none; but I gwine in for unibersal freedom, and de Declaration of Independence, an' — an' de star-spangled banner, onto ebery school-house in de land, and de colored man on top ob de wood-pile. (*Sits. Applause.*)

*Sly (rising).* Mr. President, so much has been said on both sides of this question, that my feeble voice need not be raised on this occasion.

*Slowboy.* Then sit down.

*Ready.* Order, gentlemen. One more fine for Mr. Slowboy.

*Sly.* But, sir, I should be ungrateful to the mother that bore me, did I not pronounce her worthy to stand

forth, clothed with the right to raise her voice and cast her vote in the government of our land. What has man accomplished for the good of mankind, the purity of the ballot-box, and the welfare of society, that woman, and foremost of all, our mothers, could not accomplish, but give them the opportunity? What have they not done already? Ask the millions of heroes, who fought and bled for freedom, where they caught their first inspiration. They will tell you, at their mothers' knee. Ask the free and enlightened voter, who taught him to carefully probe political questions, and pluck the wheat from the chaff. He will tell you 'twas a mother's, a wife's, or a sister's influence. Can any work prosper without their aid? Is not society purified by their presence? Are they not in this new movement gathering to their aid the eloquence and energy of the best and noblest men? Be just, be generous. Stand by the mothers, who always stand by us; who guard, and guide, and teach us. We knew none better in our youth; we can choose none better when we reach the summit of a boy's ambition — the right to vote. (*Sits. Applause.*)

*Ready.* Will any other gentleman speak on the question? What is your pleasure?

*Slowboy.* I move we vote on the merits of the question.

*Sly.* Second the motion.

*Ready.* All in favor of adopting the resolution will manifest it in the usual manner. (*All but those who speak in the negative vote.*) Contrary minded. (*Negatives vote.*) It is a vote.

*Black.* Say, Mike, am she guilty, or am she not guilty?

*Mike.* O, whisht yer blarney!

*Slowboy.* Mr. President, I'd like to have the secretary read the list of fines.

*Rose (reads).* Mike Shea, five cents; Tom Slowboy, forty cents.

*Slowboy.* Darn it, just my luck!

*Sly (rising).* Mr. President. As our excellent treasurer has, like other famed inventors, fallen under the axe of his own guillotine, let us be magnanimous. I confess, sir, I must be held answerable for one of his interruptions. I move, sir, that the fines imposed this evening be remitted.

*Shea (jumping up).* Second the motion.

*Ready.* It is moved and seconded that the fines imposed this evening be remitted. Those in favor of the motion will manifest it. (*All up.*) Contrary minded. It is a vote.

*Sly.* Mr. President, I move we now adjourn.

*Boardman.* Second the motion.

*Ready.* It is moved and seconded we now adjourn. Those in favor will manifest it in the usual manner. (*All up.*) Contrary minded. It is a vote.

*Slowboy (coming down).* Sam Sly, you're always in luck. I thought I had you on the fines.

*Sly.* Did you, Slowboy? Remember the old maxim, "Curses are like young chickens, and still come home to roost."  
[*Exeunt.*]





# PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

*A FARCE.*

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## CHARACTERS.

DR. RUBBER DAM, a Dentist.

ORPHEUS BEETHOVEN JOYFUL, a Musician.

CHRISTOPHER CRÆSUS, a Nabob.

BOB RIDLEY (better known as DR. RIDLEY), a Colored Boy.

BUSKIN SOCKS, an Amateur Tragedian.

LARRY LANIGAN, an Irish Porter.

TIN WAH, a Chinese Laundry-Man.

MRS. MOREY, Dr. Dam's Landlady.

KATE CRÆSUS, Christopher's Daughter.

MILLY MOREY, Mrs. Morey's Daughter.

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## COSTUMES.

DR. DAM. Dark suit, with velvet breakfast-jacket.

JOYFUL. Foppish dress. Light wig; light moustache.

CRÆSUS. Dark coat, white vest, light pants, white hat. Gray wig.

BOB. Jacket and trousers; curly wig; black face.

SOCKS. Dark clothes; rolling collar; coat buttoned at waist; black gloves. Black wig; short side-whiskers; goatee.

LARRY. Rough suit. Red cropped wig.

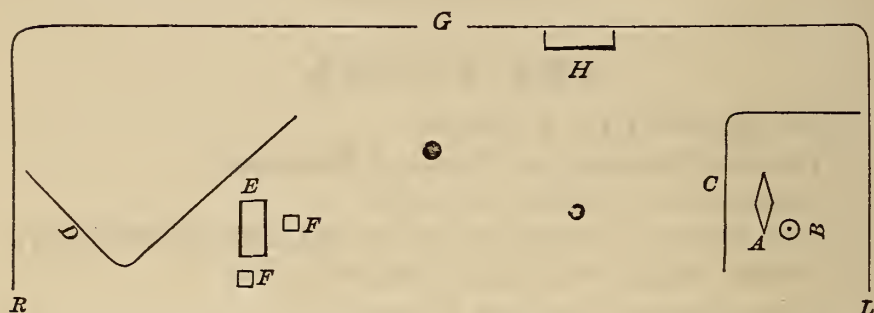
TIN WAH. Chinaman's suit, with pigtail.

MRS. MOREY. Dark dress-cap, and spectacles.

KATE. Handsome walking-dress.

MILLY. Neat morning-dress.

SCENE. — DR. DAM'S *Operating-room*. *Dental chair, with spittoon, L., near footlights. Folding screen at back and side, R. of it. Opposite side, R., screen turned the other way. Door C. L. of door, against wall, cabinet of instruments. Small table, with chair, R. of C.*



*A* Dental Chair.    *C* Screen.    *E* Table.    *G* Centre Door.  
*B* Spittoon.    *D* Screen.    *FF* Chairs.    *H* Cabinet.

*Dr. Dam* (seated at table, with memorandum-book and pencil in hand). Pshaw! one might as well stare at a blank wall as study this engagement-book. I must be patient, for there's no patient for me to-day. How can I fill my mouth with no mouths to fill? How pull through, with no teeth to pull? Give it up. I'm called pretty good on conundrums, but here's a stump. Mrs. Morey, my landlady, wants money: so do I; and we are both likely to wait, in the present healthy state of human grinders in this locality. Hang it! why was I not born a millionaire, instead of being obliged to live from hand to mouth? Ah, then I should be able to boldly face the divinity whom I meet every morning in my "constitutional" about the Park. Ah, she is a beauty! she trips along so daintily, and smiles so sweet-

ly when I lift my hat. Who is she? There is an air of refinement, the speaking air of prosperity in her attire, —

“Grace in her step, and heaven in her eye.”

Come, come, Rubber, this won't do. Rub her out of your day-dreams. There is not an aching tooth in her head to fill — the aching void in your heart too near those tempting lips. (*Knock at door.*) Come in.

(*Enter MRS. MOREY, C.*)

*Mrs. Morey.* Dr. Dam, I want my little bill.

*Dr.* Haven't seen him, Mrs. Morey. If you want some one to run an errand, I'll lend you Dr. Ridley — only he's not in yet.

*Mrs. Morey.* It's not my precious William that I seek, doctor, and you know it. It's the little bill for rent that's troubling me.

*Dr.* Don't let it, Mrs. Morey. Be a man; bear misfortune bravely; laugh at dull care, and whistle merrily.

*Mrs. Morey.* Which means, whistle for my money. O, doctor, doctor, when I let you these elegant apartments for six dollars a week, fire and lights included, I didn't think you would cheat a lone widow of her dues.

*Dr.* Don't, Mrs. Morey. You touch my heart; my pocket, too. The first is full of compassion, the last of — nothing. I mean well; but, hang it, the business don't draw. Say no more; you shall have your money. (*Takes out watch.*) This is worth something; I'll go and pawn it at once.

*Mrs. Morey.* No, indeed, you shall not. I will wait a few days.

*Dr. (aside).* That's a precious watch. It always brings her to time. (*Aloud*) Yes, but I insist on paying you at once.

*Mrs. Morey.* No, no; it was your father's watch.

*Dr.* It shall become my uncle's; we'll thus keep it in the family.

*Mrs. Morey.* No, no. I want the money to pay Milly's music-master; he can wait. Poor child, how pale and sad she grows.

*Dr.* Music doesn't agree with her.

*Milly (singing outside).* "I'd offer thee this hand of mine, if I could love thee less."

*Mrs. M.* She's always singing that, poor child! Over the kitchen range, in the sink among the dishes, that sad, sweet song mingles with her domestic duties.

*Dr.* Yes; her voice has a wide range; it rolls and swells with the rattle of her dishes, — a soprano, I should judge.

*Mrs. M.* Ah, I shall never rear her; she's destined for an early grave. Love, doctor, love is devastating her youthful hopes.

*Dr.* O, it's not so bad as that. Who is the object of her affections?

*Mrs. M.* 'Tis he who has cultivated her voice to seraphic song.

*Dr.* O, the music-master?

*Mrs. M.* Yes, the music-master. He comes: she sighs and sings. He goes: she weeps, yet sings as sweetly as a dying swan. O, doctor, never mind the



bill; come in and see Milly; perhaps your presence may cheer her; perhaps divert her attention from this tuneful charmer with the falsetto voice.

*Dr.* No, Mrs. Morey, I couldn't charm away the falsetto voice. If she was in love with a false set of teeth, I might be able to console her.

*Mrs. M.* O, doctor, doctor, this is no jesting matter! But don't trouble yourself about the bill; don't pawn your watch. I know you are poor, but I think you are an honest man. (*CRÆSUS opens door.*) If you cannot pay the rent, I can wait. (*Runs against CRÆSUS, who enters.*) Good gracious! [*Exit c.*

*Cræsus.* Take care; take care, woman! (*Comes down.*) Confound her! she's nearly knocked the breath out of my body! So, sir, you can't pay your rent?

*Dr.* Sir! What's that to you?

*Cræsus.* Hallo! Hallo, young man! Do you know who I am?

*Dr.* No; and, what's more, I don't care.

*Cræsus.* I'm Christopher Cræsus! Ha! you start!

*Dr.* Not a peg.

*Cræsus.* Rich, sir; enormously wealthy; millionaire, and all that sort of thing — but not proud; no, no — not proud. Made it myself. Came to town a boy, barefooted; stick with a small bundle — very small bundle — over my shoulder. Poor but honest parents — and all that sort of thing.

*Dr.* That sort of thing's played out. I came the same way, — minus the bundle.

*Cræsus.* It wasn't long before I had my carriage!

*Dr.* A hand-cart?

*Cræsus.* Right; it was. I peddled fish, devised a way to preserve them, made money, speculated, and here I am independent, sir, — independent! and all because I paddled my own canoe!

*Dr.* Well, what of it?

*Cræsus.* What of it? It enables me to extend a helping hand to the unfortunate. You can't pay your rent. (*Takes out wallet.*) I'll pay it for you. Come, how much is it?

*Dr.* More than you can pay; because, like you, I purpose to paddle my own canoe.

*Cræsus.* That's right. I like your spunk. Now to business. You're a dentist; pull teeth, and all that sort of thing?

*Dr.* Exactly; that is my business. Take a seat there, and let me look into your mouth.

*Cræsus.* No, I thank you. No cold iron for me. My daughter, sir, Miss Kate Cræsus, wants a tooth extracted. She'll be here in half an hour.

*Dr.* Delighted to meet her.

*Cræsus.* No doubt of it; but mind, no nonsense, young man. If she happens to have a pretty mouth, — and she has, — don't make too long a job of it, and don't fall in love with her. I won't have it — and I'm Christopher Cræsus, I am. Do your duty like a man, and remember, no nonsense. [*Exit c.*]

*Dr.* Well, the old gentleman seems anxious about his daughter. Rich, is he? He's worth knowing; but I do hope the daughter is a little more agreeable.

*Joyful (outside, sings).* "O, where art thou now, my beloved?" (*Enters.*) O, here you are, Rubber, the man

I've been looking for. Rubber, give me joy ; fortune is about to smile upon me. I have seen the future mistress of my home — the wife of my bosom. (*Sings.*)

“ She wore a wreath of roses,  
The day when first we met.”

*Dr.* Hold on, Joyful. Who is the lady with the wreath of roses ?

*Joyful.* The fairest of the fair. Now, who do you think? You cannot guess. It's the daughter of Christopher Cræsus.

*Dr.* Cræsus? Why, he's just been here !

*Joyful.* I know it ; I sent him. Miss Kate is my pupil ; a charming girl, Rubber. Last night she spent a sleepless night with the toothache ; this morning, visiting her for the purpose of giving her a lesson in music, and finding her still suffering, I suggested a visit to you. Old gentleman started off at once, and she's to follow.

*Dr.* In half an hour? Joyful, I'm much obliged to you for speaking a good word for me.

*Joyful.* Are you? I'm glad of that ; one good turn deserves another ; and you can do me a great favor. Listen. One can't bend over a bewitching girl while her taper fingers are fingering the keys of a piano without feeling a tender interest in her — at least I can't. Rubber, I have come to love that girl to distraction.

*Dr.* And she returns your love ?

*Joyful.* Well, I think so. She's sighed a great deal of late ; it may have been the toothache, but I think she has a tender regard for me.

*Dr.* Why, her father's a nabob!

*Joyful.* All the better, Rubber.

*Dr.* Yes; but rich men don't throw away their daughters.

*Joyful.* Throw away! Rubber, you forget who I am. Orpheus Beethoven Joyful, Professor of Music!

*Dr.* Yes, I know, — and a good fellow; but music and money are generally found on different scales. Well, what can I do for you?

*Joyful.* You can find out for me if she loves me.

*Dr.* You'd better find that out yourself.

*Joyful.* No, there's too much at stake. Suppose I should confess my passion — be rejected. I lose my situation as music-master: don't you see?

*Dr.* I see that, but don't see how I can help you.

*Joyful.* The easiest thing in the world. You extract teeth. How?

*Dr.* With forceps.

*Joyful.* Yes; but you sometimes employ a subtle agent to tranquillize the victim. Gas. Under its influence, the victim has been known to confess secrets; don't you see? You induce Miss Kate to inhale it; she speaks, and you tell me what she says. If she loves me she'll be sure to speak, and I shall know my fate without the fear of making a mistake.

*Dr.* A very ingenious plot, Joyful.

*Joyful.* And you'll make use of it?

*Dr.* Yes; it can do no harm. But I must be off. Where can that boy of mine be? I've not had my breakfast, and only half an hour before Miss Kate makes her appearance!



*Joyful.* Well, run and get it. I'll keep shop until you return.

*Dr.* All right. (*Goes behind screen R.; changes coat.*)

*Joyful.* I shall know my fate. I am sure she loves me. (*Enter Dr. from screen.*) Make yourself easy, Rubber; I'm in no hurry.

*Dr.* I'll not be gone long, and the boy will soon relieve you. [*Exit c.*]

*Joyful.* Don't hurry yourself. What an easy life Rubber has here, pulling teeth. Why, a boy could do that. (*Goes to case and opens drawers.*) Here's his forceps. I'd like to try my hand. (*BOB RIDLEY sticks his head in at door c.*)

*Bob.* Say, Misser O. B. Joyful, whar—whar de boss?

*Joyful.* Hallo, Dr. Ridley! you're late this morning.

*Bob.* Dat's a fac, Massa O. B. (*Comes down.*) 'Spec de doctor jes pull his har wid wexation.

*Joyful.* He'll be more likely to pull yours, if he can get a hold on it.

*Bob (rubbing his head).* Yah, yah, yah! Guess not; dar ain't no chance for a grab dar. It ain't de hand-some kind. Yah, yah! Say, Massa O. B., whar—whar your fiddle?

*Joyful.* At home, Doctor; broke a string at the concert last night.

*Bob.* Indeed did you? I wus to de consart las night; dat's de reason I'se late dis yer mornin'.

*Joyful.* Ah! What concert, Doctor?

*Bob.* Thomases in de back yard! Yah, yah, yah!

Jes kep me awake de whole night long wid der music!

*Joyful.* Threw their whole soul into it, hey?

*Bob.* Yas indeed, till I frowed my ole boots; den dar war a pair of *soles* into it — not *whole* ones nudder.

*Joyful.* I suppose you understand the business of dentistry pretty well — don't you, Doctor?

*Bob.* Yas indeed; all de fundamentals ov it.

*Joyful.* Ah! And what are the fundamentals, Doctor?

*Bob.* Sweepin' de floors, and makin' de fires.

*Joyful.* Ever drawn any?

*Bob.* How? Yas, yas; drawn my wages ebery Saturday night.

*Joyful.* I mean, pulled anything?

*Bob.* Pull off de doctor's boots.

*Joyful.* Where does he keep his gas?

*Bob.* In de observatory dar.

*Joyful.* O, the laboratory, you mean. Do you know how to prepare it?

*Bob.* Guess I does! Does you want a dose? (*Knock at the door.*) Hallo, dar's a patient! Whar's de doc'?

*Joyful.* Gone to breakfast.

*Bob.* Den I'll jist send de patient off.

*Joyful.* No, no; let the patient in; perhaps I can accommodate him.

*Bob.* You? By golly! Well, I'll show him in. (*Opens door.*)

(*Enter SOCKS, tragically, holding his face.*)

*Socks.* "I do remember an apothecary, and somewhere about here he did dwell."

*Bob.* Yas, yas; right down stairs, fust door to de left.

*Socks.* "Ye secret, dark, and midnight hags, what is 't ye do?" (*Hand to face.*) O!

*Bob.* How — wh-wh-who 's a hag? Dis am a incidental destitute. Pull all de teeth out ob.yer head widout pain.

*Socks.* "I have an aching tooth." O!

*Joyful.* Take a seat, sir, and we'll soon haul it out.

*Socks.* Thank you. Be very careful, sir, and take the right one. My teeth are precious pearls on which the footlights gleam. In Macbeth — you've seen my Macbeth?

*Joyful.* Never met him, sir. Is he in the medical profession?

*Socks.* Pshaw! I'm an amateur actor, sir; a tragedian. Macbeth is my masterpiece. I play it with my teeth thus. (*Shows teeth set.*)

"Lay on, Macduff,  
And damned be he who first cries hold! enough!"

*Joyful.* That is called tearing a passion to tatters, I suppose.

*Socks.* You see, if you should accidentally remove one of those shining lights, you rob me of my props "whereby I live." O! Be very careful, sir. (*Sits in dental chair.*)

*Joyful (looking in mouth).* I see it. Can you endure the pain?

*Socks.* "I can do all that may become a man; who can do more is none." O!

*Bob (aside).* Yas, you wait till de iron gits a good hold; den won't he holler? Yah, yah!

*Joyful.* We have an innocent preparation for deadening pain; hadn't you better try it?

*Socks.* "Throw physic to the dogs. I'll none of it."

*Joyful.* Very well, sir. (*Goes to case, and takes instrument.*) (*Aside*) Now for my first experiment. (*Comes down with forceps.*)

*Socks.* Hold on; I'll try the painkiller.

*Joyful.* All right. Bob, bring the gas.

*Bob.* Yas indeed. (*Aside*) We'll see de fun now, sure you born! (*Goes behind screen.*)

*Socks.* You are a regular practitioner, sir?

*Joyful.* Certainly. (*Aside*) On the violin.

*Socks.* "I want no quack! Out on you impostors! Quack-salving, cheating mountebanks; your skill Is to make sound men sick — and sick men kill."

(*Enter BOB from screen, with bag of gas.*)

*Bob (aside).* Yas; well, I guess you'll be a pretty sick man afore your troubles are ober.

*Joyful (takes bag).* Now, sir, if you will inhale this quietly, you will sink into a deep and blissful sleep. (*Gives bag to SOCKS.*)

*Socks.* "Give me the cup; I'll drain it ere I die."

*Bob.* Will you, honey? Well, I'll jes see de fun.



*(Goes behind screen R., and standing on a chair, peeps over top. SOCKS inhales gas from bag.)*

*Joyful.* He takes to it beautifully. I wish Rubber could witness this little operation, so easily performed by an amateur; he'd not brag quite so much of his profession. Hallo, hallo!

*Socks (starts up, and excitedly throws down bag, breathing heavily, eyes rolling, teeth set). Ha, ha, ha! (Steps off to c. of stage. JOYFUL runs behind screen L., creeps round and gets up into chair, looking over screen as SOCKS continues spouting tragically).*

I'm free! I'm free! Base tyrants, tremble!

This rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I.

Here I devote your senate. I, Macbeth,

Spit on your graves. Up, Freeman, up!

There's a light in the window for thee.

Here I stand and scoff you!

Go show your slaves how choleric you are, and make  
your bondmen tremble!

Blow, wind! Come, wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back.

Hang out your banners! Ring the battle-cry!

Vengeance and Liberty! *(Throws down chair.)*

Root, hog, or die! *[Exit c., stamping.] (BOB and JOYFUL look across at each other over screen.)*

*Joyful.* Bob, he's gone without the operation!

*Bob.* Yas indeed. He didn't gas wuff a cent!  
*(Comes from behind screen.)*

*Joyful (gets out of chair).* Well, he's out, if his tooth isn't. Ah! I should have extracted that molar beautifully, and shown Rubber how little knowledge is required in dentistry.

*Bob* (*picks up rubber bag*). Das a fac. (*Knock at door*.) Dar's anudder.

*Joyful*. Show him in; perhaps I shall have better luck this time. (*Bob opens door*.)

(*Enter LARRY*.)

*Larry* (*with a handkerchief tied over his face*). Och, murther! It's kilt I am intirely wid the toothache! Is this a dedical docthor's, I dunno?

*Joyful*. This is a dentist's office.

*Larry*. A dintist? Vhat's that? Shure I wants a tooth-puller.

*Joyful*. That is our business. What's the trouble?

*Larry*. Throuble, is it? Begorra, the throuble was last night at Biddy Flynn's wake, and all along of Pat Maloney! Shure we were all jolly, whin Pat Maloney let fly a petaty, which same struck me full in the mouth, — the miserable spalpeen! Begorra, it was a inshult to the mournful occasion; an' — an' — my blood was up. So I just shtripped off me coat, and wid me fisht laid Misther Maloney sinseless on his back, crying murther! It was an illegant shpread he made! but he was soon up and kim at me. Thin — we all became sociable. We put in the licks, and put out the lights; the girls shcramed and the min fought, till poor Biddy Flynn, the corpse — who said niver a word — was completely buried under a pile of broken chairs and crockery!

*Bob*. Golly! regular jamboree!

*Joyful*. Well, how did it conclude?

*Larry*. Conclude, is it? Begorra, I dunno. But it

was an illegant fight, and my jaws ache wid the rattling I got; an' one av my teeth is broken off intirely; an' I'd thank you to be afther ridding me av the remainder, for it's not a wink av slape I've had the night wid the aches in it.

*Joyful.* Take a seat, and let me look at it.

*Larry.* To be shüre I will. (*Sits in chair.*) Maybe yez might shtick it together wid a little plaster.

*Joyful (looks at tooth).* No; it's a bad fracture; extraction is the only thing that will relieve you.

*Larry.* Extraction, is it? Shüre you'd better pull it out, for it's distraction I'm sufferin' wid the jumpin' of the craythur.

*Joyful.* Very well; out it shall come. Will you inhale gas?

*Larry.* Inhale? fat's that?

*Joyful.* We give gas sometimes, to prevent the patient experiencing pain in the operation.

*Larry.* Gas — is that what you're giving me? Och, bother! gas less, and pull more.

*Joyful.* It will be much easier for you, if you allow me to give you something soothing.

*Larry.* That's all right. Give me a little whiskey, thin.

*Joyful.* You don't understand. I'll show you. Bob, bring the gas.

*Bob.* Yas, sir; in de bag? Fotch it right away. (*Goes behind screen. JOYFUL gets forceps.*)

*Larry.* Och, murther! the craythur is just laping wid delight to come out av my mouth. Shüre Pat Maloney shall pay the bill.

(*Enter BOB with bag. JOYFUL comes down.*)

*Bob.* There you is, Misser Joyful.

*Joyful (takes bag).* Now my man, put this to your mouth, and take a good pull.

*Larry (takes bag).* Whiskey in a bag! Here's illegance. (*Inhales.*) Shure that's no sperit; it's swatened wind! No matther; it's a moighty foine taste. (*Inhales.*)

*Joyful.* He takes to it readily — a fine subject. I think this will prove more successful than the last. (*LARRY breathes swiftly and loudly.*) Ah! it's taking effect. He will soon be unconscious. (*LARRY jumps to his feet, and throws down bag.*) Sit down, my dear fellow. (*Attempts to seat him. LARRY swings round his arm and upsets him on stage.*)

*Larry.* Whooh! Whooh! (*Steps down from chair, and strides up and down stage, swinging his arms.*)

*Bob.* By golly! he's got de jimjams! (*Runs behind screen right, and appears over top as before. JOYFUL creeps round and gets into chair as before.*)

*Larry.* Whooh! Whooh! I'm the boy from Tipperary! who'll thread on the tail av me coat? I'm jist spiling for a fight. Pat Maloney, you thaif av the wur-reld, will you thread on the tail av me coat? Whooh! whooh! I'm Larry Lannigan. Come on — come on! (*Fights the air with his fist.*) All at a time, or one together. There, take that, you thaif; and that, you spalpeen! (*Fights and kicks.*) I'm the game chicken of Tipperary. (*Throws down chair.*) Whooh! whooh!

[*Exit c.*



*Bob.* Tipper who? Tipper who? Yas; tip ober de chairs — wid yer foolin'.

*Joyful.* Another failure, Bob.

*Bob.* Yas; well, I guess de gas don't conflummate wid dat ar feller. (*Comes from behind screen, and picks up bag.*)

*Joyful.* Well, I shall have to give it up. But I did want to extract a molar.

*Bob.* Did ye? I fought ye wanted to pull a toof. (*Knock at door.*) An' dar's anudder, sure's you born. Guess we'll let him go.

*Joyful.* No, let him in; I'm determined to pull something. (*Bob goes to door; opens it. TIN WAH appears with bundle.*)

*Bob.* Why, no; yes it am; dat's Washee Washee. Tin Wah, whar you been?

*Tin Wah* (*grinning*). Heap busy — washee Melican man — heap cheatee — all same — dirty — bah!

*Bob.* Golly! Tin Wah, hole your hush. De doc-taw am no dirty. Wh-wh-wh-what you mean? Gib me de bundle.

*Tin Wah.* No; brackee takee mussee muchee. (*Lays bundle on table.*)

*Bob.* Yas indeedy, brackee mashee your molasses-colored profile, Tin Wah. Away, Chinaman, dis am no place for de headen. (*Pushing him towards door.*)

*Joyful.* Hold on, Bob. I want to talk to him. (*Aside*) I wonder how the gas will affect him. (*Aloud*) Mr. Chinaman, do you like opium?

*Tin Wah.* Bely muchee; Chinaman smokee. Melican man smokee bacey; makee Melican man happy; Chinaman sickee. Bah! no likee dat.

*Joyful.* Well, Tin Wah, I'll treat you. We've got the article you like, but not to smoke. I'll show you how the Melican man takes it.

*Tin Wah.* Melican man bely kind. Chinaman takee and thankee bely much heap.

*Joyful.* Well, take a seat. (*Leads him to chair.*)  
Bob, bring the bag.

*Bob.* What's dat you say?

*Joyful.* Bring the gas.

*Tin Wah (jumping up).* Gas! Not muchee; burn Chinaman. No like smellee.

*Joyful (pushing him back).* It's all right, Tin. This is another kind — another name for your favorite.

*Bob.* Golly! he jes set Tin Wah crazy wid his nonsense. No matter; I'll see de fun.

[*Exit behind screen.*]

*Tin.* No cheatee?

*Joyful.* No, indeed. You'll like it. (*Bob returns.*)

*Bob.* Dar's a good dose.

*Joyful.* Well, you give it to him, Bob. (*Goes to r.*)

*Bob.* Speck I will. Here, Tin Wah, take hold, and hole yer nose; hole yer nose.

*Tin (takes bag).* Bely light; no muchee dare.

*Bob.* Put yer mouf to de nozzle dar. (*Takes hold of TIN WAH'S nose.*) Now gib a whiff — gib a whiff. (*TIN inhales.*)

*Tin (pulling it away).* Bely good. Ki yi!

*Bob.* Whiff away — whiff away; you don't git de flavor yet. (*TIN inhales with much seeming gratification, throwing out his arms and kicking.*) Dat's it — dat's it; he's getting naturalized!

*Tin (snatches away bag, holding it by nozzle). Ki yi! Yah, Melican man muchee fine — muchee jolly. Ki yi! (Strikes BOB on head with bag. BOB falls on stage; TIN WAH dances about, swinging bag.) Melican man fool! Blackee all the same so. Ki yi! (BOB attempts to get up, TIN strikes him on head; he falls again.)*

*Bob.* Das a fac. Lef me up; lef me up.

*Tin (dancing about stage). Tin Wah drunkee — heap jolly. No washee — washee! Hi yah! Bustee, Bobee, bustee brackee head! (Chases BOB about stage with bag, striking him.)*

*Bob.* Quit, you fool! Quit, you fool!

*Tin.* Ki yi! Chinaman Empeler now! No washee, no slave — Ki yi! ki yi! (*Flings bag at BOB, and runs out c.*)

*Joyful.* Well, that experiment broke down.

*Bob.* Yas; and de roof ob my head's broke down clear to smash. Misser Joyful, you may be a good phusican, but if you attempt any more dentistry, just luff me out ob de peppergram.

*Joyful.* Well, Bob, I'm sorry for you; but I meant well.

*Bob.* Yas indeed, it was too much mean, das a fac.

(*Enter DR. DAM, c.*)

*Dr.* Well, Joyful, here I am. (*Goes behind screen, and changes coat for velvet jacket.*)

*Joyful (to BOB).* Not a word about visitors, Bob.

*Bob.* No; dey didn't leave no word; dey left demselves. (*Goes to case, takes a piece of wash-leather, and rubs instruments. DR. appears.*)

*Dr.* Nothing stirring, I suppose, since I've been gone?

*Joyful.* No, nothing worth mentioning.

*Bob (aside).* Dat ar Chinaman stirred me; dat's wuff mention, I speck. (*Knock at door.*)

*Dr.* Ah! that must be my new patient.

*Joyful.* If it is, remember your promise, Rubber. I'll step aside. (*Goes behind screen, L.*)

*Bob (aside).* Yas; he wants to see de fun now.

*Dr.* Why don't you go to the door, Doctor?

*Bob.* Yas indeed, I's going. (*Opens door.*)

(*Enter KATE.*)

*Kate.* Is the doctor in?

*Dr. (aside).* My divinity, by all that's glorious!  
(*Aloud*) He is, Miss Cræsus. Take a seat.

*Kate.* You — Dr. Dam? Well, I am surprised, but very glad indeed, for I believe we have a slight acquaintance. (*Bob returns to his work.*)

*Bob (aside).* Pretty as a sunflower!

*Dr.* O, yes, we've often met. Your father called this morning. If you will take a seat, I will look at the tooth.

*Kate (sits in dentist's chair).* Don't hurt me, please.

*Dr.* No more than is necessary. (*Examines tooth.*)

*Bob (aside).* Dat's what I call hovering ober an abyss ob bliss. (*Sings.*)

“ Monkey married de baboon's sister,  
Smacked his lips, and den he kissed her.”

*Dr.* Doctor!

*Bob.* Ax your pardon. I wa—wa—was dreaming.



*Dr.* That tooth must come out.

*Kate.* O dear! Can you take it out without pain-  
ing me?

*Dr.* Certainly, if you will consent to inhale the gas.

*Kate.* But I don't like to do that. Is there no other  
way?

*Dr.* Not without pain. You have nothing to fear.  
If you will step down, I will give you a proof. — Doc-  
tor, ask Miss Milly to step here a moment. (*KATE*  
*steps from chair, and sits by table.*)

*Bob.* Yas, sar; d'rectly, sar. [*Exit c.*]

*Dr.* A young friend of mine, the daughter of my  
landlady, often inhales it for amusement. She will no  
doubt consent to show you how harmless are its effects.

*Kate.* You must have a great deal of practice, doc-  
tor: such a pretty office!

*Dr.* Well, as to practice, I am a new-comer here,  
and not kept as busy as I would like to be. At pres-  
ent I live on hope.

*Kate.* Nourishing food to one who has an object  
for ambition to secure!

*Dr.* Well, I have an object, far above me, that I  
sigh to gain.

*Kate.* Be bold, and it is yours. To a young man  
who has talents, good principles, and courage, no prize  
the world can offer is above his reach.

*Dr.* Even if he be poor in purse —

*Kate.* Poverty is nothing: it may be yours to-day  
and mine to-morrow. For my part, had I suitors, I  
should regard the poorest with the most satisfaction,  
with an eye to what the future might have in store for  
him.

*Joyful* (who is behind screen, looking down upon them, *aside*). Good! That means me. She's mine! she's mine!

(*Enter BOB, c., followed by MILLY.*)

*Bob*. Here she am, doctor!

*Milly*. Do you want me, Dr. Dam?

*Dr*. If you can spare time, I should like you to show this young lady, — Miss Morey, Miss Cræsus (*ladies acknowledge*), — who is a little timid, how harmless is the gas we give.

*Milly*. Certainly. You know I like it. (*Sits in chair. DR. goes behind screen, l.*) There's not the least danger, Miss Cræsus. It makes me very, very happy, and without it I am miserable.

*Bob* (*aside*). Yas, she'd take forty-leben gallons afore breakfas', an', like de little childen, cry for more.

(*Enter DR., with bag.*)

*Dr*. Now, Milly. (*Giving bag.*)

*Milly*. I'm sure I shall talk nonsense; you know I always do. (*Inhales gas. DR. holds bag.*)

*Dr*. No matter; you are doing a kindness, Milly.

*Milly* (*inhales, then drops bag, clasps her hands*). O, how happy — happy I am! O, now I see you — Orpheus — Beethoven — Joyful! Musical name! You smile upon me! You love me! Tell me again, and again, and again, you love me, as I have loved you — ever, and ever, and ever so long.

*Joyful* (*aside*). Hullo! I've made a conquest there!

*Milly*. We walk together — we clasp hands — your arm glides about my waist. Your lips — your lips —

your — lips — (*stops, sighs, and then looks round*). Well, that's over. Did I talk nonsense?

*Dr.* No, indeed. Had I been the object of your thoughts, I should have been glad I overheard such a confession. (*Aside*) I wonder how Joyful will take that. (*Goes behind screen with bag. MILLY steps from chair.*)

*Kate.* You mentioned in your dreams a name with which I am familiar — Mr. Joyful.

*Milly.* Do you know him? Isn't he splendid!

*Kate.* O, well — so-so. He's my music-master.

*Milly.* And mine (*sighs*). And I think he's just splendid! And so I spoke his name? Well, I couldn't say too much in his praise — no more than I would say to his face — if he ever gives me a chance. But that's not likely (*sighs*). Good morning, Miss Cræsus.

[*Exit c.*

*Kate.* Good morning. — Splendid, indeed! He's not to be compared to this neighbor of hers. (*Enter DR. from screen, with bag.*) O dear! it's my turn now.

*Dr.* Now, Miss Cræsus, if you will take the chair once more, we will release the offending member from his allegiance. (*KATE sits in chair.*) You see, it is harmless. (*Takes forceps from drawer, and comes down to chair.*)

*Kate.* Which? (*Pointing to forceps.*)

*Dr.* Both — one with the help of the other. Now, if you please. (*Gives bag. She inhales.*)

*Bob.* Golly! dat's fus-rate. De next thing she knows she won't know nuffin.

*Joyful (sticking his head over screen).* Now is the auspicious moment of my life. I tremble while I hope. (*Dr. takes away bag.*)

*Kate.* Hush — hush! How quiet — what beautiful trees — how bright the sun shines here! Ah, there he is — the stranger — I love to meet. He lifts his hat — what a pleasant smile — a noble face. Why do you pass on? — Because I am rich? — Never fear. — Hearts are not weighed like money-bags. Do not fear me. I long to know you — for I love you — yes, love you. (*Seizes the doctor's hand.*) Why don't you speak to me?

*Joyful (aside).* Confound it! she's got the wrong man. (*Aloud*) Rubber! Rubber!

*Bob.* Luf her be. She don't need no rubbin': she ain't rheumatic.

*Dr.* I do not dare. I am a poor man. (*Enter CRÆSUS, c.*) Your father would not listen to me were I to ask an introduction.

*Kate.* Do not fear — I love you — I love you!

*Dr. (aside).* I did not dream of this. (*Aloud*). Forget me. Your father has trusted me, and I will not betray his confidence.

*Kate.* Fathers have flinty hearts — hearts — hearts. (*Sits still a moment, then rubs her eyes.*) Well, is it out?

*Dr.* Pardon me. I was so interested in your speech I forgot my business. I will procure more gas.

*Cræsus (coming down).* No you won't, sir. There's been too much gas wasted here already. How dare you, sir — how dare you put my daughter in such a



degrading position? How dare you tell her you love her?

*Kate.* Indeed! What have *I* done?

*Joyful (aside).* Upset my apple-cart. No matter, I know where I'm wanted. (*Gets down, and goes out c.*).

*Dr.* Your pardon, Mr. Cræsus. What your daughter has said, under the influence of my special agent, would never have been known. You alone are to blame for divulging the secrets of my dental apartment.

*Cræsus.* And do you mean to say that you would not take advantage of her confession to try to win her?

*Dr.* As I am a gentleman, no, sir. When your daughter leaves this place, we are strangers as before.

*Cræsus.* No, sir; you are no longer strangers. — Kate, this gentleman — Dr. Dam — I present to you as a suitor for your hand. He has my full permission to win you if he can; and if he's the dentist he's cracked up to be, there'll be a Rubber Dam over your mouth before you're a day older. Now don't talk. Have that tooth out at once.

*Kate.* Not to-day, father. I'll come another day.

*Cræsus.* I'll be bound you will.

(*Enter JOYFUL with MILLY on his arm.*)

*Joyful.* Give me joy, Rubber. I've found the future partner of my joys.

*Dr.* How's this, Joyful? I thought —

*Joyful.* No matter what you thought, Rubber. It's all right. I'm satisfied, and you ought to be.

*Cræsus.* Why, that's Joyful, your music-master, Kate.

*Bob.* Dat's him — O. B. Joyful; plays on to de fiddle —

*Dr.* Doctor!

*Bob.* Dat's me — Doctor Ridley. (*Sings*) "O, old Ridley, O!" Must sing on dis joyful occasion.

<i>Larry.</i>	} <i>outside</i>	{	Be jabers, where is he?
<i>Tin.</i>			Melican doctor! Hi-yah!
<i>Socks.</i>			Set him before my face.

(*All enter together.*)

*Dr.* Hullo! What's the matter?

*Larry.* Me tooth, be jabers!

*Tin.* Melican man heap cheatee.

*Socks.* "I am undone, undone!"

(*All start towards*  
*JOYFUL.*)

*Bob, R.* Be gorry, dar's gwine to be trouble!

*Dr.* (*stepping before JOYFUL.*) Stop this, and explain.

*Joyful.* Perhaps I'd better, Rubber. These are patients of yours, whom in your absence I attempted to operate upon. — Gentlemen, it's all a mistake. The real doctor has arrived, and will attend to your aches.

*Socks.* Dastard, you sent me flying through the streets like a madman. Me, the star of the amateur firmament, went shooting down stairs.

*Bob.* Ob course, ob course. You was a shooting-star, dat's all.

*Larry.* And me, be jabers, onto the fisht of a butcher, who broke me other jaw wid his fisht. Begorra, I'll have satisfaction, so I will.

*Bob.* Dat's so. Somebody tread on de tail ob his coat.

*Tin.* Bah! Chinaman smashee windee; fall in the mud; muddy all ober he. Bah!

*Bob.* By-golly! den Tin Wah was nowhar.

*Dr.* You shall all have satisfaction — at another time. So, Joyful, you thought dentistry was easy work?

*Joyful.* And found myself mistaken. But I've learned one thing — that both in dentistry and wooing there's a deal of gas used.

*Dr.* Have you? Well, there's one thing more you can learn.

*Joyful.* What is that?

*Dr.* Never to meddle with edged tools. And still another —

*Joyful.* Well, let's have it all.

*Dr.* Never seek assistance in a love affair; but take my motto — Paddle your own canoe.

### *Situations.*

R. BOB,

TIN,

SOCKS,

LARRY.

C. CRÆSUS.

KATE, L.

DR.,

MILLY,

JOYFUL.





# ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO;

OR, OUR BOYS OF 1776.

*A PATRIOTIC DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.*

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## CHARACTERS.

OBED STERLING, a Quaker.

EPHRAIM STERLING, his Son.

ELMER GRANGER, a Young Patriot.

URIEL BOSWORTH, a Quaker Convert.

PRETZEL, a Dutchman.

GINGER, a Negro.

BURKE,        )  
BLUCHER,     ) Tories.

RACHEL STERLING, the Quaker Mother.

RUTH STERLING, her Daughter.

PRUDENCE GRANGER, Elmer's Sister.

The scene of the drama is near Philadelphia, July 4, 1776.

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## COSTUMES.

OBED. Black, brown, or gray Quaker suit; white hair, parted in centre; long stockings, to match suit; plain black shoes; broad-brimmed hat.\*

BOSWORTH and EPHRAIM. Quaker suits of same character, but differing in color or in the color of stockings. Bosworth has black hair, parted in middle; Ephraim a very light wig, parted in the middle, with hair slightly curly at ends.

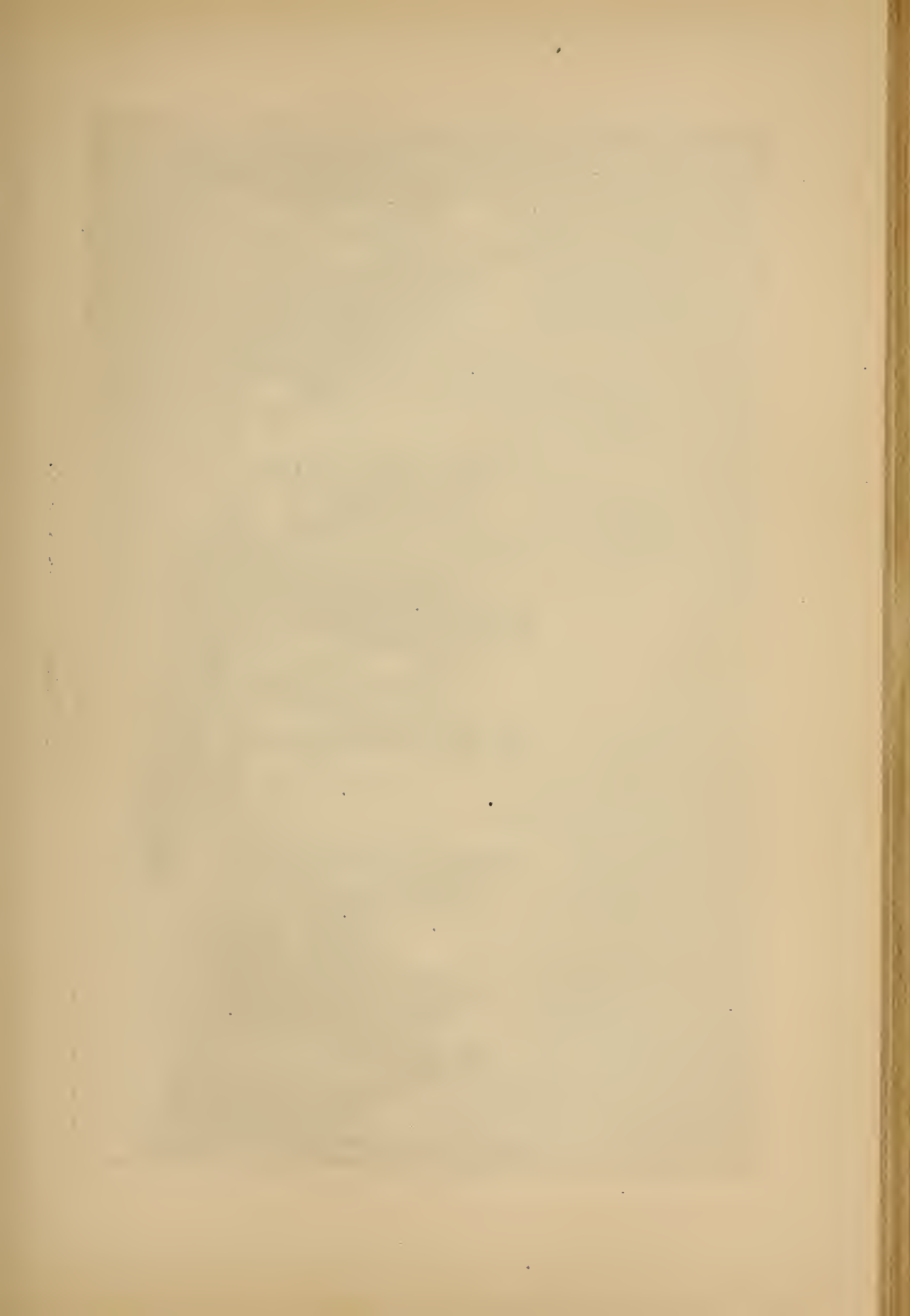
- ELMER. Neat suit of continental fashion; brown coat; buff vest; white necktie; brown breeches; blue stockings; shoes with buckles; cocked hat.
- PRETZEL. Brown trunks, or full trousers fastened at the knee; blue stockings; short brown coat; small Dutch cap, or knit woollen cap with tassel at end.
- GINGER. Gray breeches; red stockings; blue striped shirt; red waistcoat, open; grizzled wig; heavy shoes.
- BLUCHER and BURKE. Brown coats; red waistcoats; dark breeches; brown or gray stockings; shoes without buckles.
- MRS. STERLING. Gray dress; white kerchief, neatly pinned across bosom; Quaker cap.
- RUTH. Brown or gray dress, opening in front, showing white skirt, rather short; long sleeves; high neck; white hose, and black shoes; hair light, in Grecian knot.
- PRUDENCE. Short patch petticoat, with looped overskirt and waist of red material; sleeves rolled up in first act, and apron on; hair done up high with large comb; sleeves turned down for second act.

The Quaker costumes may be hard to obtain, but can easily be manufactured. For hats, cover wide-rimmed straw hats with brown or gray cambric, "wrong-side" out. For coats, "stand up" the collars of any old-fashioned dark coats, to give a prim and stiff appearance. The balance can easily be obtained. Guns used in this piece should have the *appearance* of flint-locks.

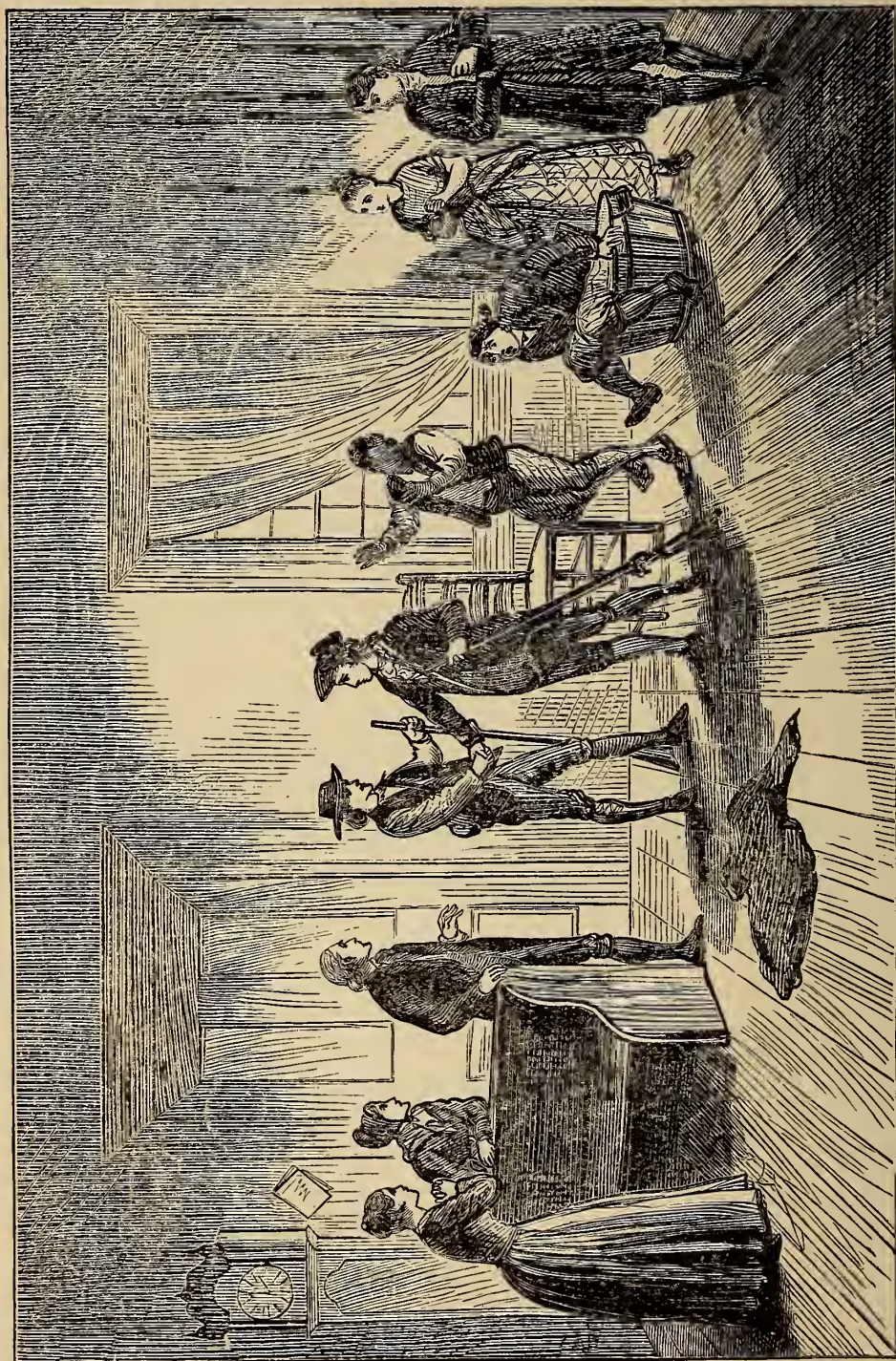
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#### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., right; C., centre; L., left; L C., left centre; R. C., right centre; L. 1 E., left first entrance; R. 1 E., right first entrance; FLAT, scene at back of stage; R. U. E., right upper entrance.







ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



# ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO;

OR,

## OUR BOYS OF 1776.

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### A PATRIOTIC DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

ACT I. — MORNING. *Kitchen in Obed Sterling's house. Door in flat R. C. Window in flat L. C., with muslin curtain draped. Fireplace R., with fire burning, and teakettle hanging on crane. Door or entrance L. 1 E., R. 1 E., and R. U. E. Settle R., between fire and door. (If this cannot be easily procured, form one by placing two wooden chairs side by side, and cover with cotton cloth.) L. C., near window, tub on wooden bench, partly filled with suds and white clothes, dish of soft soap on bench, clothes-basket and pail on floor beside tub. Table L., against scene, chair R. of it. Add any old-fashioned things, such as spinning-wheel, churn, &c., that may be procurable, and place out of the way at R. or L. As the curtain rises, drum and fife are heard playing "Yankee Doodle" outside, gradually dying away in the distance. PRUDENCE discovered at window, holding back curtain, and looking out.*

*Prudence.* There they go. Bless their true, loyal hearts ! I wish King George could only see them. He'd need but one look at their stout forms and brave faces to teach him that all the Stamp Acts in creation couldn't stamp out the grit that's ground into every mother's son that has rolled in this rugged soil. (*Turns to tub, and washes briskly.*) I'm glad to see this sojering here. It did look for a while as though the Tories were going to have it all their own way ; but the patriots have woke up, and I reckon there'll be lively times here. It takes me right back to dear old Concord, and the day the British came up to surprise us. The drum and fife played to some purpose then. They came and found us ready, and the getting back a pesky sight harder than the coming. It was a sad day for us. Father fell among the first. Our old house was burned to the ground ; and mother (it sickens me to think of it) was butchered by a coward. And, but for my brave brother, I — I — (*Puts hands to her eyes.*) Dear me ! I've filled my eyes with suds. I won't think of that fearful scene. Many homes must be blasted before the tyrant can be made to feel he is powerless to enslave a people roused to a sense of their wrongs. Come, Prudence, chirk up. There's bluing enough in your tub ; so don't you get the blues. (*Sings air " Yankee Doodle."*)

“ Father and I went down to camp,  
Along of Capt. Tooding ;  
And there we saw the men and boys,  
As thick as hasty pudding.”

(*Enter PRETZEL door in flat, with pipe in his mouth ;*

*leans against door-post, and smokes while she is singing the chorus.)*

“Yankee doodle, keep it up,  
Yankee doodle dandy;  
Mind the music and the steps,  
And with the girls be handy.”

*Pretzel.* Yaw, dot is goot. Miss Prudence, vash you dare?

*Prudence.* Yes, Mr. Pretzel, I *wash* here.

*Pretzel.* Yaw. I hear you sing sometings. You hear der droms and der fifes ven der play 'long mit der music?

*Prudence.* Hear them? I should think so. That tune should wake the spirit of every man who loves his country.

*Pretzel.* Yaw, dot is so. It vake me right up from mine shleep, and I feel so mad dot I moost do sometings right away pretty quick.

*Prudence.* For your country? You have a noble spirit, Mr. Pretzel.

*Pretzel.* Yaw, spirit is goot. I moost do sometings : so I call mine man Yawcup to go right away and get me —

*Prudence.* Your gun. I see, noble Pretzel.

*Pretzel.* Right away down cellar, and draw mine peer.

*Prudence.* Pshaw! you've got no patriotism.

*Pretzel.* Batriotism. I donno vhat you mean by dot; but I be got der pest peer —

*Prudence.* Is this the time to think of beer?

*Pretzel.* Yaw, der ish no time dot ever vas to come pefore dot I do not tink of mine peer.

*Prudence.* 'Tis out of place now.

*Pretzel.* Nein : 'tis in der keg onder de stairs, first on der right as you go town mit der left.

*Prudence.* I don't want to hear any more about your beer.

*Pretzel.* Yaw. Vell, I haf else sometings dot will blease you (*sits on settle*), — sometings dot make me so shtupid dot I can't shut mine eyes vhen I haf gone to shleep mit mine ped. Dot is you, fraulein. I loaf you.

*Prudence (with clothes in her hands, starts back : very loud).* What?

*Pretzel.* Yaw. I loaf you petter dan sourkraut, petter dan mine peer. Ven I tink of you mit your pright eyes, my heart joomp right out of mine mout, and peats droomsticks mit my posom.

*Prudence (snapping her teeth, and wringing out a sheet).* It does, does it?

*Pretzel.* Yaw. So I get run ofer from mine house to get you for mine frau. So you comes mit me, and be mine frau, and you shall vash all der day mit your tub, — all mine close dot never haf been vashed at all some more.

*Prudence (who has twisted a wet sheet into a weapon).* Mr. Pretzel, do you see that door?

*Pretzel (looks round at door without rising).* Yaw ; dot is a goot toor.

*Prudence (comes down stage).* Then instantly take yourself outside of it.

*Pretzel.* Mit you, fraulein?

*Prudence (strikes pipe from his mouth with her*



weapon). Never, you mean, contemptible, cowardly Dutchman!

*Pretzel (jumping up)*. What for you smash mine pipe? You vant to proke mine heart mit your nonsense?

*Prudence*. I'll break your head if you're not out of this house quick. (*Flourishing her weapon.*) Go!

*Pretzel*. Keep away! I'll bring you tamages mit a court; and I'll nefer come back here some more.

*Prudence*. If you do, I'll scald you. (*Threatening.*) Go!

*Pretzel (at door)*. Yaw. May I nefer hope to die if I do. (*Exit door in flat.*)

*Prudence (returns to tub)*. Was there ever such impudence? Ha, ha, ha! I've found a lover at last. Poor old Pretzel wants a frau. "You come mit me." Ha, ha, ha! I needn't die an old maid; but it will certainly be my last chance when I consent to become Frau Pretzel. (*Wrings out clothes, and puts them in basket. GINGER heard outside whistling "Yankee Doodle."* He throws open door, and marches down stage to front, still whistling; has a heavy stick of wood at "shoulder-arms.")

*Ginger (marking time)*. Ker-ker-kerumpany — tension. Halt! order — hams! (*Lets stick down upon his toe; drops it, seizes foot with both hands, hops across stage on one foot howling, drops into chair, L.*) Wh-wh-what de infusion in de ranks? Whooh! — dar's a halt in de confield sure's you bawn.

*Prudence*. Ginger, where on earth have you been?

*Ginger*. Hm? Dat you, Miss Prudence? Been down

wid de sojers onto de — de pomade ground, you know, down de cow-pastur. Lots of 'em down dar, and so fine. Oh, golly ! Dar was Cunnel Stuffin —

*Prudence.* No, no, Ginger : Col. Griffin.

*Ginger.* Hm ? Wal, he had stuffin nuff in his buzzum to fill a bolster. Den dar was Capn — Capn Gingham.

*Prudence.* Oh, no, Ginger ! Capt. Ingram.

*Ginger.* Yas, dat what I said, — Cap'n Gingham. He was dressed up fine, he was. He had a big shut — shut — shut — two on his head ; an' — an' — an' — a yaller flume stuck into it ; an' — an' — a red crash round his waist ; an' — an' — a napkin on his back ; an' — an' — a partridge-box fastened onto his side. Golly ! he jes as proud as — as — a rooster in de barnyard. Lots dere, Miss Prudence. I wanted to jine, but dey wouldn't let me. Said 'twould spoil my complex. Dey was going to trabble in de sun, and I'd get tanned. If some of dem fellows don't get tanned, den shoot *me*.

*Prudence.* It is a grand rising. I've seen many such down East.

*Ginger.* Down Yeast ! Yas, dat's de yeast dat sets de whole country rising.

*Prudence.* Come, Ginger, help me with the basket.

*Ginger (rising).* To be sure, to be sure ! (*Limps.*) Have jes' about smashed dat ere hoof (*feels of heel*) ; but de vital part am safe. (*Enter MRS. STERLING R. U. E., with knitting in her hands.*)

*Mrs. S.* Has thee nearly finished thy washing, Prudence ?

*Prudence.* Yes. The last basketful is just going out.

*Mrs. S.* Thee is a smart girl, Prudence, and a good one.

*Prudence.* And you are a good, kind friend to me; for when I had no home, out of love for my mother, who had left the Friends to marry my father, you called me to you, and comforted me in my sorrow with loving words and kind acts.

*Mrs. S.* Child, thee has repaid us a thousand-fold. Thy hands are skilful, thy feet active, thy whole soul is in thy work, and thy singing and laughter sunshine in our sober house.

*Ginger.* Dat's so, missus; she de sunshine in de garden too. De roses blush wid pleasure when she skips along de paths; an' — an' — de great proud sunflowers look ashamed of demselves for being so ugly looking; an' — an' de inyuns waft de fragrance; an' — an' —

*Prudence.* Ha, ha, ha! Ginger, you are too romantic.

*Ginger.* Got a little touch of de rumatics when dat ar stick dropped.

*Prudence.* Come, we shall not get the clothes out to-day. (*Takes handle of basket.*)

*Ginger* (*takes other side of basket*). Say, Miss Prudence, why am we — us, you and me — like twins?

*Prudence.* Can't guess that, Ginger.

*Ginger.* Kase — kase — kase we's so *clothesly* united. See? Yah, yah, yah! Dat's a conunder-done.

*Prudence.* It's overdone, Ginger; we must find a dividing line somewhere.

*Ginger.* We'll hab to trabble from pole to pole to find it. Yah, yah, yah! (*Exeunt PRUDENCE and GINGER, with basket, door in F.*)

*Mrs. S. (sitting on settle, and knitting).* She's a dear good girl, though she does plague the Friends with her plain talk on equal rights and liberty. They call her a firebrand; but I like her all the better for that. She is a spark thrown up by the great fire of patriotism which roared so grandly at Concord, fallen here to kindle a fresh blaze for liberty. Ah, Rachel! thee is a little treacherous to thy faith. The Friends counsel peace; but I fear thy heart is with the oppressed. (*Enter, door in flat, OBED STERLING, followed by BOSWORTH.*)

*Obed.* What thee says may be true, Friend Bosworth; but the Friends counsel neutrality in these troublous days.

*Bosworth.* Nay, nay; the Friends are wrong. We *must* take side in the coming struggle. Thee knows the rebels are in council now in the city, have already framed a declaration of independence which to-day will be adopted. Their harangues are loud and bitter. They hurl defiance at our good Friend George, who is the rightful owner of this soil. We must be just to him.

*Mrs. S.* Though he be unjust to us. Thinkest thou this would be the advice of Friend William Penn, who bought this land of Friend George, and gave it to us as a refuge from oppressors?

*Obed.* Nay nay, Rachel; thee must not counsel opposition. We are Friends. If our enemy smite us on the right cheek, we must turn to him the left.



*Mrs. S.* Verily, Obed, thee speaks not the words of soberness. When the tax-gatherer did smite thee on the cheek, thee did turn upon him with thy fist, and smite him to the ground.

*Obed.* Nay, speak not of that, Rachel. I did forget myself.

*Mrs. S.* Then let thy memory be treacherous again on the side of right and justice.

*Obed.* Nay, nay, it must not be. I should set a bad example to son Ephraim, who is strongly imbued with the principles of peace; and daughter Ruth — where is the child?

*Mrs. S.* I left her at her window tending plants.

*Obed.* Thee had better go to her. I thought I saw her, as I came in, with her eyes fastened upon the warlike evolutions of the rebels beyond. I fear the plants will be neglected.

*Mrs. S.* I will send her to thee and Friend Bosworth. (*Exit R. U. E.*)

*Obed.* Sit thee down, Friend Bosworth (*sits on settle*).

*Bosworth* (*takes chair from table, and sits c.*). Friend Obed, thy daughter is a comely damsel, and fair to look upon.

*Obed.* Yea, she is like the best fruits of my orchard, — fair and rosy to the eye, sound and wholesome to the core.

*Bosworth.* Thee will not think me presuming, Obed; for thee has been very kind to me. When I came to thee a stranger, thee did use thy influence with the Friends, and made me one of thy sect.

*Obed.* Yea, thee was a stranger, — one who had fled from persecution in Massachusetts, because thee would not join the unrighteous rebels in their opposition to Friend George. Yea, I did stand thy friend.

*Bosworth.* Thee can stand my friend again, if thee but choose. I love thy daughter Ruth.

*Obed.* Thee — thee love my daughter !

*Bosworth.* Yea, Friend Obed ; give her to me, and thee will never regret it.

*Obed.* If daughter Ruth saith Yea to thy petition, thee will find me thy friend ; but she shall make her own free choice.

*Bosworth.* Hearken, Friend Obed. In a few days this place will be filled with British soldiers. Only the friends of Friend George will be free from molestation. Should thee remain neutral, thy fine place will be despoiled, thy gold seized, thyself and thy friends be left homeless. Thee should prepare for this.

*Obed.* Prepare ! How ?

*Bosworth.* Make friends with the agents of Friend George. Offer thy services to assist in breaking down this unhallowed rebellion.

*Obed.* Offer my services ! Don't thee forget I am a Friend, — forbidden to bear arms ?

*Bosworth.* Thee need not, Friend Obed, bear arms. There are other ways in which thee can aid. I am in the service of Friend George.

*Obed.* Thee, Friend Bosworth ?

*Bosworth.* Yea. When his soldiers come, I shall pass in a list of the loyal and the rebellious. The

property of the rebels will be seized. The loyal will still hold their own.

*Obed.* Bosworth, thee is a spy.

*Bosworth.* Thee gives my poor services a hard name. No matter. These rebels shall suffer for the wrongs they have heaped upon me; and I'll sell them body and soul, if craft and cunning can do it.

*Obed.* And thee would marry my daughter?

*Bosworth.* Would? I will. I am powerful now. I can denounce; I can protect. If thee will use thy influence with her, I stand thy friend; if not, thee and thy household must be outlawed. 'Tis a fair bargain. Her hand for thy peace, perhaps thy life.

*Obed.* Nay, thee knows 'tis my custom to sleep upon a bargain. Fear not; thy offer shall be well considered. Hush! Here is daughter Ruth. (*Enter Ruth R. U. E.*)

*Ruth.* Mother tells me thee does want me, father.

*Obed.* Nay, daughter. I did but ask for thee, missing thee from the kitchen.

*Ruth.* Prudence sent me away. I would have helped her with the washing, but she bade me begone; so I have been at my window, watering the plants.

*Obed.* And watching the men of war on the green.

*Ruth.* Yea, thee is right. My eyes would wander that way. Was I wrong? Thee has taught me that war is unholy; that man has no right to take the life of his brother-man.

*Obed.* Thee has been taught well.

*Ruth.* Then Friend George across the water must be a very wicked man; for 'twas by his order the first blood was shed.

*Obed.* Nay : he was but asserting his right to his own property.

*Ruth.* Then our neighbors do right in defending their liberties. Is it not so ?

*Obed.* Nay, child ; thee cannot understand this quarrel. Thee had better hold thy peace. Does thee not see Friend Bosworth ?

*Ruth.* Friend Bosworth, thee is welcome.

*Bosworth.* Thee is always kind, Friend Ruth. And so thee has a wicked sympathy for these rebellious neighbors ?

*Ruth.* Yea. I must be a very wicked little Quaker ; for I do hope they will wax strong in their faith that liberty is a birthright ; and he who would not defend it with his life is a coward. (*Turns up stage to window, and looks out.*)

*Bosworth.* Friend Obed, thee has a little rebel beneath thy roof.

*Obed,* Nay, never heed her, Friend Bosworth. Her mother has an obstinate nature, and is apt to be a little tart of tongue ; and the child is her constant companion. I grieve at this backsliding from the principles of our faith. But thee will find son Ephraim untainted with the war-spirit. He is a lad after my own heart. Come, let us go to my room. I would hear more of thy plans. (*Exit L.*)

*Bosworth* (*rises, sets back chair, turns, and looks at RUTH*). Verily, she is a little rebel. But when thee is mine, my pretty Ruth, I'll teach thee better. (*Exit L.*)

*Ruth* (*comes down R.*). I like not Friend Bosworth.



He looks no one in the face: he is soft of step, and hath a sneaking way of watching that troubles me. When my eyes are turned away, I can feel his eyes upon me, for a shudder, as though a snake was crossing my path, runs through me. He is not to be trusted. (*Enter PRUDENCE door in flat with pail and dipper.*)

*Prudence* (comes L.). Hallo, Miss Impudence, didn't I tell you not to come into the kitchen?

*Ruth*. Nay, thee must not be angry, Prudence. Father sent for me.

*Prudence*. Well, remember you are to touch nothing. Its no matter though, the washing's out. (*Knock at door*). Who's that? Come in. (*Enter ELMER GRANGER with gun: looks at RUTH.*)

*Elmer*. Is this the house of Obed Sterling? (*Sees PRUDENCE: drops gun.*) O Prudence, sister!

*Prudence*. Why, it's Elmer! (*They run into each other's arms.*) Oh, I'm so glad to see you again!

*Elmer*. Why, sis, you dear little soul! give us another buss.

*Prudence*. A dozen. Now, where did you come from, and what brings you here?

*Elmer*. I came here with our delegate to the convention from Massachusetts. Arrived at Philadelphia yesterday, saw a good day's work, had a good night's rest, and came out early this morning to hunt you up before I go back to witness the adoption of the declaration. Sis, the whole country is rising. It needs but that determined act to thrill all loyal hearts, and tyranny is crushed, our land is free. (*Looks at RUTH, who stands R. watching them.*) But there's somebody, Prudence. Manners, sis, manners.

*Prudence.* Why, that's Ruth. — Ruth, this is my brother Elmer.

*Elmer.* Hope you are well, marm.

*Ruth.* Nay, thee is mistaken, the mother is within. I am daughter Ruth.

*Prudence.* Ha, ha, ha! She's a funny little thing, Elmer.

*Elmer.* She's a beauty, sis. I'd like to shake hands with her.

*Prudence.* Then, why don't you? she won't bite.

*Ruth.* Thee is very welcome, Friend Elmer. I would like to shake hands with thee, but thee seem a bit bashful.

*Elmer.* Bashful! me? My gracious, sis, did you hear that?

*Prudence.* Ha, ha, ha! You're frightened, Elmer.

*Elmer* (*crossing to RUTH*). I am a rebel, Miss Ruth, in arms against a tyrant king. I would gladly give my life to see my country free. Will you give me your hand now?

*Ruth.* Yea, thee is a man after my own heart. Thee shall have both (*offers her hands, which he takes*). I love thy sister dearly: should I not share her pride in such a noble patriot as thee is?

*Elmer* (*pressing her hands*). Thank you. Sympathy for our cause from those whose principles forbid resistance, is a proof we are right. We only ask our liberty to hold what is our own, — nought else.

*Ruth.* Indeed! Yet thee now holds what is not thy own, — my hands.

*Elmer* (*dropping her hands*). I beg your pardon. I — I —

*Ruth.* Nay, thee must not feel hurt: thee may have them again if 'twill please thee. (*Gives hands.*)

*Elmer.* Oh, you — (*drops them suddenly, and turns to PRUDENCE*). Sis, I must run, or I shall be in love with this fascinating little Quaker.

*Prudence.* Nonsense. Yankees never run. (*They talk together.*)

*Ruth (aside).* I never saw a man I liked so well. He hath a good form, a noble face, and eyes, ah! they make me shudder; not as Friend Bosworth's eyes do, but still a shudder, yet very pleasant to feel: I like it.

*Prudence.* I mustn't stop to talk with you now, Elmer: must get the washing things out of the way. You run into the garden with Ruth while I pick up a bit.

*Ruth.* Yea, Friend Elmer, I will show thee the way. Thee is not afraid to trust thyself with me?

*Elmer.* Afraid! (*aside*) but I am. (*Aloud.*) Oh, certainly not! will you take my arm?

*Ruth.* Nay, give me thy hand, and I will lead thee to the flower-beds. (*Gives hand, and leads him to door.*)

*Prudence.* Ah! Elmer? (*he turns*). Thee seems a bit bashful. Ha, ha, ha! (*He shakes his fist at her, then exit with RUTH.*) Well, he's provided for: so I'll go to work again. (*Goes behind tub, and dips water from tub to pail.*) It's just good to see that boy from the old place again. (*Enter EPHRAIM, door in F., quietly; stands at door a second, and looks at PRUDENCE, then creeps to door R. U. E., listens, then steps over to PRUDENCE, raises her face, and kisses her; then steps quickly back to door, and stands meekly twirling his thumbs, with eyes turned to the ceiling.*)

*Prudence (as he kisses her).* Murder! thieves!  
(*Turns, and looks at EPHRAIM.*) Ephraim Sterling!

*Ephraim.* Yea, Friend Prudence, here I am once more.

*Prudence.* Yes, I felt your presence before you spoke. How dare you?

*Ephraim.* Verily I have travelled far this morning, my lips were parched with thirst: thine were like a tempting bunch of cherries, and I did fall into temptation. Art thou not glad I am at home again?

*Prudence (keeps at work bailing out her tub).* Yes, I'm glad when the cows are at home, the hens and chickens on their perch, and the pigs quietly asleep in their pens.

*Ephraim.* Cows, hens, hogs! Verily, Friend Prudence, thee takes me for a brute.

*Prudence.* No, indeed, for brutes will fight. Even a rat will defend himself when driven to a corner.

*Ephraim.* Thee knows my love of peace. Am I not a Friend?

*Prudence.* Fiddlesticks! Whose friend, when you have not the courage or the will to defend and protect the oppressed?

*Ephraim (attempts to take her hand).* Thee knows I would be more than a friend to thee, that I love thee. (*She resents his attempt to take her hand, and here slips a piece of soap into his hand. He looks at it, and throws it into the tub with a splash.*) What nonsense is this?

*Prudence.* You talk so fast, I thought you might be short of soap. Ha, ha, ha!



*Ephraim.* Be serious, Prudence. I would have thee be my wife.

*Prudence.* You! why, a man of peace can only be a piece of a man any way. I mean to have a whole one, or none; whole-hearted, whole-souled, with a bump of combativeness to match the bump of benevolence. The man to win a Yankee girl's heart must be as determined as the motto on the old flag, "Don't tread on me."

*Ephraim.* No man should tread on me.

*Prudence.* No, you would crawl out of his way.

*Ephraim.* Yea, I would remove myself from his path.

*Prudence.* How very kind! But suppose you should see one of those *brave* Tories, who take every opportunity to insult defenceless women, put his arm about my waist?

*Ephraim (fiercely).* I would knock him down.

*Prudence.* But that would be violence.

*Ephraim.* Thee is right. I would lay him gently on the earth, and sit quietly on his prostrate form till thee was out of sight.

*Prudence.* You would protect me?

*Ephraim.* With my life. Will thee not give me the right to protect thee?

*Prudence.* No, the man who wins me must help free my country.

*Ephraim.* Yea, I will be that man.

*Prudence.* You, a born Quaker?

*Ephraim.* I will be born again. Thy love shall make me strong, valiant, yea, for thy sake I will become a desperado. (*Strikes hand on tub.*)

*Prudence* Well, don't upset my tub, then. Ephraim, if I thought I could depend upon you, I would —

*Ephraim (eagerly)*. Yea, thee would —

*Prudence*. Ask thee to help me with the tub.

*Ephraim*. Nay, thee mocks me. I'll have no more to say to thee. (*Comes down L.*)

*Prudence*. That's right, Ephraim. Silence is so becoming to a Quaker ! (*Sings.*)

Father and I went down to camp,  
Along with Siah Baker;  
- And there we saw the patriot boys,  
But not a single Quaker.

(*Enter GINGER while she is singing, door in flat, and joins in chorus.*)

Yankee Doodle, &c. (*as before*).

*Ephraim*. Yea, the Friends may well call her a fire-brand, for she'll drive me to the battle-field in spite of myself. (*Exit L.*)

*Ginger*. Dat's de camp-meeting for me. When you gwine down dar again, Miss Prudence?

*Prudence*. Here, Ginger, catch hold of the tub.

*Ginger*. Yas, indeed. (*They take tub from bench, and set it on stage near L.*) Hallo, who's dat?

(*Enter RUTH and ELMER, door in flat: he has his arm about her waist.*)

*Ruth*. Thee sees I have brought thy brother back safe, Prudence.

*Elmer*. And we've had a delightful ramble.

*Prudence*. Yes, you have *waisted* no time in getting acquainted. (*RUTH sits on settle.*) Come, Ginger, take out the bench.

*Elmer.* Hallo, this is Ginger: I've heard of him.

*Prudence.* And Ginger has heard of you. — This is my brother Elmer, Ginger.

*Ginger.* By golly, you don't mean it! Massa Elmer, you's jes one ob de patriots. (*Bows and scrapes.*)

*Elmer.* Give me your hand, Ginger.

*Ginger.* Wh-wh-what! you gwine to shake hands wid a darky?

*Elmer* (*shaking hands*). Yes, and proud to have the chance, Ginger. My sister has told me how boldly you came to her rescue, when a Tory dared to step across her path. You're a brave fellow.

*Ginger.* Tank you, massa. (*Holds up his hand.*) Ole hand, you's been shook by a brave man: dar sha'n't no more soap and water wipe out dat are honor, chile, neber. By golly, dese Down-Easters be white men; day'll be freeing all de darkies one ob dese days. (*Takes up bench, and goes to door.*) Tank you, Massa Elmer. I's a poor old darky, but I got a heart, and, if I could die for you and Miss Prudence, I'd do it freely. (*Exit door F.*)

*Elmer.* Now, Prudence, come and sit down: I've much to say to you.

*Prudence.* No: work first, and pleasure afterwards. (*Takes up pail.*) I must go for water.

*Elmer* (*taking pail*). Not while I am here: where shall I find it?

*Prudence.* I'll show you, come. (*Exit PRUDENCE and ELMER, door in flat.*)

*Ruth.* I like Friend Elmer. What a pity he's one

of the world's people! But yet I think I like him the better for that. None of the Friends can talk so sweetly and so bravely. (*Enter L. Bosworth.*)

*Bosworth (aside).* I have found her alone at last. Friend Obed seems to be of a wavering nature. I fear I cannot depend much upon his assistance. I'll know my fate here at once. (*Aside.*) Friend Ruth.

*Ruth.* Well, Friend Bosworth.

*Bosworth.* I have told thy father that I love thee.

*Ruth.* Indeed! Thee never told me as much.

*Bosworth.* I tell thee now, that I love thee dearly.

*Ruth.* Has thee seen the young patriot, Elmer Granger?

*Bosworth.* Thee does not mean to tell me the brother of Prudence is here?

*Ruth.* Yea, he is here. We have held sweet converse together, and I like him. He is so comely and brave, I think he would inspire thee with admiration, Friend Bosworth, and thee is not a man easily moved.

*Bosworth.* We will speak of him another time. I told thee that I loved thee.

*Ruth.* I heard thee, and thought how pleasant would be those words from the lips of Friend Elmer.

*Bosworth.* Ruth Sterling, would thee insult me? Does thee not know that this language indicates a marked preference for this young rebel?

*Ruth.* Nay, I did not know it; but, if thee thinks it does, I'm very glad.

*Bosworth.* Ruth Sterling, thee must think of him no more. It is thy father's wish that thee shall become my wife. Ruth, Ruth, thee knows not how dearly I



love thee. (*Sits beside her, and attempts to take her hand: she rises indignantly.*)

*Ruth.* Be silent, I command thee; not even my father's wish shall compel me to hear such words from thy lips.

*Bosworth.* Be warned in time, Ruth. Thy father's life is in my hands. Consent to be my wife, and in the coming struggle I will protect him; refuse, and I give him up to the ruthless hands of the advancing foe.

*Ruth.* Thee speaks falsely, Uriel Bosworth. My father can owe nothing to thee, and if he did would rather die than peril his daughter's happiness. Begone!

*Bosworth.* Nay, Ruth (*puts his arm about her waist, and seizes her hand*). I'll not be repulsed so coolly.

*Ruth (struggling).* Release me, I command thee.

*Bosworth.* I will be heard. (*Enter ELMER, door in flat, with pail; drops it; seizes BOSWORTH, and hurls him across stage.*)

*Elmer.* You have been heard, friend. (*Enter Mrs. STERLING, R. 1 E.; OBED and EPHRAIM, L.*) You see you have aroused the whole family.

*Obed.* Daughter Ruth, I heard thy voice raised in anger.

*Bosworth.* Friend Obed, I am to blame. Carried away by the love which thee knows burns within me, I urged my suit so warmly as to frighten Ruth. She must pardon and forget.

*Ruth.* Yea, Friend Bosworth. I will pardon, but I cannot forget.

*Obed.* Stranger, thee is welcome.

*Ruth.* He is no stranger, father. This is Elmer Granger.

*Obed.* The brother of Prudence? Thee is heartily welcome. (*Gives his hand.*)

*Elmer.* Thanks, Friend Sterling. (*Enter PRUDENCE door in F.*)

*Prudence.* Yes, that's my big brother. Come, Ephraim, you should know him.

*Ephraim.* Friend Elmer, I am glad to meet thee. (*Shakes hands.*)

*Elmer.* I've heard of you. Prudence often writes. I think you've a warm corner in her heart.

*Prudence* (*pinching him*). You silly goose! You'll spoil every thing.

*Elmer.* Then I'll be dumb as an oyster.

(*ELMER C. ; PRUDENCE R. C. ; RUTH on settle ; MRS. S. stands behind her, with hand on her shoulder ; OBED L. C. ; EPHRAIM next L. ; and BOSWORTH extreme left.*)

*Obed.* Thee has seen stormy times in thy native place ; thee has suffered deeply in this wicked rebellion.

*Elmer.* Wicked rebellion? You are wrong, friend. If ever the torch of war is lighted in a holy cause, 'tis when it flames above the altar of liberty. Remember that 'twas only after the iron heel of the oppressor had trampled on our hard-won harvest that we rose defiant. I have seen the home of my childhood laid in ashes, my father shot down by foreign hirelings who had no rights to enforce, no homes to protect, our dearest rights insulted to feed the vanity of the despot who sits on England's throne. He would be a coward in-

deed, who, with such blighting wrongs to avenge, would not dare all to free the land of such a curse.

*Bosworth.* Young blood is hot, and fiery words but cheap. Save thy breath: *we* are loyal to Friend George.

*Mrs. S. (coming down).* Nay, speak for thyself, Friend Bosworth. — Friend Elmer, thee is welcome. (*Gives her hand.*) Thee sees they have forgotten me: I am Rachel Sterling.

*Elmer (clasping her hand).* My dear mother's true and steadfast friend.

*Mrs. S.* Yea, it was a sore trial to my friendship when she left us to mate with one of the world's people.

*Elmer.* But you were true to her always. You showed your love by giving my sister a home. Poor mother, hers was a hard fate. I could not sorrow for my father; for he died bravely, with musket in hand. But mother—curse the fiend that basely struck her down! They told me that our home was in flames. I left the ranks of the little band, who were struggling against the foe, and rushed home to protect my mother. As I neared the house I saw her flying from its door, pursued by one Richard Cross, a renegade, who had led our foes to plunder. Even as I looked he raised the sword he bore, and struck her down. I flew at him, seized his weapon, and struck at his bared head. He raised his hand, and caught the blow, then turned and fled. I could not overtake him, and returned to meet a last look from my mother's eyes, as she sunk in death. The renegade fled from our town. He bears the mark of the sword on his right hand; and, should we ever

meet, my mother's death shall be terribly avenged.  
(BOSWORTH *hides his right hand in his bosom.*)

Mrs. S. Nay, thee must not speak of vengeance; let the man of sin depart in peace; within he bears his punishment. Thy mother was a good woman. I am glad she wed the man of her choice.

Elmer. Then you have not the Friends' prejudice against marriage outside the sect.

Mrs. S. I may have the prejudice; but I would not stand in the way of happiness.

Elmer. Even were it your own daughter?

Mrs. S. Yea. My daughter Ruth shall make her choice; and I shall love him even though he be of the world's people.

Prudence (*aside to ELMER*). Hear that, brother. Don't lose the opportunity. Ruth may be yours.

Elmer (*aside to PRUDENCE*). I'll win the little Quaker, in spite of the scowling Friend yonder. (*Enter GINGER, door in F.*)

Ginger. Here comes old Pretzel, running like de debble. Somefin's broke, sure for sartin.

Prudence. Well, you break for that teakettle. I must scald out my tub.

Ginger (*goes to fireplace*). I'll fotch him, Miss Prudence.

(*Enter PRETZEL, door in flat, with his hand to his nose, which is bleeding.*)

Pretzel. Murter, tieves! Mine prains is broke, ant my heat all running away. Look at dot, see de bleet dot I ish shedding for mine country.

Obed. What's the trouble, friend Pretzel?



*Pretzel.* De Tories come to mine house. Dey proke mine vindows, dey lets mine peer all runt away, ant dey vill pull der house up to der grount if somepody don't come right away pretty quick.

*Elmer.* The dastard. Another outrage to rouse the slumbering patriotism of your insulted people! They shall find one strong arm to bar the way.

*Pretzel.* Dot's right. You're a prave young man. Dey vill run vhen dey see you. Go right away quick, ant I vill vait here till you come pack. (*Going L.*)

*Elmer.* No, you must lead the way. Come, come: we lose time. (*Takes his gun.*) Now, friends, we have an opportunity to show these cowards what a few brave men can do. Who will follow? (*All stand silent.*) Must I be alone in this good work?

*Bosworth.* We are a peaceable people, we meddle not with broils. Thee will find none here to assist thee.

*Elmer.* Indeed, I expected little from you. You have the air of a coward, one who would force his love upon an unwilling woman. You need not scowl. I fear you not.

*Prudence.* Oh, I wish I was a man! Bring me that kettle, Ginger.

*Ginger* (*brings kettle over to tub*). Yas, indeed, and den I'm wid you, Massa Elmer.

*Prudence* (*pours boiling water into tub*). GINGER stands just L. of tub). I'd like to scald somebody. Might make a little stir. Lord knows there's some needed here.

*Elmer.* Ginger, you're a brave fellow: come, we've

no time to lose. — Hear me, friends. I know not the number of the foe. For myself I care not, but I would have our onset a success. Remember, if this outrage is not quickly avenged, you may be the next victims. For your own sakes be wise. Come (*pause*). Shame ! In a neighbor's cause will not one join with us to prevent outrage ?

*Obed.* Nay : our faith forbids violence. Not one.

*Ephraim* (*stepping to c.*). Yea, there is one : I will join thee.

*Obed, Bosworth, Ruth.* Thee !

*Ephraim.* Yea, I. There's my hand, Friend Elmer. Tell me what to do, where to strike, and thee will find the Quaker's arm is strong for the right. (*Prudence goes off, L.*)

*Obed.* Son Ephraim ! Is thee gone mad ? thee will disgrace the coat of drab.

*Ephraim* (*taking off his coat, and throwing it down*). Nay, I'll leave it behind. 'Twill give me more freedom. I will smite the enemy with my fists. If I only had a gun now ! (*Enter Prudence, L.*)

*Prudence.* Here it is, Ephraim. I brought it from Concord, that I might give it to the brave man who would fight for me. O Ephraim ! (*Throws her arms about his neck, and kisses him.*)

*Ephraim.* Verily, I wax strong for the fight. On, Friend Elmer, on !

*Ginger.* Golly, dar's fight in de young Quaker.

*Elmer* (*gives his hand to Ephraim*). Thanks, you are a good true man, a friend indeed.

*Bosworth.* You'll repent this, young man.

*Elmer.* Silence. Dare you stand between a man and his country's cause? Young blood is hot, and fiery words are cheap, you say. My deeds shall speak for me. — Come, Pretzel.

*Pretzel.* Yaw. I vill pe mit you pretty quick. (*Passes GINGER, and steps on his toe.*)

*Ginger.* Ow, dat ar corn again! (*Pushing PRETZEL, he sits down in tub of water.*)

*Pretzel* (*with hands on sides of tub raises himself*). Py gracious, someting's purning!

*Ginger.* Yah, yah, yah! dat Dutchman always in hot water.

TABLEAU. — ELMER and EPHRAIM at door with hands clasped; PRUDENCE L. back; PRETZEL in tub; GINGER next L., laughing; BOSWORTH extreme L.; RUTH stands by fireplace with hands clasped, looking intently at ELMER; MRS. STERLING behind settle watching EPHRAIM; OBED R. Curtain.

*From the time of Pretzel's entrance, let the speech be quick, the action rapid.*

ACT II. *Evening. Scene same as in Act I. Curtain at window drawn. Bright fire in fireplace. Candle burning on table. PRUDENCE seated at table sewing, or spinning if there is a wheel on stage. MRS. STERLING on settle knitting. OBED seated in a chair, which is set back against scene R., near fireplace next 1 E.; his head leaning back, with a silk handkerchief thrown over it; his hands folded across his breast.*

*Prudence.* After a storm comes a calm. The venerable Obed and his spouse have been having what would be called among the world's people, a spat. I never heard two people go on so; and now he's evidently disciplining himself for rebelling against the spirit of peace. (*OBED groans.*) No, he's waking up again.

*Obed (snatching off handkerchief).* I tell thee, Rachel, thee is a foolish woman. Thee has listened to the mutterings of the rebellious; thee has given thy heart; yea, encouraged thy daughter to sympathize with the discontented, and now our own children turn against us.

*Mrs. S.* Speak for thyself, Obed. Our children have not turned against me, and I blame not myself that they have a warm interest in the success of the right.

*Obed (groans).* Yea, verily, peace hath fled from our dwelling. This firebrand cometh among us with his warlike tongue, and our daughter warmeth towards



him ; and our son forsaketh the path of peace, and goeth forth to slay. It shall not be. The girl shall be locked in her chamber, and the boy —

*Mrs. S.* Nay. Be not a fool, Obed. Thee might as well attempt to stop the whirlwind as to quench the fire of patriotism when 'tis kindled in a man's breast, or to smother love when once it hath found a resting-place in a maiden's heart.

*Prudence (aside).* That's what I call sound doctrine.

*Obed.* Rachel, thee is mad. Knows thee not that the fruitage of love is marriage, and Friends cannot marry out of their own sect?

*Mrs. S.* Thee knows 'tis a clause in our creed to which I could never give approval. Does thee remember Hester Page, who loved the father of Elmer and Prudence? She was beloved by all. She married, and the Friends turned from her. I felt they were unjust to her ; that she deserved better treatment after all her devotion to the good works among us. She fell a martyr in the cause of liberty ; and if I could atone for our neglect of her by the gift of our daughter to her son, — her noble son, — I would consent, though all the Friends with uplifted hands and looks of horror should cry, "Nay."

*Prudence (aside).* Glory hallelujah !

*Obed.* Nay, be silent : thee'll get a smart talking-to at the next Yearly Meeting.

*Mrs. S.* Yea ; but I have a tongue, and can talk back, Obed.

*Obed.* Yea, and drown the elders with thy clamor.

*Ginger (outside).* Bress de Lord, I'se home ! Hallo Massa Eph., is yer comin' ? (*Enter door in F.*)

*Prudence (rising).* Why, Ginger, where have you been all day ? Where's Ephraim and Elmer ? Is anybody hurt ? Why don't you speak ?

*Ginger.* Now, jes you hole on, Miss Prudence. Does yer tink I's gwine to answer forty-leben questions widout a breaf ? Here I is : dat's nuff for me.

*Mrs. S.* Are the lads safe, Ginger ?

*Ginger.* Wa'l, I dunno, misses. I'm safe, an' dat's de most consequential. I'll tole you all about it. We went down dar to old Pretzel's dis mornin', Massa Elmer, Massa Eph., an' — an' Ginger, dat's me. De old Dutchman, he's a sneak ; he jis watch his chance, and when we wasn't looking he clared, he did. But we went down dar, got mos' to de house, and we hear de wus yellin' dat eber was. Den Massa Elmer, he says, says he, Hole on, let's squirmish a bit : so we lay down onto de grass and squirmished up to de fence ; den worked on up to de woodpile, and made dat a sort of a-a-a bull-whack. Den Massa Elmer and Massa Eph. dey loaded der muskats, an' I loaded a big stick off de woodpile. Dat ar Massa Eph., by golly, I nebber seed a man so nerbous in my life ; he kept a pourin' in de powder an' de shot, and ramming down, till he must have had six bustin' charges in dat ar muskat. Den we looked round de corner ob de woodpile, an' dar was six Tory fellows a-sittin' on de grass, wid a keg of old Pretzel's beer an'-an' sour kruet, an'-an'-snasengers, jes a stuffin' an' drinkin'. Den Massa Elmer sings out, Blaze away, boys, an'-an'.

let fly. Den Massa Eph., he sings out, an' he let fly. Dar was an explosion like a cannon: de old muskat kicked; an' Massa Eph., he jes layed on his back an' hollered. But dem are Tories dey jes scooted down the road, wid Massa Elmer an' Massa Eph. loading up and blazin' away. Dey dropped four on 'em. We kep' up de chase three hours; den we lost sight of Massa Elmer an' de Tories, and turned back.

*Prudence.* Did you forsake Elmer?

*Ginger.* No, chile, he forsake us. Couldn't keep up wid him no how.

*Mrs. S.* But where's Ephraim?

*Eph.* (*Enter door in F.*) Yea, verily, he is here.

(*His coat and vest are gone, one of his stockings is hanging over his shoe, the sleeve of his shirt is ripped up, elbow scraped, a red handkerchief round his head, one eye blacked, and face begrimed with powder and dust, gun in hand.*)

*Obed* (*groans*). Ephraim, my son, does thee return to us in such a pitiful plight?

*Ephraim.* Yea, I have smelt the smoke of battle, I have smitten the despoiler with snipe-shot. I have felt the butt of my musket in near proximity to my eye. I have sat in the dust, and, in the language of the world's people, have had a jolly good fight.

*Ginger.* Dat's so; and won de victory.

*Obed* (*groans*). Ephraim, my son, my heart is sore troubled. Thee was reared a child of peace; thee is now a man of war and sin; thee has brought shame to our house.

*Ephraim* (*boldly*). Nay, father, I have brought no

shame. What right have I, with all the blood and sinews of a man, to sit idly down and talk of peace, when my countrymen east, west, north, and south, are roused to arms, at the encroaching of tyranny upon their rights and liberties? I have been reared a child of peace, and the inward spirit now teaches me there shall be no peace until we, with brave, stout hearts and strong right arms, have taught the intruders we have the power to maintain it. (*Comes down L.*)

*Prudence* (*clapping her hands*). Hurray! Them's my sentiments.

*Mrs. S.* Prudence, thee forgets thyself. — Ephraim, my son, thy person needs proper care.

*Ephraim.* Yea; and I am as hungry as the bear that roameth the wilderness. (*Enter BOSWORTH, door in flat.*)

*Bosworth.* Ah, Ephraim has returned. What transformations here, child of Belial?

*Ephraim* (*stepping forward quickly*). Nay, Friend Bosworth, thee had better keep a civil tongue in thy head. The fires of war are yet hot within me, and peradventure thy skull may open wider than thy mouth.

*Bosworth.* Dares thee threaten me?

*Ephraim.* Yea, I dare, for thee is a smooth, sneaking traitor, Friend Bosworth. (*Advancing on him.*)

*Obed* (*stepping before BOSWORTH*). Stand back, Ephraim: in my house a guest is sacred.

*Prudence.* Land sakes! I never saw a man so full of fight.

*Ginger.* Yaas. I guess dar ain't much stuffin' in his buzzum.



*Obed.* Go to thy room, Ephraim. When thee is thyself, I'll speak with thee.

*Mrs. S.* Come, Ephraim, thy mother will attend thee. (*Pats him upon the shoulder.*) Thee is fiery, but 'tis in a good cause, and thy mother is proud of thee. (*Exeunt MRS. S. and EPHRAIM, L.*)

*Ginger.* Miss Prudence, can't you find me somfin to gnaw? ain't tasted noffin since breakfus.

*Prudence (coming to R. U. E.)* Yes, come with me: I can find a cold fowl. (*Exit.*)

*Ginger (following).* Dat's good, jes let me get foul of it, and gib it a burial-place.

*Bosworth.* Friend Obed, I grieve with thee, that the child of thy faith should have gone the way of wickedness.

*Obed.* Thee needn't trouble thyself, Friend Bosworth. Thee has sins enough of thine own to grieve for. The lad's spirit has been aroused, he hath found he has a strong arm, that his country needs him. If he must fight, I hope his aim will be sure, and the enemy bite the dust before him.

*Bosworth.* Obed Sterling, is *thee* turning traitor too? Beware! thee is a marked man. Give these rebels sympathy even in thy thoughts, and nought can save thee.

*Obed.* Hark thee, Friend Bosworth: thee has dared to threaten me before. I have borne with thee because thee has been our friend (*fiercely*); but, if thee dare use such words to me again, I will pitch thee out of yonder window.

*Bosworth (aside).* The old man is stubborn. I

must dissemble. (*Aloud.*) Nay, nay! Friend Obed. I meant not to threaten; I would but point out to thee thy danger. Thee shall have all protection from me. Verily it would be base in me to persecute thee, when I love thy daughter so dearly.

*Obed.* Thee has spoken with my daughter?

*Bosworth.* Yea, I did urge my suit, but was interrupted by that wicked wretch, Elmer Granger. Beware of him. He looks upon the girl with favor. There is danger in his presence. Secure thy daughter's safety by giving me thy promise she shall be mine.

*Obed.* I told thee I would sleep upon it. As thee seems in haste, we will settle the matter now. Here comes my daughter. (*Enter RUTH 1 E. R.*) Ruth, child, come hither. Thee sees Friend Bosworth, a man of strong build, and not uncomely, of good report among the Friends; not burdened with wealth, but active in its pursuit. He asks me to give him thy hand, would have thee be his wife.

*Bosworth.* Yea, Ruth, I love thee with my whole soul.

*Obed.* Speak, daughter: thy fate is in thy own hands. Neither thy father nor thy mother will prevent thy free choice.

*Ruth.* Father, thee has ever been kind to me. Never an unkind word has thee given me. From my earliest days thee has been ever watchful over my thoughts and wishes. No blessing thee could bestow has ever been withheld. I honor thee above all men. Thy judgment is so wise that thy word is law to me. I know Friend Bosworth professes love for me;

and yet my heart has felt no answering thrill to his protestations. I shrink from his glance, and tremble in his presence. Nay, I will be frank. Another, with no words, with no entreaties, has touched a chord within my being that vibrates with ecstacy at his approach. He is of the world's people, yet brave, strong, and true. Yet I am but a child, and may not know my own heart. My fate I leave in thy hands. Speak, father: what thee says shall guide me.

*Obed (takes RUTH's hand, kisses her on the forehead, then turns to BOSWORTH).* Friend Bosworth, thee has thy answer. (*Comes to L.*)

*Bosworth (c.).* Nay, this will not serve. I must have a plain answer, yes, or no.

*Obed (sternly).* No. A thousand times no. My daughter is not for such as thou.

*Bosworth.* Nay, bear with me, Friend Obed.

*Obed.* Nay, thy friend no more, Bosworth. I have borne with thee until Patience is indignant at me. By thy own confession, thee is a spy; but that I feared my daughter loved thee, I would have driven thee from my house, when thee first spoke. Now, I tell thee, quit my house.

*Bosworth.* Has thee forgotten I can destroy thee?

*Obed.* Do thy worst. No harm can come to him who obeys the voice of conscience.

*Bosworth.* Then, dread my vengeance. You know me not. You thought I was a cowardly Quaker. I have deceived you and your tribe. The opinions of your sect are known to me; ay, and all their wealth, and where 'tis to be found. One motive only has kept me in

your midst, — love for your daughter. She scorns me. Now comes my turn. I will seize, burn, destroy, till you shall tremble at my name (*goes to door*). You have need of all your caution. The hour of vengeance is approaching. Ruth Sterling, you tremble in my presence : ha, ha, ha ! Present or absent, you shall now tremble at the thought of me, for I swear you shall be mine. (*Exit door in flat.*)

*Ruth* (*running to OBED : they meet in c. of stage*). O father, father ! he terrifies me.

*Obed*. Nay, fear not, child, He is a bad, wicked man ; but he cannot harm thee. Go to thy rest. (*Leads her to 1 E. R.*)

*Ruth*. But, father, thee is grieved that I love Elmer Granger.

*Obed* (*groans*). He is of the world's people. The Friends will groan in spirit ; but thee has said, no blessing I could bestow upon thee was ever withheld. Go to thy rest in peace. (*Exit Ruth 1 E. R.*)

*Obed* (*groans*). Verily, Friend Obed, thee is running up a long account for settlement at Yearly Meeting. (*Enter EPHRAIM from door L. ; costume same as in Act I., spruce and clean, gun in his hand.*) Ephraim, my son, thee is not going out on the war-path again ?

*Eph*. Yea, father. Friend Elmer may need my help. I go to seek him.

*Obed*. Give me thy hand, Ephraim. (*They shake hands.*) It grieves me that thee is become a man of war ; but, if thee must go, remember the maxim of the world's people, " Put thy trust in Providence, and keep



thy powder dry." And do not forget the words of that brave but sinful Friend, Israel Putnam, "Wait until thee sees the white of their eyes." Peace go with thee, my son!

*Eph* (*patting gun*). Yea, I have it in my hands.

*Obed* (*groans*). Yea, Rachel is right; but the women must not have it all their own way. (*Exit L. 1 E.*)

*Eph.* Now I will seek Friend Elmer. (*Goes up. Enter PRUDENCE, door R. U. E.*)

*Prudence.* Ephraim, you are not going out again to-night?

*Eph.* Verily, Friend Prudence, it is not right that I should leave thy brother in the midst of wolves. I go to seek him.

*Prudence.* O Ephraim! you a perfect fire-eater, — a man that I am proud to call my lover.

*Eph.* Nay, thee is mistaken. I am no woman's lover.

*Prudence.* What? Didn't you make love to me over the washing this morning?

*Eph.* Yea, I did speak some tender words of nonsense in thine ear.

*Prudence.* In my ear! Why, you kissed me!

*Eph.* Yea, I did imprint the seal of friendship upon thy lips. But I have another mistress now.

*Prudence.* You don't mean to say you've fallen in love with another woman! Who is she?

*Eph.* My country. Thee did mock my profession of peace. Thee did call me a coward. And I girded on my armor, and went forth to battle.

*Prudence.* Yes, I aroused the manhood within you, and made you a patriot.

*Eph.* Yea, and so filled my heart with martial fire, it hath not room for any tenderer flame. If thee loves me, thee is to be pitied, for thee has given me to another and a sterner mistress. The war-drum rings in my ears, the flash of musketry is before my eyes. I hunger for the fight, and have no appetite for love. Fare thee well, Friend Prudence. If thee has lost a lover, thy country has found a defender. (*Sings.*)

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,  
Yankee Doodle dandee;  
Mind the music and the steps,  
And leave the girls behind thee.

[*Exit door in F.*

*Prudence.* Well, I never! Mittened by a Quaker! I shall never hold up my head again. I've roused the lion, and lost the lamb; the Quaker wasn't worth having, but the soldier's quite another article. Oh dear, dear, dear! this comes of meddling with politics. Maybe he'll get shot, and I'll have his death to answer for. Ah Prudence! I'm afraid you care more for this fellow than you dream of. (*Takes up candle.*) I'm not going to lose any sleep for him. (*Crosses to R. 1 E.*) He lungers for the fight. Ah Ephraim! courage may serve you in the battle, but Prudence is a virtue not to be despised. (*Exit 1 E.*)

(*Enter GINGER R. U. E., gnawing a bone.*)

*Ginger.* Dah, dat ar fowl's gone to roost. I've cleaned the cubburd of all de eatables and drinkables.

Dunno what dey'll do for breakfus in de mornin, but de clams ob hunger must be dissatisfied if it breeds a famine. Eberybody gone to bed, den I'll go out to de barn and snooze myself. Hallo, what dat? (*Listens at door.*) Sh! dar's sumbody prowlin 'round de house. Whispers. Halt, Ginger, das mischif in de wind. Keep dark, honey. (*Lies down behind settle. Door is pushed open slowly, and BOSWORTH looks in, then creeps cautiously down, listens at door L., then goes back to door in flat, and beckons.*)

(*Enter BURKE and BLUCHER, with guns. All three come down stage, BURKE R., BLUCHER L., BOSWORTH C.*)

Burke. Look here, Broadbrim. What kind of a job is this?

Blucher. Yes. Plunder, or murder? Speak out.

Bosworth. Silence! (*Creeps to door, L., and turns key.*) There, I've locked in the only one from whom we might expect interruption, — young Sterling. He's had a fight to-day, so he'll sleep soundly now.

Blucher. We can easily give him a sleeping-powder, if you say the words (*slapping gun*).

Blucher. With a pill added that will be sure to quiet him.

Bosworth. Hist! What brings you here to-night?

Burke. It's all along of that fight at the Dutchman's this morning. We were surprised by an infernal rebel, who drove us beyond Carter's, until his comrades deserted; and then we turned and took him. I wanted to swing him to a tree, but the cap'n said no; he was a brave fellow, and we must take him

down to camp, and honor him with a shooting. So we took him down there, tied him to a tree, and went to supper. When supper was gone, we found the rebel gone also. So Blue and I were detailed to retake him. We tracked him to within a mile of this house, and then lost him.

*Bosworth.* But you are on his track now. He and the owner of this place, Obed Sterling, are leagued together.

*Blucher.* Sterling ! Why, Sterling's a Quaker.

*Bosworth.* He's a traitor. You know me?

*Burke.* Know you, Broadbrim, the spy ? Ay, we have orders from Cap'n Trot to obey you when the service requires.

*Bosworth.* Ay, I have need of you now. My orders from headquarters are to shoot this Sterling ; to seize his daughter, and take her to Carter's.

*Blucher.* Oh, we don't want to meddle with girls !

*Bosworth.* The service demands obedience.

*Blucher.* All right, Broadbrim.

*Bosworth.* Then you look out for the old man, and I'll take care of the girl. First to arouse Sterling. You, Blucher, go beneath the window of his room, at that corner (*points to L. 1 E.*), throw up a stone ; he'll open the window ; tell him Friend Garner is sick and needs him ; that will bring him out. When he appears make short work of him, for he is a traitor to the king, and well deserves what he must receive, — instant death.

*Burke.* Never fear. I seldom lose a shot.

*Blucher.* Nor I. Old Deadeye is sure death.



*Bosworth.* Be cautious. Give me ten minutes to secure the girl, then follow my instructions.

*Blucher,* All right. But who pays the funeral expenses?

*Bosworth (handing him a purse).* The King of England.

*Blucher (throws up purse).* Long live the king!

*Bosworth.* Now away. Hush! who's that? (*Enter PRETZEL, door in flat. BLUCHER and BURKE crouch on the floor R. and L.*)

*Pretzel.* Ha, ha! Friend Sterling; wash you op? Dot is goot. I ish as try as never vas. Dose rascals trink op all mine peer, and I coome to get some of your cider. Hy! vhat is dot? Friend Sterling, you is not Friend Sterling after all.

*Ginger (peeps over settle).* By golly, dat ar Dutchman in anoder scrape.

*Bosworth.* What do you want here?

*Pretzel (shaking).* Oh, notings if you bleese. I just got run ober from mine house. Didn't know you had gompany. (*BURKE and BLUCHER rise, and point guns at him.*) Mine gracious gootness, ton't you do dot (*falls on his knees*). I'm only a poor Tuchman vidout fader or moder.

*Bosworth.* Get up, fool.

*Pretzel.* Yaw, right away puty quick (*rises*). Ef you bleese, don't explode your guns mit me. I'm ony a poor —

*Bosworth.* Shut up!

*Pretzel.* Yaw. I like to say notings mit my mout shut.

*Bosworth.* Take him out and lock him in the barn.

*Pretzel.* In ter parn mit ter pigs? I don't like dot puty vell.

*Bosworth.* Do as I bid you ; if he opens his mouth, throw him in the horse-pond.

*Pretzel.* Dot's vhat you call horspuddality. I don't like dot.

*Blucher.* Come, start, Dutcliy.

*Pretzel.* Yaw, don't pint dem tings ; dey might go off.

*Burke.* After you. (*PRETZEL backs up to door. BURKE and BLUCHER follow with their guns pointed at him.*)

*Pretzel.* Dis is too pad. You don't got some pizness here, an' I don't got mine cider. (*They threaten him with guns ; he exits in a hurry, followed by BLUCHER and BURKE.*)

*Bosworth.* Now, then, my pretty Ruth, if you won't be mine by fair means, you shall by foul. (*Creeps slowly to R. 1. E.*)

*Ginger (rises).* Der's gwine to be trouble in dis yer family ; it's about time I looked up Massa Eph. (*Exit door in F.*)

*Bosworth (turning quickly).* What's that? I thought I heard a step. It must have been Blucher (*turns to R.*). Ah, the pretty Ruth comes this way. 'Twill save the trouble of calling her. (*Creeps behind settle, and hides. Enter RUTH with a lighted candle : she places it on the table and goes to window, speaking as she enters.*)

*Ruth.* I cannot go to rest while Friend Elmer is in

danger. If he is safe, he would have returned to see his sister. (*Looks out of window.*) Nay, 'tis very dark. What can have become of him! He is brave and noble, and his must be a good heart, it moves so quickly at the call of distress. I doubt if he thinks of me. Why should he? Ah, that's a wise question, too profound from my head, so I'll leave the heart to answer it. And that says yea, as there's truth in his bright eyes, he does. I wish he'd come. His sister must be so anxious about him, and she sleeps soundly. I looked in upon her: she had thrown herself dressed upon the bed and slept. I could not do that, and yet I am so anxious! (*Bosworth rises.*) Ah, who's that? (*Comes down L.*)

*Bosworth.* (*coming down R.*) One not unknown to you.

*Ruth.* Thee here again!

*Bosworth.* Ay, my pretty Ruth. I could not leave the Quaker fold and go out among the world's people alone, and so I have returned for thee to bear me company.

*Ruth.* Thee does but jest, Uriel Bosworth, and thy humor is so grim I like it not.

*Bosworth.* No, it makes you tremble, pretty Ruth. Come, you must go with me. I told you you were very dear to me. I can't live without you. You have kindled a fierce passion in my breast, — so fierce that, were a thousand in my path, I'd slay them all before I'd lose you.

*Ruth.* Thee has no right to enter here. Thee is a base, bad man, sneaking like a thief, when darkness

covers the earth, into the house of the man thee *dare*s not face in open daylight.

*Bosworth.* I dare face thee, Ruth —

*Ruth.* Ay, with a bold front but a coward heart. Thee is a traitor to our faith, a traitor to the cause of liberty, and, still greater shame, a traitor to the name of manhood. Get thee hence !

*Bosworth.* Ho, ho ! bravely spoken, Ruth. You are a girl of spirit. You are a prize worth winning. But you forget you are alone and unprotected. Your brother is securely bound, your father doomed if he moves from his chamber. I come not alone.

*Ruth.* Thee is a brave man, Uriel Bosworth. Thy tyrant master must be proud of his followers who war upon women.

*Bosworth.* Ruth Sterling, I swear —

*Ruth.* Silence ! Insult not my father's roof with an oath. Insult not his daughter with the profanation of that holy virtue which exists alone in honest hearts. Begone !

*Bosworth.* Not without you, Ruth. You must go with me. Do not compel me to use force. You are unprotected.

*Ruth.* Stand back, traitor. My protection is there (*points up*), though dangers surround me, He will securely guard and guide. Stand back, and let me pass. (*Goes towards R.*)

*Bosworth* (*seizing her wrist*). Nay, nay, my pretty Quaker. There is no escape. You must come with me.

*Ruth.* Uriel Bosworth, release me. (*Flinging off his hand, and going L.*)



*Bosworth (comes R.)* You cannot pass to your chamber. Hereafter the path of life we travel together. Come.

*Ruth.* Never. Thee has my father in thy power. I'll trust my fate to the darkness of the night. (*Runs up to door in flat.*)

*Bosworth (seizing her in c. of stage).* No, no, Ruth; trust to the light of my love.

*Ruth (struggling to free herself).* No, no! Rather death. Father! brother! Elmer, Elmer! (*Enter ELMER door in R.*)

*Elmer.* Here at thy call, Ruth (*strikes BOSWORTH a blow in his breast with his fist. He staggers back and falls R. RUTH, with a cry, throws herself upon ELMER's breast*). Lie there, dog! — Nay, nay, do not tremble, Ruth: there is no danger.

*Bosworth (springing to his feet).* You lie, you cursed rebel! The house is surrounded by my friends. There is danger to you. Your fate is sealed. Release that girl!

*Elmer (quietly).* Certainly, if she desires it.

*Ruth (clinging to him).* Nay, nay, Friend Elmer.

*Elmer (with his arms about her).* You see she is contented here. (*Cooly.*) And I rather like it, Friend Bosworth.

*Bosworth.* I'll tear her from thee. (*Rushing at him. ELMER quietly infolds her with his left arm, and seizes the right wrist of BOSWORTH.*)

*Elmer (fiercely).* Dare to profane her with thy dastard hand, and I'll tear — (*starting, and glancing at hand*). Ah! what is this? (*Steps in front of RUTH,*

*still grasping Bosworth's wrist.*) A blood-red scar across the hand (*looks inquiringly at Bosworth's face*). Yes, yes, despite the shaven face, the Quaker garb, I know thee now, Richard Cross, my mother's murderer. (*Flings Bosworth back to R.*)

*Bosworth.* 'Tis false; we never met until this day.

*Elmer.* But once: the day you outraged mankind by a deed so coldly cruel that fiends would blush to own it. For a year I have sought you, Richard Cross, in town and country, midst my country's foes; ay, turned the dead upon the field of battle that I might find that bloody mark upon a lifeless hand and know my mother's murder was avenged. At last we meet. Heaven has reserved thee for a son's avenging hand. Richard Cross, but one of us must quit this place alive. (*Approaches him.*)

*Bosworth (aloud).* Stand back! my friends are at my call. Hallo, Burke!

*Elmer (seizing him by the throat).* Too late! too late! Dog, you must die.

*Bosworth.* Take off your hand! (*Struggle.*)

*Ruth (L.).* Elmer, forbear. (*ELMER and BOSWORTH, who have been struggling, pause with their hands on each other.*) Respect my father's roof. This is a home of peace, let no unhallowed deed pollute its fair fame. Thy mother is an angel now; and vengeance, by the will of heaven, wields its own power in the guilty breast, to punish and destroy.

*Elmer.* You are right, Ruth. This house shall be respected. (*Flings Bosworth back R.*) Richard Cross, the girl you have insulted saves you now; but beware! your fate is sealed whene'er we meet again.

*Bosworth.* And yours is already sealed. (*Takes a knife from his bosom, and rushes at ELMER, c. ELMER steps R., puts up his left arm, and receives the blow.*)

*Elmer* (*seizing his own left arm with his right*). Ah! (*Staggers to R.*)

*Bosworth* (*running up to door L.*) Curse the luck! Yet, though my hand has failed, you are doomed. Fool, you know me not; I *did* strike down your mother, and I glory in the deed. You have stepped between me and the woman there; but she is mine, and you this night shall keep your mother company. (*Exit door in flat.*)

*Ruth* (*running to ELMER*). Thee is sorely hurt, dear Elmer.

*Elmer.* Nay, 'tis but a scratch. (*Report of two guns in quick succession outside.*) Ah, what's that?

*Bosworth* (*outside*). Oh! Fools, you have slain your leader.

*Elmer.* Even so, the wretch has fallen into his own trap. You were right, Ruth: vengeance alone belongeth to Him. (*Enter door in flat, EPHRAIM with gun. He stands it beside window.*)

*Ephraim.* Yea, verily, Friend Bosworth lieth in the road, with two bullets in his body; and, in the language of the world's people, he is as dead as a door-nail. (*Enter R., PRUDENCE. She crosses to L.*)

*Prudence.* What on earth is all this racket about? (*Enter OBED, L., followed by MRS. S.; he in his shirt-sleeves; she with a short nightdress over dark petticoat, nightcap on her head.*)

*Obed.* Verily, the foe is upon us.

*Mrs. S.* Children, what does this mean?

*Elmer.* Simply, Friend Obed, that the wolf in sheep's clothing, known to you as Uriel Bosworth, has invaded your home with the design of carrying off your daughter.

*Ruth.* Yea, and the brave Friend Elmer hath defended thy daughter with an arm of power and a heart of steel.

*Obed.* Verily, we owe thanks to our brave defender, and our daughter will prize him as a dear friend.

*Elmer.* May I not hope to find a warmer place in your affections, Ruth?

*Ruth.* Yea, thee is so brave and powerful that no place thou wishest can be too strong for thee.

*Obed.* Yea, verily, this sounds very much like love (groans). What will the Friends say?

*Mrs. S.* Never thee trouble thyself about the Friends, Obed. The young people will settle their affairs without their aid.

*Ephraim (L.).* Yea, it is not good for man to be alone, and my heart warmeth to one of the fair sex among the world's people.

*Obed (c.).* Thou, Ephraim? Profanation upon profanation. (Groans.)

*Ephraim.* Yea, I have been taught the rules of war by her, and with her I would walk the flowery paths of peace. Her name is Prudence, and her features are comely.

*Prudence.* Well, I never ! And you sacked me an hour ago.

*Ephraim.* Yea, and in sackcloth and ashes have I repented.



*Obed.* Verily, this is too much. We shall all be disowned. (*Groans.*) We would give our lamb to the sacrifice, and now —

*Mrs. S.* Verily, *Obed*, we might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb.

*Obed.* Yea, verily. (*Groans.*)

(*Distant fife and drum heard; distant report of musketry, with cheers and ringing of bells.*)

*Ginger* (*outside*). Hooray! hooray! (*runs in door in flat*). D'ye hear dat? Dey's gone and done it. Yas indeed. Down dar to Filledel. Dey's 'dopted de declamation of jurisprudence; an' — an — de country am free. Yas it am. By golly, I's gwine to make one explosion. (*Runs to window, throws it up, takes gun, points it out, and fires; gun kicks him over on to floor.*) We'se free! we'se free!

*Pretzel* (*outside*). Oh, mine gracious, mine het pes plown into der mittle of der week pefore next. (*Enters door in flat holding on to his head.*)

*Ginger.* Golly, dat ar Tuchman's for ebber and ebber layin' round loose.

*Pretzel* (*comes down*). Mine het is full of pullets, unt mine prains is full of mine poots.

*Ginger.* Yah, yah! dat ain't nuffin, Massa Pretzel; dat's only a salute (*goes down extreme L.*).

*Pretzel* (*goes down R.*). Salute? Dot's vat you call him. He purn my eyeprows off mit his nonsense. Dot is no goot.

*Ginger.* Burn your eyebrows off; yah, yah! Yas, so you can see de glorious orb of liberty breaking —

*Pretzel.* Yaw, let him preak; he don't owe me sometings pretty much.

*Elmer (takes Ruth to c.).* Yes, the day of liberty is breaking. The title-deed to a land of freedom has this day been taken by patriots whose dauntless valor shall rouse a people to battle against the invaders of our soil, until pæans of victory shall ring from shore to shore, and peace, with all its joys, nestle contented in the protecting arms of a free and powerful nation.

C.

ELMER. RUTH.

R.

OBED.

EPHRAIM.

L.

MRS. S.

PRUDENCE.

PRETZEL.

GINGER.

*(Red fire behind flat for bonfire; bells ringing, guns firing, people shouting. Curtain.)*

# THE LITTLE BROWN JUG.

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## A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

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### CHARACTERS.

JOHN NUTTER, a Shoemaker.  
WILL NUTTER, his Son.  
NED HARTSHORN, his Apprentice.  
HENRY DOUGLAS, a Spendthrift.  
JARIUS JORDAN, a Yankee Speculator.  
HANNAH NUTTER, John's Wife.  
MARY NUTTER, John's Daughter.  
SALLY PEESLEE, Yankee Help.

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### COSTUMES.

JOHN. Act 1, Bald, gray wig, gray side whiskers, dark pants, colored shirt, sleeves rolled up, leather apron. Act 2, Drab clothes, calico dressing gown. Act 3, same as Act 2.

WILL. Act 1, Dark pants, colored shirt, sleeves rolled up, leather apron, short coat to put on. Act 2, Rusty velvet coat, flaming necktie, dark pants and vest, gold chain, jockey cap, all soiled and worn. Act 3, Neat and tasty dress.

NED. Act 1, About the same as Will's. Act 2, Dark pants, white shirt, with black tie, dressing-gown. Act 3, Neat business suit.

DOUGLAS. Fashionable dress for each act. Liberal display of jewelry. Kids, hat, and cane.

JARIUS. Act 1, Rusty dark pants, very short, swallow-tailed blue coat, long red hair, shocking bad hat, unblackened boots. Act 2 and 3, Good business suits and hats, neatly arranged hair, polished boots, dress not dandified, but neat and substantial.

HANNAH. Act 1 and 2, Plain calico dresses. Act 3, white dress.

MARY. Act 1, Red or brown dress, white collar, neat apron, sleeves rolled up. Act 2, Figured muslin. Act 3, White.

SALLY. Act 1, Calico dress, white collar and cuffs, bonnet or hat. Acts 2 and 3, Neat calico or muslin.

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ACT 1. SCENE. — NUTTER'S *Shop*. *Door, c., open, L. of door, against flat, shoemaker's bench, on which sits NUTTER, at work. Bench, R., on which NED HARTSHORN is at work. Bench, L., on which WILL NUTTER is at work. JARIUS JORDAN seated on a block, R. C., with his hat on, whittling, with a stick and large jack-knife.*

*John.* Wal, neow, Jarius, depend upon it, there's nothin' like a stiddy, in-door-work life to give a man position in the world. Yeou city fellers may do all the schemin' yeou like; but when the time comes for action, it's the farmers and the shoemakers that find the bone and sinew to keep the world a joggin, whether in provisions or politics. You peddle, and we provide; you scheme, and we vote. My grandsir was a shoemaker, so was my daddy, so am I, and I mean that my boy Will, there, shall foller in the footsteps of his father. P'raps 'tain't what you might call a high calling; but boots and shoes, taps and patches, are always wanted, and



will be jest as long as gineration succeeds gineration; and when you've got a trade like mine, p'raps you can't hoard up much money, but you've got a sure hold on the staff of life.

*Jarius.* Jes' so, John, jes' so; that's mighty good argifyng, if a feller critter hain't got no soul above peggin' souls. But that air Will of yourn has got the city fever the wust kind. He's hankering for a chance to try his fortune among the money-catchers. Consarn it, give the boy a chance. There's no hay-seed in his hair.

*Will.* That's right, Jarius; peg away. I never shall take kindly to this work. Hammer and sew, patch and peg. Bah! I'm tired of it! It's so awful slow! I want to see the world, rub elbows with bustling fellows, set my wits at work, use my tongue, wrestle with sharp ones for the best end of a bargain. That's life!

*Jarius.* Jes' so. You're a lively young colt — you are. It's a shame you can't have a prance in the city.

*John.* Yes; you're a pretty chap to set a lad's head a whizzing — you are, Jarius Jordan. You've been everything by turn, and nothing long.

*Jarius.* Jes' so, John, jes so. But I calkilate that with every turn I've give myself a h'ist in the world, anyhow. I've peddled tin ware, wooden ware, hardware, everywhere. I've swapped horses, traded in cattle, druv hogs, and raised poultry. I've invented cotton gins, reapers, and mowers, cider presses and match safes, travelled with pictures, poetry books, stationery, and Bibles. I've dug gold, mined copper, and bored ile; fit Ingins, Mexicans, and sesesh; kept school, led a choir, taught singing-school, been a deacon in regular standing. I've been a

printer, a book-binder, a counter-jumper, and an insurance agent, and other things too numerous to mention. There's three things I never took a hand in — swearin', lyin', and drinkin'. I've got a clean conscience and a bank-book full of figgers. I despise meanness, hate misers, and am down on rascality like all possessed. So, you see, John, with all my rolling, I've gathered *some* moss, and am none the wuss for it.

*Will.* No, indeed. There's not a better fellow living than Jarius Jordan.

*Jarius.* O, git eout! Don't yeou go to tootin' the horn.

*Ned.* It's the truth. 'Twould have been a hard winter for widow Black, but for the kind care Jarius Jordan bestowed upon her.

*Jarius.* Sho! Don't you tell tales out of school, young feller.

*Will.* Then there's old Pearson. Who'd have kept him out of the poor-house, when he broke his leg, if Jarius Jordan hadn't stepped in, housed him all winter, and paid the doctor's bill?

*Jarius.* O, go along! D'ye want to spile my complexion? Now, John, you just give Will a chance. You'll never regret it.

*John.* I tell you, what's good enough for the old man is good enough for the boy. I'll never give my consent to his going into the city — never. I'm not going to send my boy into that sink of iniquity, to be overcome by temptation. So you jest shut up, Jarius. I've got an awful temper, and if you rile me, I won't answer for the consequences.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. But, speaking of temptations —

*Enter HANNAH, L., with a small brown jug.*

*Hannah.* Here, father, here's your " 'leven o'clock."

*John.* (*Dropping his work, and taking the jug.*) Ah, that's good.

*Hannah.* Why, law sakes, Mr. Jerden! \* How do you do? The sight of you's good for sore eyes.

*Jarius.* Thank you, marm. I'm pretty well, considerin'. Hope you're hearty.

*Hannah.* Me? Sakes alive! I never had an ache or a pain in my life, and I'm goin' on for sixty. There's nothin' like good, wholesome work to keep off sickness.

*Jarius.* Jes so, Mrs. Nutter.

"Rubbin' and scrubbin'  
Gives rust a drubbin'."

*John.* (*After a long pull at the jug.*) Ah, that's good! The raal Holland, sweetened to taste, and rousing hot! Take a pull, Jarius?

*Jarius.* No, I thank ye.

*John.* (*Takes a drink.*) Ah! Here, Will. (*Passes jug to WILL, who grasps it eagerly, and drinks.*)

*Jarius.* Sho! Yeou ain't a going to drink that stuff!

*Will.* Stuff? Hullo!

*John.* Stuff? Hear the critter!

*Hannah.* Stuff, indeed! When I mixed it myself, and in the little brown jug, that's been in the family years and years!

\* Hannah and Sally should follow this pronunciation.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. The jug is a relic?

*Hannah.* Yes, indeed ; and we wouldn't part with it for the world. It's been handed down from father to son ever since the first Nutter landed in America.

*John.* And used year in and year out. It's seasoned with the good grog of five generations.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Seen some tight times, I reckon. Come, Ned, it's your turn.

*Ned.* No, I thank you. I never drink.

*Will.* (*Drinks.*) No? I stand his watch.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. So Ned don't like it, hey?

*Ned.* Ned never tasted it, Mr. Jordan. My poor mother's last request was that I should never touch it. Don't you think a mother's last request should be sacred?

*Jarius.* Don't I? As sacred as the family Bible.

*Ned.* As sacred as the memory of the loved and lost. I had a good mother, Mr. Jordan.

*Jarius.* Jes so. You show it.

*Hannah.* Yes, indeed ; a poor, hard-working woman was Marcy Hartshorn : the best washer and ironer in the place ; and such a cook ! Her pies would make your mouth water. And turnovers ! the young ones would cry for them. O, dear ! such a pity she threw herself away on that drunken sot — Jim Hartshorn. Why, when he died —

*John.* Hush, mother, hush !

*Hannah.* Dear me ! I forgot. But it always makes me mad when I think — (*sniffs*). Bless me ! What's that? (*Sniffs.*) I smell something.

*Jarius.* Jes' so — gin and sugar.



*Hannah.* It's my pies a-burning, as sure as I live! And I here gossiping. O, dear! there's a whole ovenful spoiled by my neglect! [Exit, L.

*John.* Don't mind her, Ned. She didn't mean to hurt your feelings. She'd do anything in the world for you.

*Ned.* I know she would. Heaven bless her! You see, Mr. Jordan, liquor has left a stain on my family name; and I'm not likely to be friendly with it.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Stick to the last request, young feller, and you'll wipe it out. And if ever you want a friend, don't forget the undersigned, Jarius Jordan, for you'll find him on hand, like a picked-up dinner.

*John.* There; that job's done. Here, Will, drop that jug. It's a leetle strong to-day. Put on your coat, and take these shoes to Mrs. Douglas.

*Will.* (*Rises while speaking, takes off apron, puts on coat and hat, sets the jug on the floor beside JOHN NUTTER's bench.*) That's just the job for me. Hen Douglas sent me word he wanted to see me. So I can kill two birds with one stone. (*Takes shoes.*) The Holland is a leetle strong, and no mistake. [Exit, C.

*Jarius.* See here, John Nutter, I'm a b'ilin' and a b'ilin', an' if I don't let off steam, there'll be a case of spontaneous combustion in my in'ards. You're a good deal older than I am; but we've been good friends ever since I was knee high to a woodchuck; so, hear me fust, and lick me arterwards, if you don't like it. Here you've been a talking about the temptations of the city, and putting that inter your boy's mouth that will work his etarnal destruction! Your little brown jug will be his evil genius. Mind what I say. He hankers arter it now;

and you, here in the country, are tempting him, and making an appetite that'll eat him up soul and body. And now he's off to meet that air Douglas, who always has a bottle at his elbow. He's a dangerous chap.

*John.* Much you know about it. He's Will's friend. He's taken a shine to him, and, if I'd say the word, would give him a great lift in the city. He's a well-meaning chap, that Douglas. He's got a rich father, and need not work. He's well educated, and has got good manners. Will's all the better for being in company with such a man. As for the little brown jug, don't abuse that. It never did me any harm, and I was as young as Will when I took my first pull at it. So, don't you meddle, Jarius. When I find things going wrong in my family, I'll take 'em in hand myself.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Look here, John. I've taken a fancy to that boy myself. Give me his time, and I'll put in your hand, to-day, five hundred dollars, and guarantee you a thousand more, if I don't make a man of him when he's twenty-one.

*John.* (*Rising.*) You can't have him. I've just had enough of your meddling. If I wanted him to go, I'd make terms with Mr. Douglas, and not you. He shall never go with my leave; and he knows that if he goes without, he never returns here. You're pretty flush with your money, Jarius, but you haven't enough to buy that boy's time, nor logic enough, sharp as you think yourself, to turn my purpose. [*Exit, L.*]

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Stubborn as a mule. Douglas will get that boy in spite of thunder. I do hate to see that young feller go to the dogs; as he's sure to do if some-

thing don't hinder. He's jest the chap to go into Stinson's good graces, and gain a complete knowledge of agricultural implements in his concern, and jest the lad to keep a sharp eye on my interest in the patent reaper. I do hate to get eucured; but old Nutter's a hard lot when he gets his back up.

*Enter SALLY, C.*

*Sally.* Goodness gracious! If I've been here once, I've been here twenty times for Mrs. Douglas's shoes, and she ravin' distracted about 'em! Such a dawddlin' set as you shoemakers are! — Sakes, Mr. Jerden, heow dew yeou dew? I didn't see yeou before.

*Jarius.* (*On her entrance puts up his knife, takes off his hat, and tries to smooth his hair, and appears very sheepish and awkward while she remains.*) Jes' so, Miss Higgins; business first, and pleasure arterwards.

*Ned.* Don't fret about the shoes, Sally. Will has just taken them to the house.

*Sally.* Well, thank goodness, that's settled.

*Jarius.* Heow's yeour marm, Miss Peeslee?

*Sally.* Rather peaked, Mr. Jerden; and jest when I ought to be at home, I'm kept at the big house and worked like a dog. Such a set of cross-grained folks you never did see. Old Mr. Douglas as proud and stiff as a gran-ydear, Mrs. Douglas frettin' and worryin' the livelong day about nothin', and that good-for-nothin' Hen of theirs a carryin' on all sorts of didos. He and the old gentleman had an awful quarrel this mornin'. Somehow Mr. Douglas got it into his head that Hen was sparking Mary

Nutter in airnest. Don't believe such a notion ever entered the feller's head afore. He's only flirtin' with her, same as he has with twenty other girls; but, to spite the old man, he swore — O, awful! — he'd marry her, if he was turned out of doors for it.

*Ned.* He marry our Mary!

*Sally.* Why not? He's none too good for her.

*Ned.* She's too good for him.

*Sally.* Why, Ned, you ain't sweet on her — are you?

*Ned.* Me? I should not dare. But he's a worthless spendthrift, thinks only of his own pleasure, regardless of others' feelings, selfish, dissipated, cunning, and crafty. He marry Mary! Heaven forbid!

*Jarius.* Jes' so. He cuts a mighty big swell on an awful small capital.

*Sally.* He's good looking, and that goes a long way with girls. I don't think Mary would break her heart if she knew she was to be his wife.

*Ned.* No; but, once in his possession, he would break it. Many whispers of his wild life in the city have been blown to our ears.

*Sally.* He's a communion merchant — ain't he?

*Ned.* A commission merchant, Sally.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. I've heard of him. He's got a shingle, a desk, and a chair. The shingle hangs at the door; he sits in the chair and watches his legs on the desk, through tobacco smoke; and that's the extent of his business.

*Sally.* He wants to take Will Nutter off there, to learn the business.



*Jarius.* Jes' so. And, with the edication he's receiving here, he'll make a capital assistant in the smoking department.

*Sally.* Land sakes! I can't stop here spinning shop yarn. Good by. Nothing new — is there? I haven't been out of the house for a week.

*Jarius.* Nothing special, Miss Peeslee. Harris has lost the suit and the cow.

*Sally.* I want to know!

*Jarius.* Mrs. Prime as buried her husband last week; has gone to Jarsey to modify her grief.

*Sally.* Poor Mrs. Prime! How I pity her!

*Jarius.* Jes' so. She lost a prime husband, that's a fact. He was the best feller on a fishing frolic you ever see. Parson Lucas has resigned, and they do say the parish is resigned to his resigning, too. They've got a new bell-rope onto the second parish. Mrs. Jones's expectations has turned out a bouncing boy —

*Sally.* What! another?

*Jarius.* That's what they say. Molly Moses had a candy scrape last night, and Si Jones went home with his hair full. Bunsen has got a new lot of calicoes — prime ones, fast colors. And Joe Britton has killed his hog. But there's no news.

*Sally.* No weddin', no nothin'? I don't hear anythin' about your marriage, Mr. Jerden.

*Jarius.* Don't you? Well, that's queer. I ben about it every time I come home. But it's all talk and no cider. No, Miss Peeslee, I'm an unplucked apple on the tree of life. But, to return the compliment, I don't hear nothin' 'bout your gittin' spliced.

*Sally.* Me? I guess not. It's time enough to think about that when mother is able to take care of herself. I won't say I haven't had a chance, Mr. Jerden; but my first duty is to her; and I mean to work my fingers to the bone, if need be, that the old home may shelter her as long as she lives.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. So you gave Si Slocum the mitten?

*Sally.* Yes, I did, -- the worthless scamp!

*Jarius.* Then Deacon Sassafras wanted you to take the place of his late departed -- didn't he?

*Sally.* He wanted a drudge, the mean old skinflint!

*Jarius.* Why, he's rich -- the deacon is.

*Sally.* But awful mean. I don't see how they trust him up behind the singing-seats with the contribution box Sundays. I wouldn't.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Josh Higgins was kinder smitten one time -- hey, Miss Peeslee.

*Sally.* Well, p'raps he was, and p'raps he wasn't. He was too much smitten with whiskey for me.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Well, Sally -- Miss Peeslee -- you're a smart gal; and if I want so pesky busy with my new reaper -- I'd -- I'd --

*Sally.* Well, what would you do, Mr. Jerden?

*Jarius.* I'd jest look round and pick out a smart husband for you.

*Sally.* You needn't trouble yourself, Mr. Jerden. I can pick for myself when I git ready. Better be lookin' out for yourself. You do want slicking up, and a wife would soon reduce that crop of hair to its proper dimensions, mend that hole in your elbow, iron out that ruffled, seedy-looking hat, and find a blacking-brush for

those rusty boots. If I wasn't so busy, Jarius — Mr. Jerden — I'd look round and find you a wife, for you do need one awfully. [*Exit, c.*]

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Neow there's a gal I've been han-kerin' arter for five years, and never so much as dared ask her to lecter or singin'-school. Consarn it, Jarius, you're a mealy-mouthed critter among the gals, smart as you are at tradin' and swappin'. It's no sorter use; the minute that gal comes a-near me, there's a sinkin' at my stomach that no end of vittles can't fill up. Smart? Why, she beats all nater; and I kinder think she likes me, and gin those chaps the go-by on my account. Come, come, Jarius, spunk up! Don't be a fool! Say the word, and she's yourn for better or for wus. I'll put arter her, and spit it out to once. (*Goes to door, c.*)

*Enter SALLY, c.*

*Sally.* Here, Ned; I forgot to pay for the boots. (*Gives money.*)

*Ned.* One dollar. All right. Thank you, Sally.

*Sally.* Was you going my way, Mr. Jerden?

*Jarius.* Yes — no — no. I was going to see Joe Bristles' hog.

*Sally.* O, yes. "Birds of a feather," you know. [*Exit, c. to R.*]

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Consarn it, Jarius, you are a hog, and no mistake. [*Exit c. to L.*]

*Ned.* Hen Douglas marry Mary Nutter! O, Heaven forbid! What a dear good girl she is! The sound of her voice, as she merrily sings at her work, sets my hammer flying glibly, and my heart beating quickly, too.

'Twill be called a good match, for he has money, and she is the most capable girl in the place. She would grace the handsomest house that his money could furnish. But could he make her happy? He, with his foppish airs, his love of display, delight in reckless dissipation! No, no. He would tire of her in a week, and then, with some new fancy luring him, turn coldly from her, perhaps abuse her, and break her heart. Break her heart! O, Mary, Mary! For the first time in my life I long for wealth, for then I should have the power to enter the field, and, if I could not win you for myself, at least save you from a heartless man.

*Mary. (Outside, L., sings.)*

“Come, arouse thee, arouse thee,  
My merry Swiss maid;  
Take thy *pail*, and to labor away.”

*Enter, L., with pail.*

Ah, Ned, all alone, and still at work? The old adage will never do for you — “When the cat’s away, the mice will play.”

*Ned.* No, indeed, Mary. I like work too well to slight it when the master’s eye is not upon me. It’s such a jolly companion! With every peg I drive away poverty; with every punch of my awl I see success; with every pull of the threads I gain a long pull and a strong pull up the ladder of life. O, work is a man’s best friend, and when he turns his back upon that, he richly deserves what he is sure to get — a gloomy life and a nameless grave.



*Mary.* Well done, Ned!

“ With bench for horse, and awl for lance,  
Through stubborn leather you gayly prance;  
Shouting your war-cry, with cheery ring,  
‘ Make way, make way for the shoemaker king! ’ ”

*Ned.* Mary, Mary, don’t laugh at me!

*Mary.* Laugh at you? No, indeed; not I. You were philosophical, so I, to keep you company, became poetical. But you’re right, Ned, as you always are. Work has been your best friend, for it has enabled all of us to find in you its best companion — merit.

*Ned.* Ah! thank you, Mary. If you only knew how proud I feel to hear you praise me!

*Mary.* If I did? Why, then, I suppose I should feel it my duty to be silent. So don’t let me know it. Good by.

*Ned.* Where are you going?

*Mary.* To the well for water.

*Ned.* No; I’ll go for you. (*Jumping up.*) Give me the pail.

*Mary.* Thank you. (*Gives pail. Ned goes to door.*) I say, Ned, ain’t you afraid to leave your awl behind?

*Ned.* (*At door.*) Mary, you’re laughing at me. — (*Aside.*) She little knows I leave my *all* — my heart — behind. [*Exit, L.*

*Mary.* (*Sits on bench.*) Dear fellow! What a shame his father turned out so bad! And no mother to care for him! (*Takes up lapstone and strap.*) I wonder what kind of a shoemaker I should make! (*Takes awl.*) Dear me, I’ve pricked my finger! Where’s the hammer?

O, here it is. I don't believe it's very hard work to mend a shoe. As he is doing my work, I should be doing his. I wonder where he left off!

*Enter DOUGLAS, C.*

*Douglas.* Beautiful, beautiful!

“ She had a hammer in her hand,  
The day when first we met.”

*Mary.* (*Jumping up.*) Mr. Douglas!

*Douglas.* Ah, Mary, I've caught you cobbling.

*Mary.* No, you haven't, for I hadn't commenced.

*Douglas.* So, so, the pretty Mary has turned cobbler!

*Mary.* The pretty Mary has done nothing of the kind. She was only amusing herself while waiting —

*Douglas.* For me — her adorer, who languishes in her absence, and whose heart beats with rapture at sight of her beautiful face.

*Mary.* Don't, Henry, be so sentimental. You know I don't like it. Why not say, plain and plump, “I'm glad to see you!” instead of all that palaver about languish and heart-beats? You know I don't like it.

*Douglas.* O, you don't? Then hereafter this rapturous —

*Mary.* Henry!

*Douglas.* Mary, I've done. But what in the world were you doing on that dirty bench?

*Mary.* Well, I never! Dirty, indeed! Sit down there at once!

*Douglas.* What! I? You're joking.

*Mary.* Very well, if you don't choose to obey me, I'm off to my work. (*Going, L.*)

*Douglas.* O, very well, if you mean it. (*Sits on bench.*)

*Mary.* Now, Henry, I've made a vow that I will never marry a man who cannot mend a shoe. I've just made it. And if you have any expectation of making me your wife, the sooner you learn the trade the better.

*Douglas.* Well, that's a capital joke, and, egad, I'll humor it. So here goes. (*Takes up lapstone. Drops it on his toes.*) O, murder! I've smashed my toe!

*Mary.* No matter. Try again.

*Douglas.* To smash another? No, I thank you. (*Puts lapstone in lap.*) There, that's all right. (*Takes up shoe, puts strap over it.*) How's that?

*Mary.* Beautiful. You were born to be a shoe-maker.

*Douglas.* I hope not. (*Takes pegs and hammer.*) Now, to drive my first peg. (*Strikes his fingers. NED appears at doorway with pail.*) O, murder! I've smashed my thumb!

*Ned.* Served you right. meddler.

*Douglas.* (*Starts up.*) Sir! What's that?

*Ned.* The truth. You're meddling with my tools; and if you're not out of this place in three seconds, I'll wallop you.

*Mary.* O, Ned, Ned! it's all my fault. I set him to work.

*Ned.* O, indeed! That's quite another matter. But he can't stay on my bench.

*Douglas.* If you're not more civil, *you* won't stay on it long. Mind that, Master Ned.

*Ned.* What d'ye mean?

*Mary.* Now, don't quarrel. Bring the pail in for me, Ned. — Mr. Douglas, I'll give you a lesson another time. [Exit, L.

*Ned.* Lesson, indeed! You work with your white hands! Bah, you couldn't earn your salt! [Exit, L.

*Douglas.* Confound that fellow, he puts on more airs than a nabob! He's in the way. Mary is too fond of him; and he, with that jealous glitter in his eye, too much in love with her for my comfort. He must be got rid of. Pshaw, Douglas! What chance could a poor journeyman shoemaker have with the lady of your choice? Rich, accomplished, by no means a bad-looking fellow, the whole family would be delighted to gain so distinguished a connection. And she, I know, looks upon me with favor. I have only to gain the old man's consent. And that's an easy matter. Still, I don't like the idea of this fellow's presence. He must be got rid of. But how? Will! Ah, there's a ready tool. I want him in the city. There's a little sharp practice in which I want a second hand to work; and Will's the lad. If I can only get him to pick a quarrel with Ned Hartshorn, bring them to blows, and thus arouse the old man's temper, they'll both be turned out of doors. Will would be mine, and the other out of the way.

*Will.* (*Outside. Sings.*)

“ My wife and I live all alone,  
In the little brown house we call our own;  
She,” &c.

*Enters, C., intoxicated.*

Hullo, Hen! How are you, Hen? I've been looking for you — I have. Wan't at home. But the bottle was.



I found it in the old spot, so I drank your health. "Here's to Hen Douglas. Hip, hip, hooray!" Hullo, there's the little brown jug! I'll drink your health again. Hip, hip, hooray! (*Drinks.*) I say! what's the matter with you?

*Douglas.* I have been insulted.

*Will.* Been what? Say that again. Show me the man, woman, or child that has insulted Hen Douglas, — hip, hip, hooray! — and I'll — I'll wipe him out. Fetch 'em on, one at a time, or all together. I'm the friend of the oppressed — I am. Feel my muscle! so don't you be afraid. Say, who's the feller or fellerers?

*Douglas.* Fellow, indeed! That miserable whelp, Ned Hartshorn, here in this place, and in the presence of your sister. But I've done with you all. I'll not be disgraced by such associates. Good by, Will. You I like, and if ever you get into trouble, come to me in the city, and I'll stand your friend.

*Will.* Say! hold on! Let's settle this thing. You shall have satisfaction. If Ned Hartshorn has dared to insult my friend, — my friend, Hen Douglas; hip, hip, hooray! — I'll trounce him. Now you just wait and see me do it. Going to the city? All right. I'll go with you, spite of the old man.

*Douglas.* No, no, don't pick a quarrel on my account. Perhaps he didn't mean to insult me. Perhaps he was blinded by his love for your sister.

*Will.* What? Ned Hartshorn in love with my sister! I'll trounce him for that. Now you see me do it. Insult my friend, and in love with my sister! O, I'll fix him!

*Douglas.* Hush! Here he is.

*Enter NED, L.*

*Ned.* Ah, Will, back again?

*Will.* Ay, back again, you sneaking thief!

*Ned.* How, Will? You forget yourself.

*Will.* Indeed! You forgot yourself when you made love to my sister and insulted my friend, you mean, contemptible sneak!

*Ned.* Will, you've been drinking.

*Will.* (*Throws off his coat.*) You're right. I've just enough liquid lightning in my hide to rouse my manhood. You've insulted my friend. Beg his pardon at once.

*Ned.* I shall do nothing of the kind. If he has told you I insulted him, he must have told you, also, that I made love to your sister; and he's a liar.

*Douglas.* Liar? This to me?

*Ned.* Ay, to you. 'Tis you who have turned Will's head, you who have tempted him to drink, you who, with a lying tongue, now seek to make us quarrel. Bah! you're a coward! You dare not face me yourself; you dare not ask me to beg your pardon; for, if you did, you know I'd knock you down quicker than I did when you insulted Patty Moore.

*Will.* But I dare, and mean you shall. So, solemn, pious, temperate Ned Hartshorn, obey at once!

*Ned.* Will, I'd do anything in reason to oblige *you*. But I can't do that.

*Will.* Then I'll thrash you within an inch of your life.

*Ned.* O no, you won't, Will.

*Will.* I say I will, sneak, coward, son of a drunkard!

*Ned.* Careful, Will, careful!

*Will.* Come on. My blood's up. If you won't apologize, you must fight.

*Ned.* Keep off! keep off, I say! You'll get hurt.

*Will.* Shall I? I'll risk it. (*They struggle. NED throws WILL across stage. He falls on bench, L.*)

*Douglas.* That won't do. (*Seizes jug, steps up behind NED, and strikes him on the head. JARIUS appears in the door, C.*)

*Ned.* O, my head, my head! (*Staggers, and falls on bench, R.*)

*Jarius.* Jes' so. (*Disappears.*)

*Douglas.* (*Runs to WILL, and places the jug in his hand.*) Are you hurt, Will?

*Will.* Hurt? No. Let me come at him. Let me —

*Douglas.* No, no. You have nearly killed him with the jug.

*Will.* The jug?

*Douglas.* Yes; you seized it, and struck him before I could interfere.

*Will.* Did I? Then I'll give him another.

*Enter JOHN, L.*

*John.* What's going on here? Fighting? Ned hurt? Who has done this?

*Enter JARIUS, C.*

*Jarius.* (*Goes to NED.*) The boy's senseless. Water, water! quick! (*Enter MARY, L.*) Mary, bring water! quick! Ned's hurt.

*Mary.* Ned hurt? O, mercy! [*Exit, L.*

*John.* Who struck him?

*Douglas.* Will, but quite accidentally. You see, Ned provoked him, and, quite accidentally —

*Will.* No such thing. Don't play sneak, Hen. I did it, old man, to uphold the honor of the family.

*John.* Will Nutter, you're drunk.

*Will.* Drunk yourself, you old fool. O, I ain't afraid of you. I've been tied to your leather apron long enough. Now I'm going to see the world. D'ye hear that, old man? No more pegs for me. You can have the little brown jug to yourself now. I've had a taste of something better — something stronger. It's roused the man in me. So I'm off. Good by.

*Enter MARY, L. with water. She runs to NED, and JARIUS and she try to revive NED.*

*John.* Stop, Will Nutter. If you leave this place now, you can never return to it.

*Will.* That's all right — just the sort. Don't want to see it again. Hope you'll live long and prosper, and, when you die, leave a nice little fortune to yours, truly. Good by.

*Douglas.* Don't mind him, sir. I'll take care of him. You see how he is. Come, Will. (*Drags him to the door, c.*)

*Will.* I say, old man, I'm off to fame and fortune.

*John.* Fame and fortune? Disgrace and infamy! Will, I'll give you one more chance. Return to your bench, and all shall be forgotten. Leave this place now, and its doors shall never be opened to you again, though you were dying on the doorstep. Choose now, and choose quickly.



*Will.* Quick enough. I'm off.

*John.* Then go; and, as you desert me, may you, in turn, be deserted. May all your plans fail you, your enterprises prove unsuccessful, poverty and ruin dog your steps, and life be to you a failure and a burden. Away, and bear with you a father's bitter, bitter —

*Mary.* (*Running to him, and putting her arms around his neck.*) No, father, don't say that, don't say that! Poor boy, his will be a bitter life without his father's curse.

#### TABLEAU.

*WILL* in door, c., his left arm raised defiantly. *DOUGLAS* has left hand on *WILL*'s shoulder, his right hand in *WILL*'s right, dragging him out. *JARIUS* bending over *NED*, R. *JOHN*, L., with right hand raised; *MARY*, with her arms about his neck, looking into his face. *Slow curtain.*

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#### ACT SECOND.

*SCENE.* — Room in *NUTTER*'s House. Lounge, R., on which *NED* is lying asleep. Small table near lounge, at which *MARY* is seated, sewing. Lamp on table. Arm-chair, L. C. Table with plants, R. corner, back; if scenery is used, window in flat, R. C. Door, C., shut. Moonlight through window. *SALLY*, asleep in arm-chair, L. C.

*Mary.* Poor fellow, he's asleep at last. What a terrible year it has been for him! That cruel blow stretched him on a bed of sickness, from which we feared he never

would rise. Only a good constitution and careful nursing have saved him from death, and saved Will from worse than death — the stain of murder. O, Will, if you only knew how we have fought to save you from that, how we have prayed for Ned's recovery, your heart might be touched with remorse. Surely Henry Douglas must have told him of his danger. He says he has. But not a word, not a line comes from him. A whole year has passed. We have watched and waited. Mother's once bright cheek has grown pale. Father, though he says not a word, starts at every footfall. But yet no sign of his return.

*Sally.* Now, Jarius, if you don't stop, I'll scream. Murder, murder! (*Wakes.*) Bless my soul! Have I been dreaming?

*Mary.* Yes, Sally, of Jarius.

*Sally.* It's no sech thing. Leastwise, dreams go by contraries. I thought that Jarius Jerden had his arm around my neck, and was going to kiss me; so I hol-lered.

*Mary.* As dreams go by contraries, you wouldn't scream if he really had.

*Sally.* Yes, I would. What do I care for Jarius Jerden? He's forever pokin' his nose in here when he ain't wanted. I'll give him a piece of my mind some day, see if I don't.

*Mary.* That will be very satisfactory to him, no doubt, when he pops the important question.

*Sally.* He? Jarius Jerden pop the question? He'll never do it. He hain't the courage. He jest comes here, and sits and whistles, sighs and whittles, and talks about

Squire Jones and his cattle, and sich nonsense. I've no patience with him. If I was a man, I'd just know which side my bread was buttered on in short order.

*Hannah.* (*Outside, L.*) Sally, Sally!

*Sally.* Yes, marm.

*Hannah.* (*Outside, L.*) Your bread's run onto the floor, the fire's all out, and the cat's in the cream. — Scat! scat!

*Sally.* Dear me! What a chapter of accidents! And I here dreaming! O, these men, these men!

[*Exit, L.*

*Mary.* Ah, Sally, 'twill be a happy day for you when Jarius Jordan musters up courage enough to ask you to be his wife. There'll be a prompt answer on your part, I'll warrant. (*Enter DOUGLAS, C.*) And a happy life, which you so richly deserve, will be the sequel to this queer wooing. Heigho!

*Douglas.* (*Who has crept up behind her chair.*) That sigh was touching, Mary. Was it meant for me?

*Mary.* (*Starting up.*) Mr. Douglas! You here?

*Douglas.* Does that surprise you? Where should I be but in the presence of her I love — of the angelic being who has promised to be my wife? (*NED wakes, and, leaning on his elbow, listens.*)

*Mary.* That was a great while ago.

*Douglas.* A year only. Surely you have not repented of your promise.

*Mary.* I have.

*Douglas.* Ho, ho! So this is the meaning of the coldness which I have felt creeping into our intercourse of late — you repent your promise!

*Mary.* Mr. Douglas, listen to me. A year ago I was a giddy girl, proud to be noticed by one so high in the social sphere as you. Your attentions to me, while other girls in vain sought to attract you, dazzled me, caused a fluttering in my silly bosom, which I then thought was love, and I gave you encouragement; nay, I will confess it, promised to be your wife. We were very happy here in our family circle then — very. But, alas! trouble came. You know how. My brother fled; our dear Ned was struck down; I became his nurse; by night and by day I watched by his couch; and in those long hours what could I do but think, think, think? I thought of the wide difference in our social position, how unsuited we were for each other — you, with your fine talents and rich connections, I, a poor girl, reared to hard work, with no knowledge of the world outside our little village; and then I looked into my heart, and somehow, I can't explain it, I felt there was no love there; that I never could be happy as your wife; and so to-night I ask you to release me.

*Douglas.* Well, 'pon my word, here's a confession! Here's a fine position for the heir of the Douglas name and state. After my unremitting attentions for a year, I am to be thrown aside, like a country bumpkin, at the whim of a girl who don't know her own mind! No, no, Mary, I shall not release you. You'll think better of it to-morrow.

*Mary.* Yes, better, for my resolve will be stronger.

*Douglas.* And that resolve is —

*Mary.* Never to marry you, Henry Douglas. It is best we have no misunderstanding now.



*Douglas.* It is, indeed. So, so! While I have been absent, my place has been taken in your heart by that fool, Ned Hartshorn.

*Mary.* Mr. Douglas!

*Douglas.* Yes; it's as plain as the sun at noonday. Stunned by a slight blow, he made that the pretext for a long season of wasting sickness, that he might secure your attention, that he might bill and coo in your face, excite your compassion, and awake in your heart an answer to his love. The hypocrite! With his youth and strength, the blow he received should not have kept him from his work a day. 'Twas a crafty trick.

*Mary.* Mr. Douglas!

*Douglas.* Ay, a crafty trick. But it shall not succeed. I have your promise; I have your father's consent. I will not release you.

*Mary.* Henry Douglas, you have spoken plainly, and you have spoken falsely. 'Tis true he who lies there loves me. I have read it in his pleading eyes; I have heard it in the delirium of fever from his lips. But he is as incapable of the meanness you would ascribe to him as you are of an honorable thought. Shame, shame! He has worked hard for an honest name. Poor fellow; 'tis all he has in the world! — and you, rich and powerful, seek to rob him of that.

*Douglas.* Mary!

*Mary.* Silence! I will not hear you. You have attacked the honor of a dear friend, dearer for the infirmity which has fallen upon him through the instrumentality of one of my name. 'Tis but right I should stand forth in his defence. Hear me. I asked you to release me

from my promise ; I gave you the reasons, good, true reasons, which would have convinced an honorable man. I have one more to give, which must convince you. I can never be your wife, for your attack has revealed something I hardly dreamed. I love Ned Hartshorn as I can never love another.

*Douglas.* Ha ! The truth at last ! There is no misunderstanding now. Your last reason has convinced me. Now hear one which must overpower yours, which must convince you that I will not be trifled with. Your brother Will and I parted company this morning.

*Mary.* Will and you ! What mean you ?

*Douglas.* Yesterday, being the first of the month, my book was returned to me from the Phoenix Bank, with the checks which I had drawn during the month. I say, which I had drawn. I'm wrong. There was one there for two hundred dollars, signed by a clever imitation of my name, of which I had no knowledge. It was a forgery.

*Mary.* A forgery ! Well ?

*Douglas.* Nay, 'twas very bad, for I found, upon investigation, it had been done by your brother.

*Mary.* Will ? No, no ; you do not suspect him.

*Douglas.* I know he forged that check. This morning I charged him with it. Of course he indignantly denied it. I informed him, quietly, that I had no further need of his services. He took his hat, and departed ; and there the matter rests. Of course I might have called in an officer, and had him arrested ; but, as he was in a fair way to become my brother-in-law, that would have been injudicious, to say the least.

*Mary.* It would have killed my mother. But Will—where is he now ?

*Douglas.* I haven't the least idea. Of one thing be certain — he will never trouble you with his presence. His city life has not been a success. He will not return to boast of it. Besides, should he appear here, I must arrest him.

*Mary.* You arrest him? No, no; that would be infamous.

*Douglas.* He is a criminal; he has robbed me, and squandered my money. Why should I pardon him?

*Mary.* Because — because — (*Aside.*) O, Heavens, I have lost the power to plead for him!

*Douglas.* Mary, you *will* think better of your resolve. You love your brother; he is in danger. If I but raise my finger, disgrace and infamy are fastened upon him forever. I would not willingly be the instrument of justice in this case. I would not rob him of liberty; of the opportunity to wipe out this disgrace. But you, to-night, propose to rob me of my happiness; to blight my life by withholding the treasure I covet — yourself. Think you not, in such a case, revenge is justice?

*Mary.* What would you have me do?

*Douglas.* Fulfil your promise. Become my wife.

*Mary.* Still loving Ned Hartshorn?

*Douglas.* Love that fool! I do not believe it. You are too sensible a girl, Mary. No, no. When you are my wife, this idle folly will be but a dream.

*Mary.* Yes, when I am your wife! And if I keep my promise, my brother —

*Douglas.* Shall not be molested. More, I will befriend him, and place him in a good position.

*Mary.* Indeed! So I am to save my brother at the

cost of my love! Henry Douglas, the trick is worthy of you; but it shall not move me. I love my brother, Heaven knows; but not even to save him from prison would I marry one who has suffered at his hands, by consenting to become your wife.

*Douglas.* I have done. Justice must take its course. Nay, I will not be conquered by so mean a foe. Your father, your father, Mary, he shall decide whom he will accept as his daughter's husband, — I, rich, accomplished, of good family, or that low, gawky clown.

*Mary.* Silence! He is a brave, noble, true man, who would scorn to stoop to the petty tricks of the rich and accomplished Henry Douglas. Let my father decide. I care not. Every threat you utter but strengthens my resolution. Do your worst. From your arms I would fly to his, though I knew poverty and toil should be our portion.

*Douglas.* As you please. But I shall not release you, Mary Nutter. My wife you shall, you must be. You've a stubborn father and a stubborn lover to fight. Arm yourself, Mary; you will need all your strength, and then — I shall win. Good night. *[Exit, c.]*

*Mary.* Ah, while there is life there is hope, even in a bad cause. (*Turns, and sees NED looking at her.*) Why, Ned, you awake?

*Ned.* Yes, Mary. I have heard all.

*Mary.* What! No, no, Ned, not all!

*Ned.* Yes, Mary, every word. O, it seems as though a reviving draught had been poured through my veins, and life, strong, healthy life was coming back to me. Now I can speak, give utterance to that which you have



discovered, but which I, weak, distrustful, hid in my own bosom. Now, Mary, I can tell you I love you.

*Mary.* Ned, have I done right to break my promise?

*Ned.* Yes, Mary. You have obeyed the dictates of your heart. Douglas is unworthy the rich prize he seeks.

*Mary.* Had I known you were listening, Ned, I fear my tongue would have refused to do its duty.

*Ned.* And you love me?

*Mary.* Yes, Ned, with all my heart.

*Ned.* O, you make me so happy! An hour ago life seemed not worth living for; but now, with your love to cheer me, all is bright and hopeful. It's a glorious world! and never fear but I will find a way to lead you, not to toil and poverty, not to wealth and luxury, but to a comfortable home, where the ring of my hammer and the sound of your voice shall blend in sweet accord.

*Mary.* Why, Ned, what magic's here? Your eye is bright, your cheek glowing, your whole manner so unlike you! I'm frightened.

*Ned.* Magic? The magic of a woman's love, which can transform age to youth, and make the dull heart beat with healthy power. You smile on me, and I am strong again.

*Mary.* Now be careful. Remember you are an invalid. Bless me! how late it is! Come, you must to bed at once. Remember I am your nurse still.

*Ned.* O, I'll obey. But I shan't sleep a wink. Mary, are you sure I'm not dreaming?

*Mary.* There's my hand. When you ask it, it is yours.

*Ned.* (*Places his arm around her waist, takes her hand and raises it to his lips.*) Mine! heart and hand mine! No; I'm not dreaming. 'Tis a blessed reality.

[*Exeunt, R.*

(*Knock at door, C., then it opens, and JARIUS sticks his head in.*)

*Jarius.* Jes' so. (*Enters.*) Nobody to hum, or all gone to roost, except Sally. That air female I jest seen through the kitchen winder a slashin' away in the bread trough like all possessed. She's a powerful gal—she is. Her washin' don't hang round long arter breakfast, I reckon. O, Sally, ef yeou only knew what a powerful drubbin' was goin' on behind my ribs on your account, you'd take pity and help a feller out somehow. Plague take it! She knows it well enough. Didn't I start right off, a year ago, on her hint, and git my hair cropped so short that I couldn't lay on a piller, and sneezed and snorted, and wore out handkerchers with the influenza? Didn't I go and git measured for a new pair of boots, so tight that I hobbled all day and howled all night with aching toes? Didn't I git fitted to a bran new coat, that bust up the back the fust time I wore it? Ef that ain't showin' off one's love, I'd like to know it! But it's no use. She won't help a feller a bit. She knows every time I come I'm a burnin' to ask her to be my wife. But I can't say it. It gits jes' so fur, and there it sticks. Sally, I love you. Four words. I'm blamed ef they ain't a bigger load to git rid of than a Fourth er July oration! But it's no use. It's got to come. So, Jarius, don't be a fool. Spit it out, and she's yourn. I will, the minute I see her. I won't wait

for nothin', but jest shout, Sally — (*Enter SALLY, L., with her hands and arms covered with flour*). Sh, sh! How do you do? (*Shakes hands quickly*.)

*Sally.* Law sakes, Mr. Jerden, you've caught me this time, sure enough! I'm up to my elbows in flour. So jest excuse me a minute. (*Going, L.*)

*Jarius.* No, hold on a minute, or I shall bust. Now's the appointed time, Sally. Sally, I've got something particular to say — Sally — Sally — old Hopkins has got the yaller janders.

*Sally.* Wal, I declare! Is that the particular some-thin'? (*Going, L.*)

*Jarius.* No, no. Hold on a minute. (*Catches her by the arm; gets flour on his hands.*) 'Tain't that. (*Aside.*) Consarn it, there's a cold chill runs up my back, and my face is burnin' up. (*Wipes his face with his hands, leaving flour on it.*)

*Sally.* Why, Mr. Jerden, what is the matter with you? You're as pale as a ghost!

*Jarius.* Jes' so. O, Sally, hear me. Don't look at me, but open your ears. Pally Seeslee, — no, Sally Peeslee, — I — I — I think it's going to rain. (*Aside.*) I can't do it.

*Sally.* Wal, what of it?

*Jarius.* Jes' so. It'll put an end to the dry spell.

*Sally.* It seems to me that you are having a very dry spell about something, Mr. Jerden.

*Jarius.* Yes; jes' so. Ha, ha, ha-h! That's very good!

*Sally.* I'll be back before you want me, I guess. (*Going L.*)

*Jarius.* Don't leave me. Hear me first, for I'm on an awful strain, and if I once let up I'm a gone coon. Sally, I want to say — I must say — Sally, I mean to say — how's your marm?

*Sally.* Why, Mr. Jerden, are you crazy? Mother's been dead and buried this six months.

*Jarius.* So she has. It's no use asking arter her — is it? That wan't what I was going to say. To come to the p'int, Sally, to come to the p'int, I — I — I don't feel well.

*Sally.* Then you'd better go home, tie up your ears, and get to bed. It's my opinion you've had a pint too much, Jarius Jerden; and if ever you show yourself here in that condition again, I'll drown the pizen out of yer with a kittle of hot water. Ain't ye ashamed of yourself, at your time of life, making a fool of yourself in this way, Jarius Jerden? I did think you had some sense; but you're nothing but a fool, arter all. Go home. Don't stand there staring at me in that way. Go to bed, sleep it off, and rise in the morning a sadder and a wiser man. O, Jarius, you, of all men! Wal, I never! [*Exit, L.*

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Sold again. And she thinks I'm drunk! Never was drunk in all my life; but if the sensation is anything like bein' in love without the power of tellin' on it, then all I've got to say, it's an all-fired mean feelin'. Wal, things is gittin' on backwards mighty fast, anyhow. I've made a darned goose of myself, that's sartin. Go home and sleep it off? Yes, I guess not. I'll just hang round here a little longer, and if there's another chance, I'll make one mouthful of it, and say,



“Sally —” O, consarn it, Jarius, you darsn’t. You’re a mean, mealy-mouthed critter, and no mistake.

[*Exit, C.*

*Enter MARY, R.*

*Mary.* Who’s that? Somebody just left the house. Who could it have been? It must have been Jarius, on his nightly visit. Sally’s light is still burning in the kitchen. I’ll just pick up my work, and off to bed. Can it be possible that Will forged that check? I don’t believe it. Henry Douglas must have invented that story to frighten me.

*Enter WILL, C., softly.*

Poor boy, I wish he were safe home again!

*Will.* Mary — sister!

*Mary.* (*Rushing into his arms.*) O, Will, dear Will, is it you at last?

*Will.* Hush! Don’t wake anybody. I wouldn’t be seen by any one but you for the world. You see, I got awful homesick, wanted to have a look at the old home, and, if possible, speak with you. But I don’t want to meet father or mother.

*Mary.* Don’t want to meet them! O, Will, your city life —

*Will.* Is splendid! I’m rising in the world — I am. That’s the place for me. Busy all day, and at night seeing the sights. O, it’s gay! I’m doing well. But I shall never meet father until I am rich enough to say, “I was right, and you were wrong. I should have been on the bench now had I listened to you; but I asserted

my rights, went into the world, and have come back rich, powerful, influential." Ahem. That's the style in which I shall meet him one of these days.

*Mary.* Will, are you still in the employ of Mr. Douglas?

*Will.* No. I'm on my own account.

*Mary.* O, Heavens! 'tis true, 'tis true!

*Will.* What's true, Mary?

*Mary.* The forged check.

*Will.* Eh? What forged check?

*Mary.* Henry Douglas told me to-night that you had forged his name to a check for two hundred dollars.

*Will.* 'Tis a lie! an infamous lie!

*Mary.* He said you denied it.

*Will.* We have never spoken concerning a check. I have had nothing to do with his money matters.

*Mary.* But you have parted?

*Will.* Because he wished me to testify falsely in a case in which he was concerned—to perjure myself. I refused; and for that reason, and that alone, we parted. Mary, I may be wild and reckless, but, believe me, I have never committed a crime—never.

*Mary.* I do believe you, Will. 'Tis but another proof of his perfidy.

*Will.* Never mind him, Mary. He's not worthy of a thought. Tell me of father and mother. Are they well?

*Mary.* Ah, Will, your conduct has made them ten years older. Father will not allow your name to be mentioned, and mother, at his bidding, is silent; but her face is careworn, her step feeble, and the nervous start

she gives when the door opens tells how anxiously she awaits your return. You will see her, Will?

*Will.* Not to-night, Mary. In an hour I must be on my way back to the city. Mary, I wish I had not come here. There's a power in the old house that makes my heart ache, it awakens such memories! And mother, dear soul, how sadly her bright hopes of her boy have been shattered! Though I have dashed into the city, and been swept along by its hurry and whirl, I have often thought of this quiet house, and ached, fairly ached, to feel mother's arms around my neck, and her good-night kiss upon my brow. O, Mary, be tender, very tender with her. Don't let her hear a word against me. Sometimes I think that fierce temptation will overwhelm me, ruin me, body and soul; and that would break her heart.

*Mary.* O, Will, stay with us. Here you are safe from all temptations.

*Will.* Here? Why, Mary, you forget the little brown jug, which first tempted me to drink, which created a thirst, which, fight against as I will, must be quenched.

*Mary.* Ah; but the little brown jug will not tempt you now. Since that day there has been no more brewing of strong drink. Father has abandoned it, and the old jug has been put to a better use.

*Will.* A better use?

*Mary.* Yes. 'Tis now placed in the cupboard in father's room, and every Saturday night he places in it the sum of money he would have expended for liquor during the week. There's quite a large sum there.

*Will.* That's very queer. In father's cupboard, you say?

*Mary.* Yes. But you do not inquire after Ned.

*Will.* Ned Hartshorn? Is he here still?

*Mary.* Will, are you ignorant of his severe illness? Did not Mr. Douglas tell you?

*Will.* Nothing concerning Ned Hartshorn. I haven't heard his name before for a year.

*Mary.* Douglas's deceit again! Will, for a year he has not left the house. That blow with the jug, a year ago, nearly killed him.

*Will.* What! And I knew nothing of it? O, this is terrible! That man is a fiend! He has tried to keep from me all knowledge of you and my family, for what reason I cannot guess. But I will know. Ned Hartshorn nearly killed, and by my hand! I am accursed! Let me fly from this place!

*Mary.* No, no, Will; not now, not now!

*Will.* I will! I must! What right have I to stand beneath this roof? I have defied my father, chosen my own path in life, turned my back upon you all, and have no right to claim kindred here. Let me go, Mary. 'Tis better for all. There's a curse upon me, a bitter curse. Let me go! let me go!

*Mary.* No, no, brother. (*Clings about his neck.*) I will not release you. We love you dearly.

*Will.* Then pray for me, think of me kindly if you can; but part we must. (*Kisses her.*) Mary, sister, Heaven bless you! (*Rushes out, c.*)

*Mary.* Gone. Poor boy! I tremble for him, swayed by every impulse of his wayward nature, in the midst



of temptation ; his young life already poisoned by the love  
✓ drink, what must be his fate ! O, brother, may Heaven  
send some good angel to reclaim you, and hear a mother's  
and a sister's prayers in your behalf. (*Takes light  
from table, and exits, R.*)

*Door opens, softly. Enter WILL, C.*

*Will.* Homeless and friendless ! She little knows it  
has come to that. She little knows that my threat to  
acquaint my father with his wild doings parted Douglas  
and I. He marry her ! Not if I can prevent it. But  
what power have I with my stubborn father ? Douglas  
has trumped up his charge of forgery to frighten me and  
intimidate her. How can I alarm her and father ? I  
came to tell her, and have not spoken a word against  
him. But I will find a way. Just now I must care for  
myself. I haven't had a morsel to eat to-day, so my  
good mother's cupboard must provide. If I could only  
have one good pull at the little brown jug ! I forgot.  
'Tis now put to better use. Better ? There's money in  
it ; and money will provide both food and shelter. Why  
not ? Haven't I a right to put my fingers in it ? Yes,  
you have put it to a better use, father, and, with your  
good leave, I'll have a pull at it, as in former days. Egad,  
it's a capital joke. There's no crime about it, for it's all  
in the family, and one member mustn't starve while others  
hoard wealth. I'll creep into father's room, secure  
the jug, help myself, and nobody shall be the wiser.  
Softly, my boy, softly. (*Creeps out, L.*)

JARIUS *appears at window, or door, c.*

*Jarius.* Consarn it! somebody's been sneaking round this house for the last half hour. Wonder if he's arter Sally! (*Enters window, or door.*) Blamed if I ain't going to know what it's all about! If it's a thief, then all I've got to say, there'll be some spry wrastling around here afore he gits off with much plunder.

*Enter WILL, L., with jug of money.*

*Will.* All right. I've got it. (*Runs into JARIUS's arms.*)

*Jarius.* (*Seizing him by collar.*) Jes' so. So have I.

*Will.* Ah! Discovered! Who are you, scoundrel?

*Jarius.* Who are you, thief? (*Drags him to moon-light.*) Will Nutter!

*Will.* Jarius Jordan!

*Jarius.* Wal, I never! Will Nutter a thief!

*Will.* Thief? 'Tis false.

*Jarius.* (*Snatching jug from him.*) Here is the proof. O, Will, young feller, has it come to this?

*Will.* What right have you meddling here? This is my father's house. Haven't I a right to pass in and out of it when I please?

*Jarius.* Jes' so; but not to rob the old man. What right have I to meddle? The right which every honest man should be proud to exercise—the right to battle wrong wherever found. Young feller, you've made my heart ache to-night. To see the boy we were all so proud

of sneaking out of his father's house a thief! It's too bad!

*Will.* Jarius Jordan, once more I tell you I'm no thief.

*Jarius.* Will you tell your father so, when I arouse him, as I mean to?

*Will.* No, no, Jarius; don't do that. Let me go as I came. Keep the jug, if you please; only let me go.

*Jarius.* Will Nutter, young feller, you're going to destruction as fast as your legs can carry you. Where's your pride? Where's your grand expectations, that you raved so about, a year ago? Why, you're the meanest of all critters — a thief.

*Will.* That name again?

*Jarius.* Yes; again and again. I ain't agoin' to be mealy-mouthed on this subject, anyhow. You see what yer fine friend has brought ye to; for it's all his work. I've watched ye in the city all through yer year of service with him. I've seen the temptations spread by him like a spider, and you, poor little fly, walk into them. It all came of his trickery. And now here you are, crawling into the room where your poor mother is sleeping —

*Will.* O, don't, Jarius; don't speak of my mother! What would she say to know that her poor boy was a —  
a —

*Jarius.* Thief! Say it, Will, young feller. Git the bile all out of yer system. Look at yerself as ye are; feel as mean as ye look. You are —

*Will.* A thief! Yes, Jarius, it's the truth. O, why did I come here? Why add this horror to a life already made wretched by my folly? I never dreamed of this. It

was a sudden impulse. I never gave a thought to it. It came upon me unawares. But now I see its wickedness. O, Jarius, why can't I die? (*Sinks on floor, covers face with hands.*) Why can't I die? I haven't a friend in the world to care for me now.

*Jarius.* Yes, you have. Look up, Will. I never went back on a feller-critter, good or bad, when in distress, and I ain't a goin' to do it now. Look up, young feller. I'll help you out.

*Will.* Help me? You! Then show me how to help myself. Show me some way to wipe out this disgrace, and I will bless you.

*Jarius.* Listen to me. A year ago, of your own accord, you set out to seek your fortune with Hen Douglas —

*Will.* Yesterday we parted, for his service was too mean for me to perform.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. You've had a year of his tuition; will you now take a year of mine?

*Will.* Yours, Jarius?

*Jarius.* Yes, mine. I wanted you then, but Douglas euchred me. I want you now. Will you serve me?

*Will.* Willingly, and bless you for the chance.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Young feller, you've only seen the dark side of life. You've been dipped into temptation; but hang on to me and I'll pull you out. There's my hand.

*Will.* And there's mine.

*Jarius.* Hold on a minute. Let's understand things. There's got to be a rippin' away of old associations — no billiards, no cards, no theatres.



*Will.* There's my hand.

*Jarius.* Hold on a minute. You're to stick to all I ask, although it goes agin the grain.

*Will.* There's my hand.

*Jarius.* Hold on a minute. Here's the hardest. You must solemnly promise that for one year you will never touch, taste, or handle liquor, plain or embellished, raw or fancy. It's hard, young feller, for you, but it's your only hope.

*Will.* It is, indeed, Jarius. Heaven bless you! You are a true friend. As you speak, I feel the strength of your good, noble heart animating mine. Yours is the first warning voice that has ever reached my ears, and I will heed it. Do with me as you will. I promise.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Nuff sed; shake. (*They stand in centre of stage, with clasped hands, as the curtain slowly descends.*)

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### ACT THIRD.

SCENE. — *Same as Act 2. Table, L. Arm-chair L. of table, in which is seated JOHN NUTTER. Lounge, R. Chair, R., back. Table, with plants, L., back. Door, C., open. NED standing R. of table.*

*John.* It's no use argifyng, Ned. It can't be; it shan't be. Mary gin her promise to Henry Douglas more than a year ago, an' she's got to stick tew it. I ain't a goin' to have no flirts about me.

*Ned.* But she does not love him, sir; she is truly at-

tached to me. You surely would not have her break her heart.

*John.* Better break it than break her promise, and break his heart.

*Ned.* There is no fear of breaking his; he has none. He is unworthy of her.

*John.* Now, Ned, don't be mean. Don't speak ill of a man because he is likely to win where you may lose.

*Ned.* I speak the truth. Mary has told him she did not love him, and asked him to release her. He refused. He's a mean, contemptible sneak, unworthy any woman's love. That one act stamps him so.

*John.* Now stop. That's enough. I know Henry Douglas better than you. He has been a good friend to me, and I won't have him abused. When, a year ago, I emptied the little brown jug of my savings, and found, to my surprise, a handsome sum, he showed me a grand chance for a safe investment. I took his advice, and doubled my money in a month. He helped me to other investments.

*Ned.* I know. Some of them paid and some didn't. The balance is on the wrong side, for your money has vanished, and there's a mortgage of a thousand dollars on your property, which he holds. Pretty friend he!

*John.* Well, what of it? Them as win must expect to lose sometimes. It's no use your talkin' agin him. He's smart, and he'll help me out, with a handsome profit, when the time comes right.

*Ned.* And for his sake you refuse to let Mary marry the man of her choice?

*John.* He was the man of her choice. I'm only a givin' him justice. Now look a-here, Ned; let's have no more of this. I think a heap of you. You're a smart workman; and I'd like to see you married. Mary's already engaged. (*Rises.*) Think no more of her. If you want a smart wife,

*Enter JARIUS, C.*

take Sally Peeslee. She's a bouncer. [*Exit, L.*

*Jarius.* (*Aside.*) Jes' so. Guess I didn't come back any tew soon. (*Aloud.*) Ned!

*Ned.* (*Turning, sees JARIUS.*) Jarius Jordan!

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Heow air yer, young feller? (*Shake hands.*) And heow's everybody?

*Ned.* Glad to see you once more. It must be a year since you were here.

*Jarius.* Jes' so; a year to-day. Folks all well?

*Ned.* Yes — no; Mother Nutter is poorly; the rest are hearty.

*Jarius.* Sally Peeslee smart — hey? By the by, didn't I hear John Nutter say somethin' about your makin' up to her?

*Ned.* You need fear no rival in me, Mr. Jordan.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Expected you and Mary would have made a match. P'raps you have.

*Ned.* No. We are warmly attached; but Mr. Nutter will not hear of our marrying. He wants to give her to Henry Douglas.

*Jarius.* The old fool! Nothin' personal in that remark. But he's wus than a nine-days'-old pup — hain't

got his eyes open. Wal, what air ye goin' to do 'bout it — give her up?

*Ned.* Never! I scarcely know what to do. Douglas has almost ruined the old man with speculation. Everything is mortgaged to him; and if Mary does not marry him, he will turn them out of their home.

*Jarius.* Sho! How much is the mortgage?

*Ned.* A thousand dollars.

*Jarius.* Wal, don't yeou fret, young feller. I'll see yeou through. I've got a bone to pick with that air chap; and, keen as he thinks himself, he's got to git up airly if he gits ahead of Jarius Jordan. Hullo, here's Mary!

*Enter MARY, R.*

*Mary.* Well, Ned, what does he say? — Why, Mr. Jordan!

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Heow d'ye do? (*Shake hands.*) Prettier than ever, I declare!

*Mary.* This is an unexpected pleasure. We haven't seen you for a long time.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. But Ned don't say what *he* said.

*Ned.* He refused me, Mary. He says you must keep your promise to Douglas.

*Mary.* Never. I'll die first.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Good grit. Neow, young folks, I always was famous for meddlin'; and I'm goin' to help you in this matter, if you'll let me. Douglas has a hold on the old gent with a mortgage. I understand that. Anything else?

*Mary.* He holds a check, which he declares was forged,



his name used, and the money drawn from the bank by Will. This he has threatened to use against my brother.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. A forged check? That's an old trick. You don't happen to know what bank it was drawn on — do you?

*Mary.* He told me. Let me think a moment. The Phoenix Bank.

*Jarius.* The Phoenix? Sho! I've got him! (*Goes to table, takes a tablet from his pocket, and writes with a pencil.*) Neow, then, young feller, I want to use yer. If yeou want Mary, jest put on your hat, and leg it to the telegraph office. Here's a message; put it through, and wait for an answer. (*Tears out leaf, and gives it to NED.*)

*Ned.* But what does this mean?

*Jarius.* Business. Don't ask any questions; but go. If yeou git the answer I expect, I'll euchre Douglas in spite of thunder.

*Ned.* Will you? Then I'm off. — Will you go, Mary?

*Jarius.* No; Mary will stay here. Where's your politeness? Ain't I company?

*Ned.* All right, Mr. Jordan. I'm off. [*Exit, c.*]

*Jarius.* Well, Mary, heow's yer marm?

*Mary.* She's very sick, Mr. Jordan. She keeps her room most of the time. My brother's conduct, my father's wild speculations, and the persistent wooing of Henry Douglas, — whom she detests, — have made her very miserable.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Wal, we'll see if we can't doctor her up. Now, Mary, the next time Douglas comes here

don't you be mealy-mouthed. Let him have it right and left. Tell him jest what you think of him, and defy him to do his worst.

*Mary.* I dare not. He is wicked enough to crush father with the mortgage he holds, and mean enough to kill mother by disclosing Will's connection with the forged check.

*Jarius.* Let him do his worst, Mary. He's a crafty chap, a-schemin' to snare the old man and get your hand; but there's a weak p'int somewhere in his net, and if I can find it I'll holler.

*Mary.* I'll obey you, Mr. Jordan. Only put an end to this terrible persecution, and you will make me happy.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Hullo! there's Sally. Now I've got something particular to say to her, and if you don't mind taking a hasty leave, I'll be obliged to ye.

*Mary.* O, certainly. Ahem! Mr. Jordan, you're sure you have the courage to speak now?

*Jarius.* Neow yeou git eout! Want to make a feller feel cheap — don't yeou?

*Mary.* Ha, ha! Mr. Jordan, you've a brave heart, but you dare not ask her. See if I am not right. Good by. [Exit, R.]

*Jarius.* Darsn't ask Sally to be my wife? Don't think I'm such a blarsted fool neow. Arter staying away a year, guess I've about screwed my courage up to do it, or bust.

*Sally.* (Outside, L.) Mary, Mary! Where on airth is them mangoes? (Enter, L.)

*Jarius.* Dunno, Sally. Here's a man come.

*Sally.* Jarius Jerden! Wal, I never! How d'ye do?

*Jarius.* Purty well, Sally. (*Shake hands.*) Sally, you are a bouncer, and no mistake!

*Sally.* Where yeou been this long while? Come back for good?

*Jarius.* Wal, that depends. Sally, yeou dew look jest about good enough to eat.

*Sally.* Do I? (*Aside.*) Law sakes; how his eyes blaze! I believe he's going to pop. (*Aloud.*) I'm making pickles.

*Jarius.* Making pickles? (*Aside.*) She's pickled me, long ago.

*Sally.* Yes; and I want the mangoes. Somebody's hid 'em. I must find Mary. (*Crosses to R.*)

*Jarius.* Don't go, Sally; I want to speak to yeou. If you leave me neow, I won't answer for the consequences.

*Sally.* (*Aside.*) O, dear; I'm afraid of him! (*Aloud.*) What is it, Mr. Jerden? (*Edging off, R.*)

*Jarius.* (*Aside.*) How skeery she is! Wonder what's the matter! (*Aloud.*) Sally, I'm goin' to do somethin' desperate, for the sight of yeou has set me on fire. I feel — I feel that the hour has come —

*Sally.* (*Aside.*) I can't bear it. (*Aloud.*) Dear me; this place hain't been dusted to-day. (*Takes her apron, and runs about dusting table, chair, and lounge.*)

*Jarius.* (*Aside.*) I swow, she's skeered! All right, Jarius; now's yer chance. (*Runs after SALLY; brings her down, C.*) Sally, it's no use; yeou must hear me. Sally, do yeou know what it is to be in — in — in — love?

*Sally.* (*Aside.*) He's going to pop! (*Aloud.*) O,

them plants ! (*Runs up, L.C.*) They haven't been watered to-day.

*Jarius.* (*Aside.*) How she does carry on ! (*Runs after her, and brings her down, C.*) Now look a-here, Sally ; it's no use. You'll spile everything.

*Sally.* Oh, my pickles ! they'll spile ! Do let me go, Mr. Jerden.

*Jarius.* (*Putting his arm round her waist.*) Let 'em spile ! I've got yeou fast, Sally, and I'm going to try and keep yeou for ever and ever.

*Sally.* (*Struggling to get away.*) Mr. Jerden, I'm ashamed of you.

*Jarius.* I'm ashamed of myself, Sally. To think I've been so mealy-mouthed ! What bright eyes you've got ! and rosy cheeks ! and such a mouth ! I declare, I must have a kiss !

*Sally.* Don't yeou dew it, Mr. Jerden.

*Jarius.* I can't help it, Sally. I never saw a sugar bowl but what I wanted to git my fingers into it, or a 'lasses barrel but what I wanted to lick it. And a mouth like yours ! — Jehu, don't stop me ! (*Kisses her.*)

*Enter DOUGLAS, C.*

*Douglas.* Aha ! (*SALLY screams, and runs off, L.*)

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Aha, yerself, and see how yeou like it.

*Douglas.* Jarius Jordan ! You back again ?

*Jarius.* Jes' so, and likely to stop a spell.

*Douglas.* I should judge so from the warm welcome you have just received. Is the day fixed — hey ?



*Jarius.* Wal, not exactly. I'm kinder waitin' for you and Mary. Is the day fixed — hey?

*Douglas.* Ha! You are sarcastic. They tell me you have made a great deal of money, Jordan.

*Jarius.* Wal, I ain't as poor as a church mouse.

*Douglas.* That's good. Our old friend Nutter has got into difficulties; wants money. Now you are just the chap to help him.

*Jarius.* Guess not. I don't throw my money away for nothin'. What I git I keep.

*Douglas.* (*Aside.*) Good. No fear of him. (*Aloud.*) That's right. Don't let him wheedle you out of it; for, between you and me, he's a ruined man.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. He's a good old chap; but I've heard he's been speculatin', and is bound to end in the poorhouse. Wal, they've got a purty good one here, and'll make him comfortable. Here comes his darter. I won't spile your fun as you did mine. I've got a heap of business to attend tew. Good day. (*Aside.*) Darn your ugly picter, *your* day is fixed. [*Exit, c.*]

*Douglas.* Rich and mean. All the better for me; he will not mar my project; and to-day I will give Mary my ultimatum — her hand, or her father's ruin.

*Enter MARY, R.*

Ah, Mary, you are looking finely to-day!

*Mary.* Thank you, Mr. Douglas. Father is at home. I will call him. (*Crosses to L.*)

*Douglas.* No. By your leave, I would have a word with you.

*Mary.* Certainly, if you wish it. (*Sits in chair L. of table.*)

*Douglas.* (*Brings chair down C., and sits.*) Mary, I have come to-day to revive a topic upon which I have been silent a year.

*Mary.* You come again to ask me to marry you. I have been expecting this visit.

*Douglas.* And you are prepared with an answer?

*Mary.* I am.

*Douglas.* Stop one moment, Mary. Before you give me that answer, hear me. You must believe that I love you. This long year, during which I have been almost a constant visitor, looking upon you with wistful eyes, yet with a silent tongue, for fear of your displeasure, coming and going, must be convincing proof that, spite of your coldness, your image is enshrined within my heart.

*Mary.* Mr. Douglas, the man who truly loves a woman shows his devotion by making her happy, even at the cost of his own happiness.

*Douglas.* You're right, Mary. 'Tis your happiness I seek when I ask you to become my wife. I would not see you throw yourself away upon a poor man, when I have the power to surround you with every comfort, and a heart overflowing with love, that cannot fail to make you happy.

*Mary.* Enough. You and I can never agree. My answer a year ago was final.

*Douglas.* Pray reconsider it. If not for my sake, for that of your father.

*Mary.* Whom you have persistently wooed for the last year. What of him?

*Douglas.* He has met with reverse of fortune. He is now a poor man, so poor that, but for my friendly aid, he would have no home to shelter him.

*Mary.* (*Rising.*) Your friendly aid! 'Twas you who led him into speculation; you who, by crafty advice, swept away his little store of hard-earned savings; you, who now stand over his home ready to crush it if I, his daughter, dare refuse you my hand!

*Douglas.* Nay, Mary, you are harsh. Calm yourself. Out of my deep love for you I have endeavored to better his worldly condition. If I have failed in my designs —

*Mary.* You have failed, Henry Douglas. My father is in your power, 'tis true. You can at any moment drive him from his home. In that design you have triumphed. But beyond that you have miserably failed. Though my father should curse me, should drive me from my home for my disobedience, I will never marry you — never!

*Douglas.* Ah, you'll think better of it, Mary. I have spent a great deal of money to help him. He owes me a large sum. With you my wife, I could not be hard with him. Without you, I must deal with him justly, man to man, and claim my own.

*Mary.* Claim it at once. Drive us forth, for then comes my triumph. There's a brave, true man waiting for me. Already we have planned a new home, where my parents will be tenderly cared for, and two loving hearts and four willing hands will rebuild all your craft

has destroyed. Ay, Henry Douglas, do your worst ! You are a villain, and I hate and defy you !

*Douglas.* (*Rising.*) Enough. Mary Nutter, I will take you at your word. I *will* do my worst. You have turned all my love to hate. I'll woo no more. But, mark me, your father shall be driven from his home ; your lover — curse him ! — shall be shot like a dog, though I hang for it !

*Hannah.* (*Outside, L.*) Mary, dear ! Mary !

*Douglas.* Hark ! There's the voice of one very, very dear to you. You have defied me, Mary. I'll strike my first blow there.

*Mary.* My mother ! No, no. You would not be so cruel. Spare her, I entreat you !

*Douglas.* No, no. You are too late.

*Enter HANNAH, feebly, R., in a white wrapper.*

*Hannah.* Mary, Mary, dear ! don't you hear me ?

*Mary.* (*Running to her, and leading her to lounge.*) Yes, mother ; I was just coming. Why did you leave your room ?

*Hannah.* It was so lonesome there, Mary, dear ; and, you know, to-day is Will's birthday. Yes, to-day he is a man. And I have felt all day that I should see him ; that to-day he would think of his poor mother, and find the way home to her.

*Mary.* Yes, mother, it is his birthday ; but he is far, far away.

*Hannah.* Yes ; but not too far away to reach his mother. I remember, as though it were but yesterday,



when he was twelve years old. What a bright, noble boy he was! He came to my side, put his arms about my neck, and said, "Mother, I shall soon be a man!" Dear boy, he was a brave little man then. "And when I am a man, the first thing I shall do will be to run to you and kiss you, and thank you for making me a good, true man." Dear boy! and I haven't seen him for two years! and he don't write to me; and you all look strange when I ask for him. But he'll come to-day, I know he will, for he promised; and he never broke a promise he gave his mother — never.

*Douglas.* Ah, it's shameful, shameful that a boy with so good a mother should turn out so bad!

*Mary.* (*To DOUGLAS.*) Hush! For Heaven's sake be merciful!

*Hannah.* What's that! Who spoke? Who said my boy turned out bad?

*Mary.* Nobody, mother. Don't mind that man. He's deceived himself. It's Henry Douglas.

*Hannah.* Henry Douglas? What does he know about my Will?

*Douglas.* Too much. He has deceived me. I thought him a true, noble boy; but he robbed me.

*Enter JARIUS, C.*

*Jarius.* (*Aside.*) Jes' so. He's got to work. Where on airth is that Ned?

*Hannah.* Robbed you! My Will? 'Tis false!

*Douglas.* I'm sorry to say 'tis true.

*Mary.* Mr. Douglas, have you no pity?

*Douglas.* You would have it so, Mary. I am not to blame.

*Jarius.* (*Aside.*) Consarn it, why don't that boy come. (*He fidgets in the doorway, looking off, and then watching DOUGLAS.*)

*Douglas.* Yes, Mrs. Nutter; I am sorry to distress you; but 'tis best you know the truth. While in my employ, Will robbed me of two hundred dollars.

*Hannah.* No, no; you are mistaken. My boy, my noble boy! I'll not believe it.

*Jarius.* (*Aside.*) Consarn his ugly pieter! I shall split! Where is that boy?

*Douglas.* Yes, he robbed me; forged my name to a check. 'Tis here. (*Showing check.*)

*Hannah.* O, Heavens! My boy! my boy!

*Douglas.* Drew the money from the bank —

(*NED appears, c. Gives JARIUS a telegram.*)

*Mary.* Villain, you are killing her. — Mother, 'tis false! 'tis false!

*Douglas.* 'Tis true. I can prove it.

*Jarius.* (*Coming down c., with telegram.*) Jes' so. (*Snatches the check.*) Phoenix Bank: two hundred dollars. Humbug! that's no forgery.

*Douglas.* No forgery? Is not that my name?

*Jarius.* Jes' so. But here's a little telegram from the Phoenix Bank. (*Reads.*) "Have examined the books. Henry Douglas never had funds in our bank."

*Douglas.* Fool! what business have you to meddle in this matter?

*Jarius.* Why, bless your soul, I'm one of the directors in that air Phœnix.

*Douglas.* Confusion!

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Mrs. Nutter, don't be scart. Will's all right on that p'int.

*Hannah.* I knew he was. Poor boy, he has enemies who would rob him of his good name.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. But this ere sneak didn't make much of a speck when *he* tried it on. Mr. Douglas, I'd git eout if I was in yeour place.

*Douglas.* Mr. Jarius Jordan, your bare assertion that you are a director in this bank will not serve. I still hold my charge of forgery against Will Nutter.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Well, you hold it. It won't hurt anybody if it goes off; but I'm inclined to think it'll kick like thunder.

*Enter JOHN, L.*

*John.* Ah, Douglas! I've been up to see you. I'm all anxiety to hear from the Carom stock. Has it gone up?

*Douglas.* No; but the mine has.

*John.* Gracious Heaven! Then I am ruined! (*Sinks into chair L. of table, and buries his face in his hands.*)

*Douglas.* Yes, old man, you've nothing left but your house and shop; and they must go to repay me.

*John.* What! You will not close on me?

*Douglas.* I must. I want the money.

*John.* Why, you told me you would wait; that when you married Mary you would give it up. Won't you wait?

*Douglas.* No; that would be too long.

*Mary.* I shall never marry him, father.

*John.* But you must — you shall. I'll have no disobedience.

*Hannah.* Father, father, Mary is a good girl. Don't speak of disobedience.

*John.* She shall marry Henry Douglas.

*Douglas.* Never, John Nutter! I would not marry your daughter were she at my feet entreating me to take her to my arms. (*Folds his arms.*) She's not my style.

*John.* What, you miserable whelp! Do you know where you are — who you are speaking to? You have entreated me to give her to you; you have begged me to exert my power, and drive her to your arms; and, now that you have me in your power, you dare to insult her! Villain, I'll strangle you! (*Rushes at DOUGLAS.*)

*Jarius.* (*Rushing between.*) Hold on. Keep cool, Mr. Nutter.

*Douglas.* I want nothing that belongs to you, old man, but my money; that I will have. Pay me one thousand dollars, or I take immediate possession of your property.

*John.* O, I am justly served! I listened to your voice, embarked in speculation, turned against my daughter's love, and now, in my old age, must wander forth without a home.

*Douglas.* It's rather hard. Keep the home, and pay the money. It's easy enough.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Pay the money, and let the sneak go.

*John.* How can I? I haven't a cent in the world.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Where's the little brown jug?



*Mary.* Alas, that is empty !

*Jarius.* Sho ! Let's have a look at it.

*John.* 'Tis useless. I haven't put a copper into it for a year. Everything has gone to that villain.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Let's see the jug for old acquaintance' sake. (*Exit, MARY, L.*) It's a bad thing to give up putting away a little somethin' for a rainy day, ain't it, Mrs. Nutter?

*Hannah.* Yes. John always did save until that Henry Douglas showed him how to spend.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. It's a great pity. I could tell you a story about a boy I knowed.

*Hannah.* A boy ! What boy ?

*Jarius.* Why, how bright you are looking, Mrs. Nutter ! Guess you feel better.

*Douglas.* Well, is my money coming ?

*Jarius.* Hold on. Don't git into a sweat. I want to tell yer about that air boy. Yer see, about a year ago I came across a poor chap, who'd run down hill awful fast ; he'd got into temptation, and tripped. A good deal like your boy, Mrs. Nutter.

*Hannah.* My Will ? He was a good boy. He's a man to-day.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Wal, this here chap wanted work. He was as penitent as could be ; so I set him to work among agricultural implements, as a sort of salesman, paid him fair wages, and a smarter chap you never sec. I noticed he never spent much, and so one day I asked him what he did with his savings. He didn't like to tell at first ; but arter a while he told me that his daddy had a kind of saving-up place — a sugar-bowl, or

a coffee-pot, or a jug, somewhere, and he used to walk off every Saturday night ten miles, creep into the house, and put it away in the old ju— savings bank. Wal, I had a reapin' machine that I had a patent onto, that I thought a heap on; but, somehow, it wouldn't work. When they got the horses in, and a boy on top of it, and started the thing off, for a little while 'twould go first rate; when, all at once, there'd be a h'ist and spill, and machine, and horse, and boy would all be mixed up in a heap. It was a bust. Wal, that air boy would look, and look, and look at that machine, and one day he says to me, "I've found what's the matter." And I'll be hanged if he hadn't. I was so tickled that I jest drew my check for a thousand dollars, and made him a present of it; and I'll be bound that air check is in the old gentleman's little brown jug.

*Mary. (Outside.)* O, father! mother! (*Runs in, L., with jug, followed by SALLY.*) The jug! the jug! It's heaped full of bank notes. (*Emptying it upon table.*)

*Sally.* Heaps and heaps!

*John.* Bank notes, and — What's this? (*Takes up check.*) A check! "Pay to William Nutter, or order, one thousand dollars." Signed, "Jarius Jordan." Jordan, is this your work?

*Jarius.* Look at the back.

*John. (Reads.)* "William Nutter." My son!

*Hannah.* Our Will! My boy! O, Jarius Jordan! what does this mean?

*Jarius.* It means glory! Hallelujah! Fourth of July! Kingdom come! It's a grand emancipation jubilee. The

boy I've been telling you about is the same boy that villain, Henry Douglas, led into temptation, whom he charged with forgery, whom I took in hand, set straight, and who to-day is a man indeed — your son Will, Mrs. Nutter.

*Hannah.* I know it, I know it. He's saved us, he's saved us! O, where is he? Where is my boy?

*Enter WILL, C.*

*Will.* Here, mother, here's your own boy again.

*Hannah.* (*Screams.*) O, Will! Will! I knew you'd come! I knew you'd come! (*Runs into his arms.*)

*John.* Will, welcome home! (*Takes his hand.*) Everything is forgotten and forgiven. I'm proud to welcome my son home again.

*Will.* Home, father, spite of the craft of that man whom I once called friend. It is ours still. — Mary, sister!

*Mary.* Dear, dear Will, a thousand times welcome! (*Clasps his hand.*)

*Will.* Ah, sister, I have missed you all. Thank Heaven, I am once more able to meet you without a blush of shame.

*Ned.* Here's your old chum, Will; can you spare a hand for him?

*Will.* (*Giving both hands to NED. MARY leads her mother to lounge.*) Ah, Ned, you have much to forgive. That cruel blow with the little brown jug!

*Ned.* Don't speak of it. You don't know how much good it did me. Does he, Mary?

*Jarius.* Jes' so. If it did you any good, give the

credit where it belongs—to Henry Douglas, for he struck the blow.

*Douglas.* 'Tis false.

*Jarius.* It's the truth, for I saw the act. I didn't tell on it, for I wanted a p'int agin Douglas. To-morrow I shall make a charge of assault with intent to kill. It's hung two years, but I guess it's strong enough to do some execution.

*Douglas.* You have no witnesses. Your charge will fall to the ground, Mr. Jarius Jordan. You have outwitted me, but you must confess I have plotted safely. There's not a point you've found to convict me of crime. You are rather keen. Try it. If I have failed in my attempt to ruin the family of the renowned shoemaker, John Nutter, I have still the satisfaction of retiring from the field with a very handsome profit in the shape of your check for a thousand dollars, which I shall expect to receive before night. Good day, all. Nutter, I leave you to join the hands of your daughter and her accomplished lover. Give them your blessing, and send me a card. (*At door.*) Ha, ha, farewell to Cobbler's Paradise! [*Exit, c.*]

*Sally.* (*Runs up to door.*) Good riddance to bad rubbish.

*Jarius.* Sally, Sally, don't do that. (*Runs after her, and brings her down c.*)

*Sally.* Jarius Jerden, if there's a Yankee angel, you're the critter.

*Jarius.* Sally, I want to ask you — that is — I'm going to — Consarn it! Sally, will you marry me? Phew! it's out at last!



*Sally.* Of course I will. I would five years ago, if you'd only had the spunk to ask me.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. I've been a donkey. But them words did stick in my wizzen awful.

*Hannah.* (*Rising.*) Law sakes, Mary, don't try to keep me on this sofa. I ain't a bit sick. I'm just as well as you are; and if I don't dance at your weddin', it'll be because I hain't got a partner.

*Will.* You shall not want for partners, mother. I claim the privilege of opening the ball with you.

*Hannah.* And you shall, Will. Law, my! how handsome you have grown!

*John.* Hasn't he, mother! This is a proud day for us.

*Hannah.* Yes, indeed; for Will's a man to-day.

*Will.* And, if I am, I owe it all to one who, in the dark hour, took me by the hand and led me into the light. Ah, many a poor boy who has been led into temptation might be saved from a miserable life if a friendly hand were stretched forth, and a warning word kindly given, as they were to me by Jarius Jordan — Heaven bless him!

*Hannah.* Ay, Heaven bless you, Jarius. You have made a mother's heart happy in the gift of her boy, reclaimed from sin. May all you seek be yours.

*Jarius.* Jes' so — which is Sally. I've got her. As there's likely to be a matrimonial convention in this house pretty soon, I appint myself a delegate.

*Sally.* Second the motion.

*John.* Ned, I withdraw all objections to your proposal regarding Mary.

*Ned.* Thank you, Mr. Nutter. — Mary, are you going to make me happy?

*Mary.* I'm going to try, Ned. And where there's a will there's a way, you know.

*Will.* Mother, you don't know how happy I feel to be with you again, to see the old home, everything about the room so familiar; even the little brown jug has a familiar look. It was my first temptation.

*Jarius.* Yes, boy, it was a family temptation. I knowed it would work trouble. Ah, if the liquid poison that slays was never allowed to show itself in the home, there would be fewer desolate hearthstones, fewer blighted lives.

*John.* You're right, Jarius. When that boy fell, it opened my eyes, and not a drop of liquor shall ever enter my doors.

*Jarius.* Jes' so. Stick to it, John Nutter. It was a bad speck. It turned your boy adrift; but, thanks to a mother's love, he fought and conquered.

*Will.* (*Comes up and takes JARIUS's hand.*) Thanks to you, thanks to you!

*Jarius.* Wal, I dunno —

*Hannah.* (*Comes and takes JARIUS's other hand.*) Jes' so, Jarius, jes' so.

#### TABLEAU.

JARIUS, C. WILL *clasping his right hand*, MRS. NUTTER *his left*. JOHN NUTTER *and* SALLY, R. NED *and* MARY, L., *arm-in-arm*.

#### CURTAIN.

# SEEING THE ELEPHANT.

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## CHARACTERS.

SILAS SOMERBY, a Farmer, occasionally addicted to the bottle.

HARRY HOLDEN, his right-hand Man.

BIAS BLACK, a Teamster.

PAT MURPHY, a Laborer.

JOHNNY SOMERBY, Silas's Son.

RACHEL SOMERBY, his Wife.

SALLY SOMERBY, his Daughter.

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## COSTUMES.

SILAS, dark pants, short, thick boots, yellow vest, a towel pinned about his neck, gray wig, face lathered.

HARRY, gray pants, blue shirt, black neckkerchief, dark coat.

BIAS, thick boots, blue frock, woolly wig, black face, long whip.

PAT MURPHY, in shirt sleeves, blue overalls, cap, wig.

JOHNNY, close-cut hair, pants of his father's, rolled up at bottom, drawn up very high with suspenders, thin coat, short and open, very broad brimmed straw hat.

RACHEL and SALLY, neat calico dresses.

SCENE. — *Room in SOMERBY'S House. Old-fashioned sofa, R. ; table, C., laid for breakfast. HARRY seated R. of table, eating ; rocking-chair, R. C. SALLY seated, L., shelling peas or paring apples. Entrances, R., L., and C.*

*Sally.* (*Singing.*)

“Roll on, silver moon,  
Guide the traveller his way,  
While the nightingale’s song is in tune;  
For I never, never more  
With my true love shall stray  
By the sweet, silver light of the moon.”

*Harry.* Beautiful, beautiful! “There’s music in that air.” Now take a fresh roll, and keep me company while I take another of your mother’s delicious fresh rolls.

*Sally.* Making the sixth you have devoured before my eyes!

*Harry.* Exactly. What a tribute to her cooking! She’s the best bred woman in the country. Her pies are miracles of skill; her rolls are rolls of honor; her golden butter is so sweet, it makes me sweet upon her.

*Sally.* Well, I declare, Harry Holden, that’s poetry!

*Harry.* Is it? Then hereafter call me the poet of the breakfast table. My lay shall be seconded with a fresh egg.

*Sally.* Another? Land sakes! you think of nothing but eating.

*Harry.* Exactly, when I’m hungry. My hunger once appeased, I think of this good farm — the broad fields, mowing, haying, the well-fed cattle, and sometimes, when I am *very* hungry, I think of the time when I leaned over the fence, and gazed enchanted upon the pretty girl milking her cow — whose name was Sally.

*Sally.* Eh — the cow?



*Harry.* Now, Sally, don't destroy the poetry of my language.

*Sally.* Don't be ungrammatical, Harry; and do stop talking nonsense.

*Harry.* I will, for my breakfast is finished, and I can talk to you no longer. I'm off. (*Sings.*)

“ For to reap and to sow,  
To plough and to mow,  
And to be a farmer's boy.”

(*Rises.*) Ah, I little dreamed, two years ago, when I was playing the fine gentleman at Squire Jordan's, — a city swell, up in the country here on a vacation, — that I should soon become a farmer.

*Sally.* Are you sorry it is so, Harry?

*Harry.* (*Comes down, places a cricket beside SALLY, and sits on it.*) Sorry, you gypsy, when it has made a man of me? No. It has been my salvation. I have a fortune left me, and was in a fair way of squandering it in all the vices of the city; had acquired a taste for hot suppers, fine wines, gambling, and all sorts of dissipation; was on the high road to ruin, when some good angel sent me up here. I saw you, and was saved.

*Sally.* And you are perfectly contented with your situation?

*Harry.* Well, no, I'm not. In fact, I'm getting very much dissatisfied.

*Sally.* Not with me, Harry?

*Harry.* With you? Bless your dear little heart! you're the only satisfaction I have. When I asked the old gentleman — your father — to give you to me, two

years ago, he said, "No, young man. Though I've no doubt you love my Sally, you've got too much money. You never worked a day in your life. Suppose your wealth should take to itself wings some day, what's to become of her? She shall be a farmer's wife, or die an old maid. You say you would die for her. Go to work, learn to run a farm, bring out your muscle, get some color in that pale face, get rid of your vices, and then, if your money goes, you've the power to earn a living, and a smart wife to help you."

*Sally.* That's just what he said, and 'twas good advice.

*Harry.* It was, though I did not think so at the time. But I took it, hired out to him, and now thank my good fortune for the copy he set me.

*Sally.* And everybody says there's not a more likely farmer in the neighborhood than you.

*Harry.* Much obliged to everybody. But, Sally, I think your father is a little selfish.

*Sally.* Don't abuse father. He's the most generous man —

*Harry.* I know. But I've grown valuable to him. And now, when I ask him to let me marry you, he "hems" and "haws," and says, "Don't be in a hurry. Have patience." He knows that the moment you are my wife, I shall pack up and be off; and that's what's the matter.

*Sally.* It will all come right one of these days.

*Harry.* I suppose it will. But it don't come right now. I tell you, Sally, I'm going to have an answer this very day, or to-morrow I'm off.

*Sally.* Off? And leave me?

*Harry.* O, no. Take you with me. You love me — don't you, Sally?

*Sally.* You know I do, Harry.

*Harry.* Then marry me. I'll make you the happiest woman in the world. I'll carry you to an elegant home, and scatter money in every direction, to bring around you luxuries and enjoyments.

*Sally.* No, Harry; I could enjoy nothing, leaving my father without his consent. I have always tried to be a good daughter. He would be very angry, should I disobey him, and no good fortune would follow me. No, Harry. Be patient. There's a good time coming.

*Harry.* Yes, it's always coming. But I shall ask his consent to-day.

*Sally.* Do, Harry. I hope he'll say yes, for you deserve it. (*Puts her arm about his neck.*)

*Harry.* And you deserve the best husband in the world, you gypsy. (*Puts his arm round her waist, and kisses her.*)

*Enter JOHNNY, C.*

*Johnny.* Christopher Columbus! O, hokey! (*SALLY and HARRY jump up.*) Did you hear it?

*Sally.* Hear what? Why don't you frighten a body to death, and have done with it!

*Johnny.* Somebody fired off something close to my head. Blunderbuss, I guess. Did it hit you, Sally?

*Sally.* I didn't hear anything.

*Johnny.* Didn't you feel it? Must have hit yer right in the mouth. It's awful red!

*Harry.* Come, Johnny, there's enough of that. I don't like it.

*Johnny.* Don't you, though? Thought you did. Seemed to take to it nat'ral nuff. Where's dad?

*Sally.* He is not up yet. (*Sits and resumes her work.*  
*HARRY goes to chair, back, and takes up his hat.*)

*Johnny.* Guess he's kinder sleepy after his jaunt to the city yesterday. Guess the coppers are hot! O, won't he catch it?

*Harry.* Why, what's the matter?

*Johnny.* Matter? Say, thought you was goin' down with me arter that woodchuck this mornin'. Don't see what a feller wants to fool away his time here with a gal for, when there's a woodchuck to be got so handy.

*Enter MRS. SOMERBY, L.*

*Mrs. S.* I'll woodchuck yer! (*Taking him by the ear.*) What d'ye mean by keeping out er the way all the morning — hey?

*Johnny.* O! Quit, now! You hurt!

*Mrs. S.* Hope I do. You jest stir out er this room till I've done with yer, if you dare! (*Sits in rocking-chair, and rocks violently.*) Sakes alive! It's enough to drive one ravin' distracted! There's yer father sleeping like a log, and it's arter eight o'clock! Where did you two critters go yesterday — hey?

*Johnny.* Went to the city, of course.

*Mrs. S.* Yes, yer did go to the city with a load of live and dead stuff; and there's that man in there, with not a cent in his pocket to show for it. He'd a never got home



at all if the brute in the shafts hadn't known more than the brute in the wagon. Drunk clean through!

*Harry.* What! Has Mr. Somerby had another spree?

*Mrs. S.* I should think he had! They come thicker and thicker. — You young one! you speak up, and tell me what you know 'bout it, quick!

*Johnny.* Well, all I know, dad an' I went to market. He sold off everything, and then sent me down to Scudder's to git a new rake, and over to Jinks's for some sugar, and round to Stevens's to borry a screw-driver, cos something got loose.

*Mrs. S.* Somethin' got loose! I should think so!

*Johnny.* Said he'd wait till I come back. When I got back, he hadn't waited; so I went tearin' round arter him. Man in a white hat said he saw him goin' down onto the wharf to see the elephant; so I went down. Big crowd down there. They was a auctioneering off a lot of animals. Lion, tiger, and monkeys — Jemimy! — by the dozen. Purty soon I spied dad. He was sprung.

*Mrs. S.* Sprung? For the land sakes! what's that? Not overboard?

*Johnny.* Sprung — over the bay.

*Mrs. S.* Over the bay? Thought he was on the wharf. Now, don't yer lie, you young one!

*Harry.* He means he was in liquor.

*Mrs. S.* More likely liquor in him. Why don't you say he was drunk, and have done with it?

*Johnny.* Well, he was pretty full; and when I got there, he was leanin' up agin a hogshead, and biddin' on an elephant.

*Mrs. S.* On an elephant! Why, he might have broke his neck!

*Johnny.* O, fush! He was a biddin' for the elephant. He offered a hundred dollars. But I didn't see it; so I jest took a hold er him, h'isted him inter the wagon, and drove back to Stevens's. When I come out, the wagon and dad were out of sight, and I had to foot it ten miles, So I jest crept inter the barn when I got here, and had a snooze on the hay.

*Mrs. S.* Dear me! what capers! Two or three times a year he has these sprees, and they cost a mint of money. There was apples and cider, hens and chickens, eggs and butter, all gone. Dear me, what will become of us? If there's anything in this world I detest, it's a toper!

[*Exit, L.*

*Sally.* Poor mother, she's in a fever of excitement. I'll try and get her to lie down.

[*Exit, L.*

*Johnny.* I say, Mr. Holden, it's purty hard sleddin' for marm — ain't it?

*Harry.* It is, indeed, Johnny; and don't you make it any harder for her. Never touch a drop of liquor.

*Johnny.* O, don't you fret about me. I feel bad enough to see dad on these times. I'm a purty rough boy, but it does make me feel mean to see dad, who's such a smart old gent when he's sober, let himself out in this way. I've never touched a drop of liquor, and you can bet your life I never will.

*Harry.* That's right, Johnny. Drinking is the meanest kind of enjoyment, and the dearest, too. I'm going to try and reform the old gentleman.

*Johnny.* Are you? Well, you've got a big job.

*Harry.* Perhaps not. His bidding for the elephant has given me an idea.

*Johnny.* It gave me an idea he was purty far gone.

*Harry.* Yes. We will make him believe he bought the elephant.

*Johnny.* What good will that do?

*Harry.* I think we'll turn the animal into a temperance lecturer. Come with me. Let's see your mother and Sally, and arrange matters before your father appears.

*Johnny.* Yes. But I want ter go after the woodchuck.

*Harry.* Never mind him now. We've got bigger game — the elephant.  
[*Exit, L.*]

*Enter, slowly, R., SILAS, with a razor in his hand.*

*Silas.* I'm in an awful state. My hand shakes so I can't shave; my throat is all on fire, my head splitting, and I feel mean enough to steal. Wonder how I got home! Guess I've been and made a fool of myself. I ain't got a copper in my pocket; and I know when I sold out I had over a hundred dollars in my wallet. (*Takes out wallet.*) Looks now as though an elephant had stepped on it. An elephant? Seems to me I saw one yesterday in teown. Jest remember biddin' for him at auction. Lucky I didn't buy him. 'Twas that plaguy "Ottawa beer" set me goin'. Well, I s'pose I shall catch it from the old lady. But it's none of her business. 'Twas my sarse and my live stock, and I've a right to do jest what I please with it.

*Enter* MRS. SOMERBY, L.

*Mrs. S.* Silas Somerby! are you a man, or are you a monster?

*Silas.* Hey? Ha, ha! Yes, I don't look very spruce, that's a fact. The water was cold, and the razor dull, and — and —

*Mrs. S.* And your hand shakes so you can't shave. O, Silas, Silas! At your time of life! I blush for you!

*Silas.* O, bother, now! What are you frettin' 'bout? I ain't killed anybody, or robbed anybody's house — have I?

*Mrs. S.* You've done somethin' as bad. You've been on a spree, and squandered every cent you had in your pocket.

*Silas.* S'pose I did? Ain't a hard-working man a right to enjoy himself once in a while, I'd like to know? Now you jest shet up! I'm the master of this farm, and if I choose to show a liberal spirit once in a while, and help along trade by spreading a little cash about, it ain't for you to holler and “blush —”

*Mrs. S.* Silas Somerby!

*Silas.* Shet up! if you don't, I'll harness up old Jack, and clear out.

*Mrs. S.* For another spree? O, you wretch! ain't you ashamed of yourself, to set sich an example to the young uns? And that critter you sent home! Do you want us to be devoured?

*Silas.* Critter! critter! What critter?

*Mrs. S.* O, you know well enough; and I guess you'll find you've made a poor bargain this time. I always told



you rum would be your ruin ; and if you don't see the poorhouse staring you in the face afore night, I'm very much mistaken.

*Enter HARRY, L.*

*Silas.* What on airth are yer talking about? Are yer crazy, or have yer been drinking?

*Harry.* (*Comes down between them.*) Hush! not a word! We must not let anybody know you are in the house!

*Silas.* Hey! what ails *you*? Got a touch of the old lady's complaint?

*Harry.* Hush! Not so loud! We must be cautious. Sheriff Brown is looking for you; but I've put him off the scent.

*Silas.* Then oblige me by putting me on it. What's the matter? Why is the sheriff looking for me?

*Harry.* Hush! Not so loud! It's all about *him*. (*Pointing over his left shoulder.*)

*Silas.* Him! him! Consarn his picter! who is *him*?

*Harry.* Hush! Not so loud! I've got him locked up in the barn. He got into the melon beds; they're gone: then into the cucumbers; he's pickled them all. But I've got him safe now.

*Enter JOHNNY, L.*

*Johnny.* By Jinks! the critter's hauled the sleigh down from the rafters; broke it all to smash!

*Enter SALLY, L.*

*Sally.* O, mother, he's stepped into your tub of eggs, and there ain't a whole one left.

*Mrs. S.* I told you so. O, Silas, how could you?

*Silas.* Are you all crazy? Who has trampled the melons? Who has pickled the cucumbers? Who has smashed the sleigh? And who has sucked the eggs? I pause for a reply.

*All. (In chorus.)* Your elephant!

*Silas.* My elephant? My elephant? Pooh! Nonsense! I don't own any such critter.

*Johnny.* Say, dad, have yer forgotten the auction yesterday — the tiger, and the monkey, and the elephant?

*Silas.* What? Stop! O, my head! It must be so. Did I buy that elephant?

*Harry.* He is in the barn, Mr. Somerby.

*Silas.* I'm a ruined man! (*Sinks into chair L. of table.*) Is he alive?

*Mrs. S.* He ought to be, with half a ton of hay inside him.

*Silas.* O, my hay! my hay!

*Johnny.* And a barrel of turnips.

*Silas.* O, ruin! ruin!

*Sally.* And a whole basket of carrots.

*Silas.* I'll shoot him! I'll shoot him!

*Johnny.* That's easier said than done, dad. Them critters die hard; and we ain't got the cannon to bombard him with.

*Harry.* Come, Johnny, let's look after him. I'm

afraid he will get into more mischief. Will you have a look at him, Mr. Somerby?

*Silas.* Look at him? Never! Find me a way to get rid of him, quick!

*Harry.* That's not such an easy matter. Nobody would take the gift of him; and nobody but a fool would buy him.

*Mrs. S.* That's a fact. O, my eggs! my eggs! Eighty dozen, all ready for market!

*Sally.* Law sakes! that elephant has made me forget the breakfast things. (*Clears away the table, carrying things off, L.*)

*Harry.* I suppose you want him to have plenty of hay?

*Silas.* (*Fiercely.*) Feed him till he splits, or dies of indigestion! [*Exit HARRY, L.*]

*Johnny.* Say, dad, he'll be grand, if we can only put him to the plough.

*Silas.* (*Fiercely.*) Clear out, yer jackanapes! [*Exit JOHNNY, L.*]

*Mrs. S.* I'll go and look after the poultry. If he gets in among 'em, good by to Thanksgiving. It's all right, *Silas.* It's a pretty big critter to have about; but it shows "a liberal spirit" — don't it? [*Exit, L.*]

*Silas.* Shut up! Clear out! — Wal, I guess I brought home a pretty big load last night, accordin' to the looks of things. Now, what on airth set me on to buy that elephant? Must have been the Ottawa beer. What on airth shall I do with him? He'll eat us out of house and home. If I kill him, there's an end of it. No, the beginnin', for we'd have to dig up the whole farm to bury

him. But he must be got rid of somehow O, Somerby, you've a long row to hoe here!

*Enter HARRY, L.*

*Harry.* Now, sir, let us look this matter calmly in the face. (*Sits R. of table.*)

*Silas.* What matter?

*Harry.* Well, suppose we call it "consequential damages."

*Silas.* Call it what you like. It's a big critter, and should have a big name.

*Harry.* You don't understand me. I told you Sheriff Brown was looking for you. There are about a dozen complaints lodged against you already. This is likely to be a costly affair.

*Silas.* Sheriff Brown — complaints — costly affair! Why, what do you mean? Isn't it bad enough to be caught with an elephant on your hands?

*Harry.* Well, your elephant, not being acquainted in this part of the country, got out of the road a little in travelling towards his present quarters. For instance, he walked into Squire Brown's fence, and carried away about a rod of it.

*Silas.* You don't mean it!

*Harry.* And, in endeavoring to get back to the road, walked through his glass house, and broke *some* glass.

*Silas.* Goodness gracious!

*Harry.* Mr. Benson's flower garden, being near the road, was hastily visited by his highness, and a few of the rare plants will flourish no more.



*Silas.* O, my head! Is that all?

*Harry.* No, for Mrs. Carter was on the road with her span. On the appearance of the great hay-eater, one of the horses dropped dead.

*Silas.* O, ruin, ruin! Why didn't the elephant keep him company?

*Harry.* These parties have made complaint, and will sue you for damages. There are other disasters connected with the entry of your pet —

*Silas.* Don't mention 'em. Don't speak of any more. There's enough now to ruin me. Broken fences, smashed hot-houses, ruined flower beds, and a dead horse!

*Harry.* Consequential damages.

*Silas.* Consequential humbugs! I am the victim of a conspiracy. I don't own an elephant. I won't own him. I never bought him. He's escaped from a menagerie. Why should I buy an elephant?

*Harry.* That won't do, Mr. Somerby. You were seen at the auction; you were heard to bid for the animal. I'm afraid you will have to suffer.

*Silas.* I won't pay a cent. They may drag me to jail, torture me with cold baths and hot irons; but not a cent will I pay for the capers of that elephant.

*Enter BIAS BLACK, L.*

*Bias.* Hay! What's dat? Am yer gwine to 'pudiate, Massa Somebody? Gwine back on de ber — ber — bullephant — am yer?

*Silas.* What's the matter with you, Bias Black?

*Bias.* Wal, I speck a heap, Massa Somebody. Dat

ar bullephant of yourn has driben dis indervideral inter bankrupturicy. Dar's been a reg'lar smash up ob his commercial crisis, and de wabes ob affliction are rollin' into dis yer bussom.

*Silas.* Now, yeou black imp, talk English, or walk Spanish, quick! What do yeou want?

*Bias.* Want damages, heavy damages; dat's what I want, Massa Somebody.

*Silas.* Damages for what?

*Bias.* Wal, hold yer hush, an' I'll tell yer. Las' night I was gwine along de road, see, wid my hoss and wagon chock full, an' ole Missey Pearson sittin' alongside ob me — picked her up in de road. Pore ole lady! Guess she won't ax any more rides! An' jes' when I got by Square Jones's door, den dar was an airthquake, by golly! Some-thin' took right hole ob de tail-board. Felt somethin' h'ist. Knowed 'twas a shock; and de nex' ting I knowed, I was up in a tree! Missey Pearson was h'isted onto de fence, an' dat ar bullephant was a chasin' dat ar hoss ober de wagon, an' a trampin' round an' chawin' up things fine, I tell yer. Golly! such a mess! Dat's what de matter. Lost eberyting. Wouldn't a taken sebenty-five dollars for dat ar wagon. An' dat ole lady, guess she's shook all to pieces.

*Silas.* And you expect me to pay for this!

*Bias.* Ob course, ob course. If old gents will sow dar wild oats wid bullephants, dey must expect to pay for de thrashin'. Sebenty-five dollars for de wagon, sixty-seben dollars and ninepence for de goods, an' about fifty dollars for de scare to dat pore ole hoss. I'll trow de ole lady in.

*Silas.* I'll throw yeou inter the horse-pond, yeou black imp! Not a dollar will yeou get from me.

*Bias.* Hey! You won't pay? Den I'll hab de law. Yes, sir. I'll hab a jury set onto you, an' — an' — an' — a judge, and two or three habus corpuses. You can't fool dis chile. Dar want no muzzle on de bullephant, an' it's agin de law.

*Silas.* Well, go to law. I shan't pay a cent.

*Enter PAT MURPHY, L.*

*Pat.* Where's the kaper of the brute, I'd like to know? Where's the hathin that sinds wild bastes a rarin' an' a tarin' into the peaceful quarthers of the globe?

*Silas.* What's the matter with yeou, Pat Murphy?

*Pat.* Aha, owld gint, 'tis there ye are. It's a mighty foine scrape yer in this time, wid yer drinkin' an' rol-lickin'.

*Silas.* Come, come, Pat Murphy, keep a civil tongue in your head.

*Pat.* O, blarney! It's an ondacent man ye are, by me sowl! Wasn't I sittin' on my own doorstep last night, a smokin' my pipe genteelly, wid de childers innercently amusin' theirselves a throwin' brickbats at one another, an' Biddy a washin' in the yard (as beautiful a picture of domestic felicity as ye don't often say), when an oogly black snout kim over the fence, an', afore ye could spake, away wint the fence, an' away wint Biddy into the tub, an' the childers into the pig-pen, an' mesilf ilevated to the top of the woodshed by that same oogly black baste!

*Harry.* Ah, the elephant on another frolic!

*Pat.* Frolic — is it? Bedad, it must be paid for, ony how. An' so, owld gint, I'll jist throuble yez for the damages — to mesilf, a broken constitution, Biddy, a wake's washin' intirely spoiled, and the childers, bliss their dirthy faces! for a scare, an' the fright to the pig, an' the broken fence. Come down, owld gint. Them as jig must pay the piper.

*Bias.* Das a fac', das a fac'. Down wid de dust, ole gint, for de dust dat ar bullephant kicked up.

*Silas.* Never! Not a cent! Get out of my house! You're a pair of knaves. There is no elephant about here. It's all a lie. I won't be swindled. Get out, I say!

*Pat.* Knave! Look to yersilf, owld gint. It's not dacent for the likes of yez to call names. A lie? Troth, I'll jist bring Biddy and the childer to tistify to the truth — so I will.

*Silas.* Shut up! Clear out! If you want damages, you can have them. I'm getting my dander up, and shall sartinly damage both of yer.

*Bias.* Don't you do it, don't you do it. De law will fix you, old gent.

*Pat.* Begorra, I'll spind me intire fortune, but I'll have justice.

*Silas.* Are you going?

*Pat.* To a lawyer, straight. I blush for yez, owld gint, I blush for yez. [Exit, L.]

*Bias.* Dat ar wagon, and dat ar hoss, and dem ar goods, and de ole lady must be repaired. So de law



will tell yez, Massa Somebody. Das a fac', das a fac'. [Exit, L.

*Harry.* This looks like a serious business, Mr. Somerby.

*Silas.* Confound it, so it does! What can I do? Must I pay all these damages?

*Harry.* I see no way for you to escape.

*Silas.* What a fool I have been! For a few hours' fun I've got myself into this scrape. Why, 'twill ruin me. I can never raise the money.

*Harry.* O, yes, you can, Mr. Somerby. I have plenty. You'd better settle this matter at once, and draw on me freely for money.

*Silas.* Draw on you? What right have I to do that?

*Harry.* Give your consent to my marriage with Sally, and I shall consider you have the right. More, I will hunt up these claims, and settle them at once.

*Silas.* Will you? You're a splendid fellow! Help me out, if you can; and, if I can get rid of that elephant —

*Harry.* On one condition I will take him off your hands.

*Silas.* Take him off my hands? Name your condition.

*Harry.* That you will give me your solemn promise never to touch liquor again.

*Silas.* What! Give up my freedom?

*Harry.* No; *be* free. You are now the slave of an old custom, "more honored in the breach than the observance." Don't let it master you again. Don't let my wife blush for her father.

*Silas.* I won't! There's my hand. Sally is yours;

and I solemnly promise never to break (*smash of crockery, L.*) — Hullo! What's that?

*Mrs. S.* (*Outside, L.*) O, the monster! Drive him out!

*Sally.* (*Outside, L.*) He won't go. Run, mother, run! (*Crash.*)

*Mrs. S.* (*Outside, L.*) He's sp'ilt my best dishes! O, the beast! (*Enter, L.*) O, Silas, this is all your work. That hateful critter's got into the kitchen.

*Enter SALLY, L.*

*Sally.* O, mother! Harry! father! He's coming this way! Save us, save us! (*Gets under table.*)

*Mrs. S.* Goodness gracious! he'll set the house afire! (*Gets behind sofa.*)

*Enter JOHNNY, L.*

*Johnny.* Help! murder! O, I've had a h'ist! He's breaking up housekeeping — you bet!

*Harry.* Be calm, be calm. There's no danger.

*Mrs. S.* We shall all be eaten alive. O, the monster!

*Silas.* Confound him, I'll pepper him! Let me get my gun! (*Going, R.*)

*Harry.* No, no. 'Twould be dangerous to shoot.

*Johnny.* Let him have a dose, dad.

*Harry.* No, no. Silence! He's here!

*Enter, L., PAT and BIAS, as the elephant.* [*For description of its manufacture, see note on page 92.*] *It enters slowly, passes across stage at back, and exit, R.*

*Mrs. S.* O, the monster !

*Sally.* He's gone straight into the parlor. He'll smash everything. O, my vases, my vases !

*Silas.* (*Aside.*) Confound the critter, I'll have one shot at him. [*Exit, R.*

*Harry.* (*To SALLY.*) It's all right, Sally. I've got his promise.

*Sally.* And we shall be married ! Ain't it jolly ?

*Mrs. S.* But how on airth are you going to git out of this scrape ?

*Harry.* Leave that to me. Hush ! he's here.

*Enter SILAS, R., with gun.*

*Silas.* I've had jest about enough of that air critter's society ; and if I don't pepper him, my name's not Silas Somerby.

*Harry.* A gun ! (*Aside.*) This will never do. (*Aloud.*) Mr. Somerby, your life's in danger if you fire that gun.

*Silas.* My dander's up, and I'm goin' in.

*Mrs. S.* Silas, don't you shoot off that gun. I can't bear it.

*Sally.* No, no, father ; you must not.

*Johnny.* Don't mind 'em, dad ; blaze away. (*Aside.*) By jinks, that'll be fun ! (*They all come forward.*)

*Silas.* I'm going to have a shot at the critter, if I die for it. Here he comes again. (*Raises gun.*)

*Mrs. S.* Mercy sakes, Silas, you'll kill somebody !

*Harry.* You must not shoot, I tell you !

*Sally.* O, father, don't! Please don't! (*They all seize him.*)

*Johnny.* Blaze away, dad! Give him fits!

*Silas.* (*Breaking away from them.*) Stand back, I say. (*Raises gun.*)

*Enter the elephant, R.*

*Silas.* There, darn you! (*Fires. SALLY and MRS. S. scream.*)

*Pat.* O, murther, murther! I'm kilt intirely!

*Bias.* Oo, oo, oo! I'm a gone darky! (*The elephant falls, rolls over, and from the debris BIAS and PAT emerge, looking very much frightened.*)

*Pat.* (*Shaking his fist at SILAS.*) More damages, be jabers! (*To HARRY.*) I didn't bargain for this at all.

*Bias.* Look — look er here, old gent; I ain't game, no how. Golly! I'm full ob lead!

*Silas.* What's this? Have I been duped?

*Johnny.* Sold again, dad.

*Silas.* So, so, you've been conspiring against me. There's no damages, and no elephant. This is your work, Harry Holden.

*Harry.* It is, Mr. Somerby. I freely confess my sin. But I did it for a good purpose. 'Tis true there is no elephant, save the imitation I have manufactured for the occasion; but please remember we came very near having one.

*Johnny.* Yes, dad, you bid a hundred dollars.

*Silas.* I breathe again. You're right. All this might



have been true, had my folly had its way. Thanks to Johnny, I was saved. But you carried the joke a little too far. That gun was loaded.

*Johnny.* Only with powder. I left a charge in it last Fourth, for the blamed thing kicked so I was afraid of it.

*Silas.* It's all right. Sally is yours, Harry, and I'll keep my other promise. I suppose these gentlemen were hired for the occasion.

*Pat.* By me sowl, not to be peppered at all, at all.

*Bias.* By golly, dat ar charge almost took away my head.

*Harry.* So, boys, you got a little more than you bargained for; but I'll fix that all right.

*Silas.* I'll pay all damages there, glad to get off so easily in my adventure with the elephant. I've one request to make. Don't let this story spread.

*Harry.* You can rely upon my silence.

*Mrs. S.* Marcy sakes, Silas, it ain't much to boast on!

*Sally.* It shall be a family legend.

*Pat.* Be jabbers, I wouldn't blab till I was deaf and dumb!

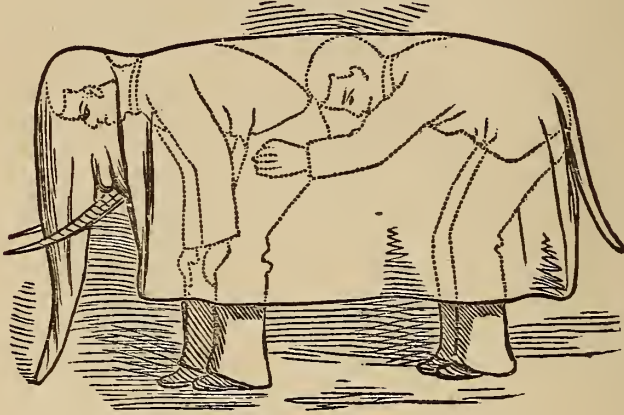
*Bias.* Dis yer pusson can hold his hush.

*Silas.* Thank you. And you (*to audience*), can I depend upon you? The old man begins late, but he is bound to reform; and, if you but give your approbation, there is no fear of his backsliding.

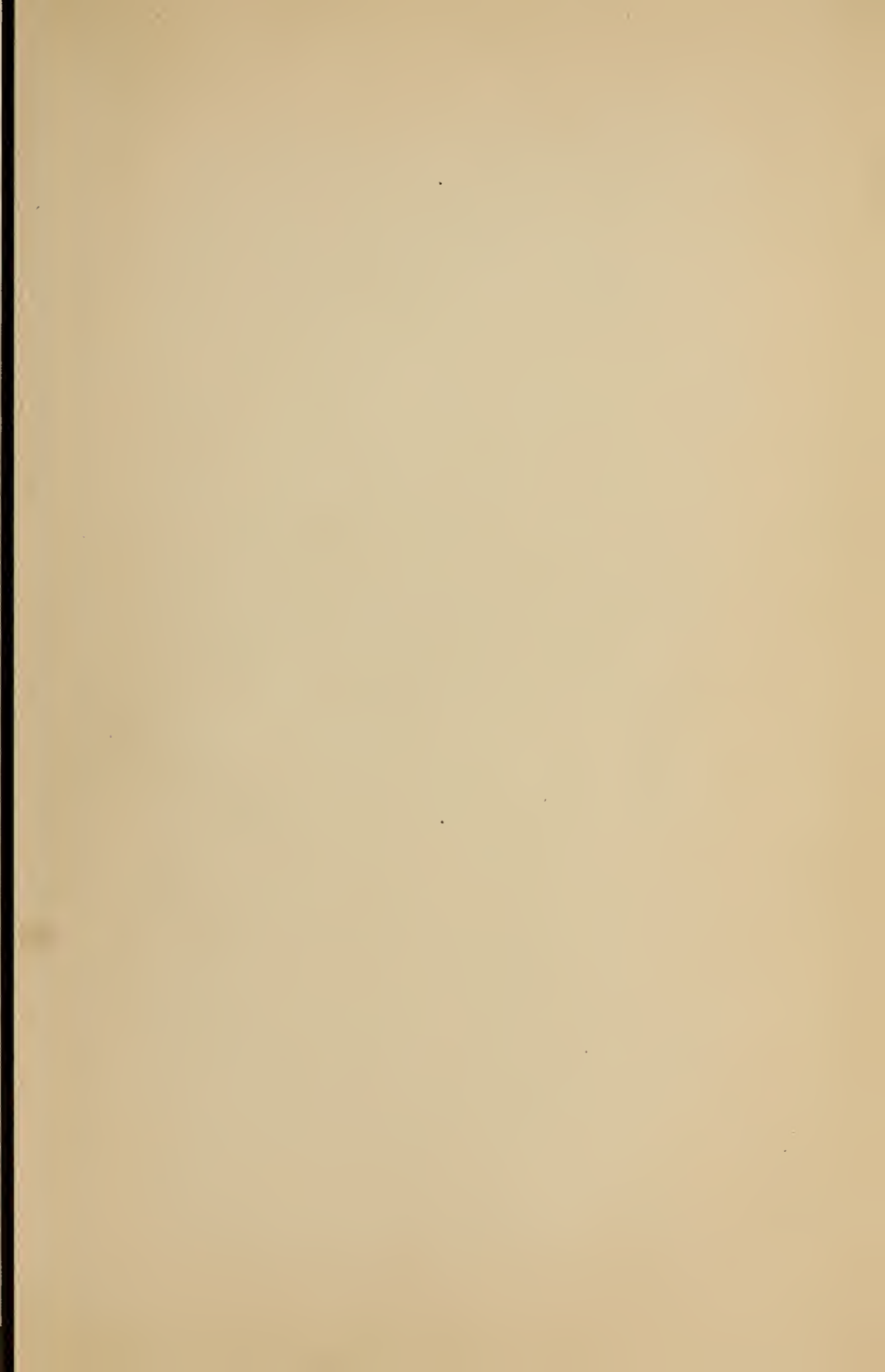
*Johnny.* I say, dad, hadn't you better put a postscript to that?

*Silas.* Well, what is — (*JOHNNY whispers to him.*) Exactly. There is no fear of his backsliding, unless, at

your request, he should some time set out for the purpose of "Seeing the Elephant."

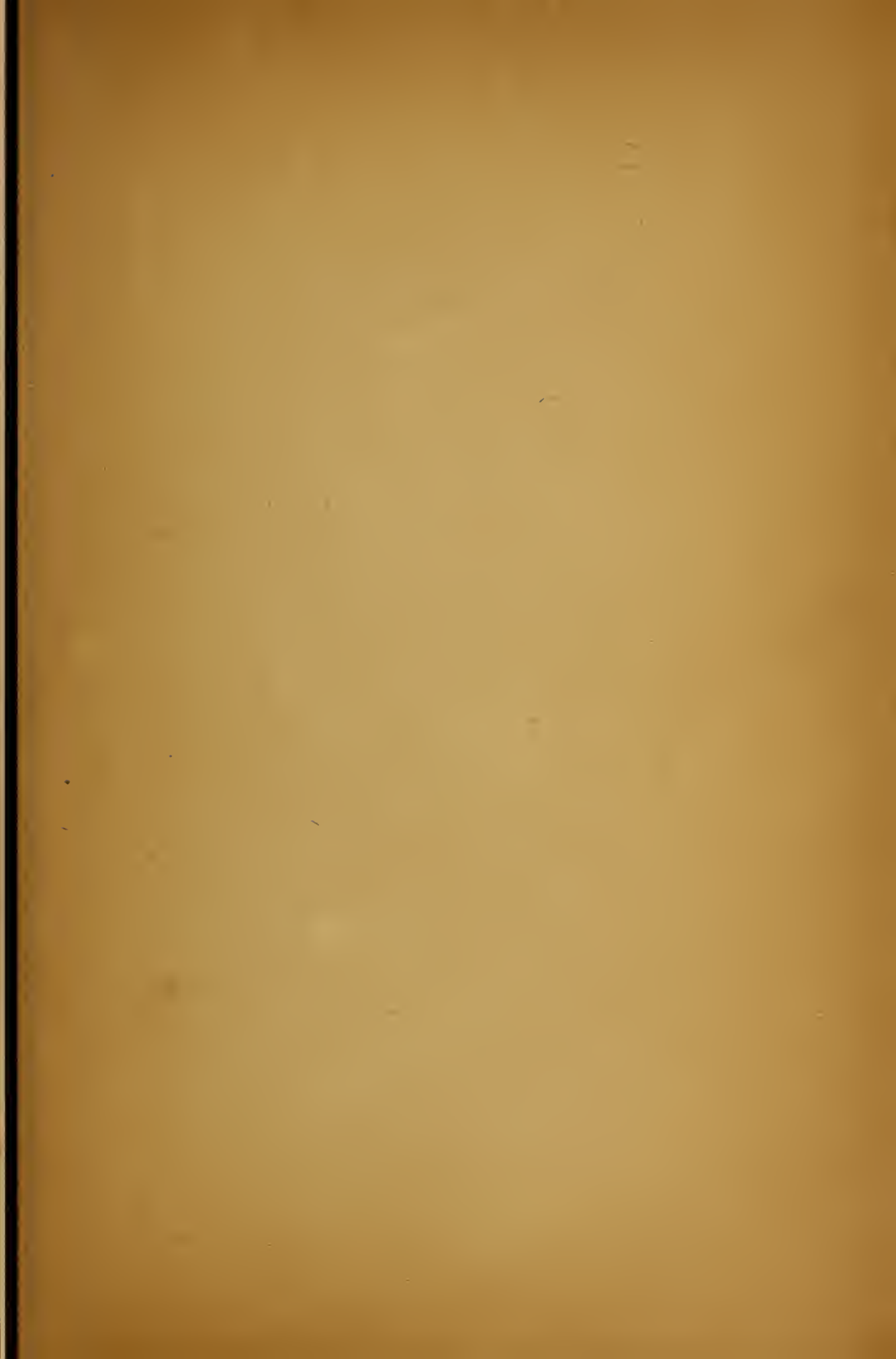


**NOTE.** *The Elephant.* For this trick a well-known comical diversion can be introduced. Bias and Pat personate the elephant; one represents the fore, the other the hind legs. The two characters bend over, placing themselves one behind the other, as represented in the engraving. A blanket, doubled three or four times, is placed on their backs, with the addition of long cushions, if handy; these serve to form the back of the elephant. Two blankets or shawls are placed over this, the end of one twisted to represent his trunk, the end of the other twisted to represent his tail. Two paper cones enact the tusks, and the elephant is complete.



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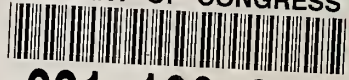








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